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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XXV

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BADGES OF THE CANADIAN MILITIA

FROM A COLLECTION IN THE POSSESSION OF CAPTAIN WYATT, TORONTO—(SEE PAGE 72)

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL XXV TORONTO, MAY, 1905 No 1.

The Militia Council

By THE EDITOR

THE establishment of the Militia Council and the consequent reorganisation of the Headquarters Staff are important events in the development of the Canadian Militia, and all who take an interest in military matters are watching the effect of the changes with much interest.

The Army Council was hardly organised in England before it became known in military circles in Canada, that it was the intention of Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence, to seek such amendments to the Militia Act as would admit of the appointment of a Militia Council, to administer the Department of Militia and Defence on the same lines, as far as possible, as the Army Council administers the War Office.

Sir Frederick is known to have expressed himself, on more than one occasion, as almost despairing of ever administering the Department in a manner satisfactory to himself under the old conditions. His holding such views, after being at the head of the Department for over eight years, would seem to be strong evidence that there were insurmountable obstacles in the way. Two obstacles, and perhaps the two chief ones, were the want of continuity in the work, and the absence of co-operation among the heads of the several branches of the Department.

Between the departure of Major-General Ivor Herbert and the appointment of the Militia Council, a period of less than ten years, the Militia had been commanded by Major-Generals Gascoigne, Hutton, O'Grady-Haly, and Lord Dundonald, and for periods aggregating perhaps a year, Lord Aylmer, Adjutant-General, was in command. Every change of General practically meant a new policy. No new General has been known to have taken up with any degree of enthusiasm important work commenced by his predecessor. Each in his turn preferred to branch out in some new direction. Sometimes the Minister, who, perhaps, had had difficulty in persuading his colleagues to approve of a certain line of action, could not "right about turn" without some stronger argument than that there had been a change in Generals, and then trouble between the Minister and the General would commence. Such frequent changes also retarded the development and efficiency of the force, not to speak of the cost to the state.

The want of co-operation might seem to be a matter which could have been remedied, but with the best intentions on the part of the officers of the Department, co-operation was lacking. The fault was due to the system.

The new Militia Council will, it is hoped, ensure continuity in the work and co-operation among the various branches, and if it accomplishes nothing more, its organisation will have been more than justified. It is organised under the Militia Act of 1904, Sec. 7, which reads:

"The Governor-in-Council may appoint a Militia Council to advise the Minister on all matters relating to the Militia which

SIR FREDERICK W. BORDEN
Minister of Militia and Defence; President of the Militia Council

are referred to the Council by the Minister. The composition, procedure and powers of the Council shall be as prescribed."

In two Orders-in-Council, dated November 17th and December 7th, 1904, the composition of the Council and the duties of each member are set forth.

COMPOSITION OF THE COUNCIL.

The composition of the Council is:—

President—The Honourable the Minister of Militia and Defence, Sir F. W. Borden, K.C.M.G., M.D., M.P.

1st Military Member—The Chief of the General Staff, Brig.-Gen'l P. H. N. Lake, C.B.

2nd Military Member—The Adjutant-General, Colonel B. H. Vidal.

3rd Military Member—The Quartermaster-General, Col. D. A. Macdonald, I.S.O.

4th Military Member—The Master-General of the Ordnance, Col. W. H. Cotton.

Civil Member—The Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, Col. L. F. Pinault, C.M.G.

Finance Member—The Accountant of the Department, J. W. Borden, Esq.

Secretary—The Chief Clerk of the Department, E. F. Jarvis, Esq.

DUTIES.

The Chief of the General Staff is charged with duties which, broadly speaking, fall under two heads—policy and preparation for war. He is relieved from dealing, except in his capacity as first military member, with questions of routine administration, discipline and the appointment and promotion of officers, duties which took up so much of the time of general officers commanding under the old régime to the exclusion of other and more important matters. All questions of general military policy, of organisation for active service and of military defence, are to be special subjects for his investigation and advice. The annual training, the education of staff officers, intelligence and telegraphs and signalling are also among his special duties. His is a position of commanding importance and of great influence. From his recommendations must come most of the reforms which will effect the Militia as a whole. He must consider Canada as a nation which has to be defended if need arise, and must decide what general action shall be taken to provide the means for that defence. In time of war, he would be the chief in command; he would select the General Staff, which he has previously trained in peace, and be responsible for its conduct of a campaign. He has two staff officers to assist him, a Director of Training and Intelligence, and a Director of Operations and Staff Duties.

The Adjutant-General is the second military member. In general terms he is responsible for all questions of adminis-

tration so far as the personnel is concerned. The policy having been laid down, he puts the machinery in motion. He must see that the different corps are properly organised and maintain their requisite establishments of officers and men. All appointments, promotions, retirements, honours and rewards are to be approved by him under the regulations. He will see that all orders to the Militia are properly issued and distributed, that discipline and interior economy are properly observed, that the schools of instruction and other means of education are being properly administered, and be prepared to bring all the forces into co-operation at the proper time and necessary places. He also has charge of the Royal Military College, the preparation of the Militia List, all medical and sanitary questions, ceremonial and questions relating to the personal services of officers and men. The Medical Services are specially organised under a Director-General, and there is also an assistant Adjutant-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LAKE, C.B.
Chief of the General Staff

The Quartermaster-General is the third military member. As might be supposed, this officer has charge of the clothing, equipment and general stores. He regulates the supply and is responsible for the issues. A special feature of this is the administration of the ordnance store corps. In addition he has charge of the organisation and training of all transport, remount, supply and barrack services. The Army Service Corps thus comes under his direction. He has two staff officers to assist him, the Director of Clothing and Equipment and the Director of Transport and Supplies.

The Master-General of the Ordnance is the fourth military member and one whose duties will be of growing importance. The sites, designs and armaments for permanent defences have not perhaps, up to the present time, been questions which occupied much time and attention, but they will in the not distant future. He will superintend the construction and be responsible for the maintenance of fortifications, military buildings and artillery and rifle ranges. He will decide upon the patterns, provision and inspection of guns, small arms, ammunition and all artillery and engineer stores and vehicles. He will advise concerning technical inspections, technical instruction and similar phases of military administration. He also has two staff officers under him, the Director of Artillery and the Director of Engineers.

The Deputy Minister is responsible for the interior economy of the Militia Department, is the medium of communication between the Militia and the other departments of Government, and superintends general parliamentary business.

COL. LOUIS FELIX PINAULT
Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence

He has special charge of the administration of all contracts, in consultation with the branches specially concerned.

The Accountant has the consideration and compilation, in concert with the various branches, of the annual estimates. He gives financial advice to these branches and audits the accounts. The Accountant, who, as a member of the Council, is responsible to the Minister for the duties assigned to him in the same manner and to the same extent as are the other members for the duties assigned to them, is, under the Civil Service Act, under the control of the Deputy Minister. This involves an apparent anomaly, though not of great importance, and will no doubt in time be rectified.

PROCEDURE OF THE COUNCIL.

The Militia Council meets once a week. The discussions are of the fullest and freest description. A complete record of the proceedings, including the views expressed by different members, is kept by the Secretary but in a secret form accessible to members only. The decisions are the decisions of the Minister in Militia Council, and are recorded in the proceedings as such, and also in the file of papers on the subject.

The business which is brought before the Council are questions which the Minister desires to refer for the advice of his Council, and, in addition, any matter upon which the Member charged with the administration of such matters may wish to obtain the opinion of Council and the decision of the Minister. Members send to the Secretary, not later than two days before the Council meets, the papers relating to the subjects to be brought up in Council by them, together with a brief statement of each case.

COL. BEAUFORT HENRY VIDAL
Adjutant-General

DRILL HALL AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Personnel of the Council

THE personnel of the Militia Council must always be of great importance to the country and of considerable interest to all those concerned directly and indirectly with the service.

Sir Frederick W. Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence, has been long enough in the position to see the militia of Canada transformed and brought into a fair state of efficiency. A medical man by profession, he has been connected with the service since 1869, when he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the 68th Regiment, having previously to Confederation served in the Volunteer Service of that province from 1863 to 1867 inclusive in the University Rifles of King's College, Windsor, N.S. Ten years later he became Surgeon and, in 1893, Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel. He is now Honorary Colonel of the Army Medical Corps. His parliamentary career is nearly as long as his military. He was first returned to Parliament for King's County, Nova Scotia, in 1874. He became a member of the Privy Council and Minister of Militia on the formation of the Laurier Government in 1896. At the time of the Coronation, he was made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

Brigadier-General Percy Henry Noel Lake, C.B., the Chief of the General Staff, is the only member of the Council who is not Canadian-born, though he also is Canadian on his mother's side. He was twenty nine years of age when he passed through the Staff College in 1884, but he had already seen active service in the Afghan War. The Soudan expedition of 1885 brought him at once into prominence. From 1887 to 1890, he was

COLONEL D. A. MACDONALD
Quartermaster-General

COLONEL W. H. COTTON
Master-General of the Ordnance

Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at army headquarters in London. He served also in India and in South Africa. His experience in the Intelligence Department in London, and also as head of the Mobilisation Division at the War Office throughout the South African War, should have furnished him with the experience needed in Canada at the present moment. Neither is he a stranger to Ottawa or the Canadian Militia; from 1893 to 1898 he was Quartermaster-General here. It is a high compliment to him that he has been asked to return, because he is probably the only British officer who was ever tendered a second invitation by the Canadian authorities. It is to be hoped that his success in the new position of Chief of the General Staff will prove that a solution of Canada's difficulties with regard to a Commander-in-Chief has been discovered.

Colonel Beaufort Henry Vidal has seen service in the British army. He entered as ensign in 1863, and became lieutenant of the 4th, now the King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment, in the following year. He served with that corps throughout the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867-8, for which he received a medal. He shortly retired from the army and took up the practice of law. For a time he was major of the 12th York Regiment (Ontario), and became a captain in the permanent corps at its foundation. . He has worked steadily up through the various grades of the service, being Commandant Royal School of Infantry at St. John's, and for a time in command of No. 8 District. He became Deputy Adjutant-General in 1901, and Adjutant-General in November of last year. His father was a vice-Admiral in the Royal Navy.

The law sought to claim the present Quartermaster-General, but early lost its opportunity. Colonel D. A. Macdonald, I.S.O., was born in Cornwall in 1845. He was a volunteer at the time of the Trent affair, though only sixteen, and an officer at eighteen. He served during the Fenian Raid as captain and adjutant of the Cornwall Administrative Battalion. In 1870 he served under General Wolseley as adjutant of the 1st Ontario Rifles. He was brigade-major on the Staff in the Rebellion of 1885, and has therefore seen all the military episodes in this country in the last half century. For the past seven years he has been Chief Superintendent of Stores, and it thus fell to him to equip the various contingents for South Africa. He is now Quartermaster-General. Besides his 1866, 1870 and 1885 medals he has a long service decoration, and is a Companion of the Imperial Service Order.

Colonel W. H. Cotton, Master-General of the Ordnance, began his military service in 1866 as a lieutenant in the Quebec Garrison Artillery. In 1871, on the formation of the Royal Canadian Artillery, he was selected to command A Battery then forming at Kingston. Since then Colonel Cotton's service has been continuous in the permanent corps and in various staff appointments, such as Commandant of the School of Artillery, Inspector of Artillery, District Officer Command-

ing in No. 3 District, and Quartermaster-General at Ottawa. This officer's new position is an important one, as the question of armament must always be a serious problem in a country that does not manufacture its own. Military men are watching to see if Colonel Cotton can convince the Council that a courageous and aggressive policy is needed in this branch of the service.

Colonel Louis Felix Pinault, Deputy Minister, is a worthy representative of the French portion of the population. He entered the service as a private in the Provisional Battalion of Rimouski in 1868, and saw active service at the time of the abortive Fenian Raid of 1870. Later he became an officer of the 9th Regiment, Voltigeurs de Quebec, and was on service in 1885. Law and politics claimed this Laval graduate for their own until 1898, when he was appointed to the office he now holds. He became lieutenant-colonel in 1899, and was made a colonel in the following year in recognition of his services in connection with the South African contingents. In 1903, Colonel Pinault was made a Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

J. W. BORDEN, ESQ.
Finance Member, Militia Council

E. F. JARVIS, ESQ.
Secretary Militia Council

Mr. J. W. Borden, finance member, is a Nova Scotian from historic Grand Pré. His early life was spent principally in the service of railways and banks. In 1882 he was appointed to a position in the Canadian Pacific Railway offices at Winnipeg, but a few years later he was obliged to return to Nova Scotia on account of ill-health. In 1890 he entered the service of one of the Halifax banks, and in 1894 he was appointed manager of the Union Bank of Halifax at Kentville, N.S., which position he resigned in 1897, to accept the position of Accountant in the Department of Militia and Defence.

Mr. Ernest F. Jarvis, Secretary of the Council, is of U.E. Loyalist stock. He was born in Prince Edward Island in 1862, and entered the civil service at nineteen. For three sessions he was private secretary to the Hon. Edward Blake, and for two sessions to the

DRILL HALL AT LONDON, ONT.

present Premier, as leaders of the Opposition. Later he became secretary to the Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia. In 1892 he was transferred to the Department of Militia and became chief clerk on the retirement of Mr. Benjamin Sulte.

No account of the Militia Council, as now constituted, will be complete without some mention of the Inspector-General. The Council has succeeded to all the duties hitherto performed by the General Officer Commanding the Militia, with the exception of that of executive command. This command will, for the future, lie with the military officers commanding districts, who will be directly responsible to Council for the manner in which they carry out those duties. The Council is, in its essence, an administrative body, and is therefore required to have at its disposal an official who shall, so to speak, in the eyes of the Council, see that their directions are carried out and that the results which are aimed at are achieved. Such an official is the Inspector-General, who is charged with the duty of inspecting the military forces of the country, and of seeing that they are properly equipped, in accordance with the instructions of the Militia Council.

The officer who is charged with these high duties is Brigadier-General Lord Aylmer, the present Inspector-General. He was primarily an officer of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, of His Majesty's Imperial Service, and whose ancestor was at one time the Governor of Canada. Lord Aylmer has been on the staff of the Canadian Militia since 1871.

Before the Militia Bill of 1868

*By BENJAMIN SULTE, F.R.S.C.**

WHEN I was a boy, the 29th of June always brought to me a day of excitement, because of the parade of the Militia which took place invariably at seven o'clock in the morning on the public square of our little town, in the Province of Quebec. This is more than fifty years ago. The quaint line of the men, tall, small, round, flat, with every-day's working dress on, is still before my eyes. I remember also how the soldiers of the garrison enjoyed smiling at the curious turn-out.

The parade was a time-honoured institution, dating as far back as 1649, and we were then in 1849. Its object was to have a roll-call of all men between eighteen and sixty. They were the militiamen, but they had no uniforms, no guns, no knowl-

*Mr. Sulte entered the Civil Service in 1867 and retired in 1903. During that period, he was thirty-two years in the Militia Department.

edge of military movement. All that was expected from these good folk was to answer their names as subjects of the Queen.

Of course there was a Colonel, or a Major, or a Captain, ready to address the phalanx after the sergeant had settled the Roll and reported things all right. That speech required a certain operation of the brain to make it suit the dignity of the circumstance. In full peace with our neighbours, with no internal trouble and having amongst us a few thousand regular troops, what could a son of Mars say to stimulate the courage and patriotism of his would-be heroes? Well, he did not forget the forefathers, who had done marvels in their days; he would dwell upon the good reputation of the people of the locality and vouch for their zeal in the defence of the country, if ever the wars of old were to be repeated. This was quite enough, considering the military is not talkative generally.

DRILL HALL AT HALIFAX

As I refer here solely to a French community, I must add that the senior officer in command closed the performance by raising his hat and shouting *Vive la Reine!* The whole line waved hats and yelled *Vive la Reine!* The officer, with head uncovered, then asked: *Trois hourrahs pour la Reine.* The crowd, including myself, joined in the cheer, and the "thin line" of future defenders of the soil is broken—the parade is over.

All those who acted as officers on that day dined together and the "Independent Band" of the place paid them the compliment of a serenade. There was no end to gossiping through the town about the parade. All the boys played soldiers.

In 1854 I saw the regiments leaving Canada for the Crimean War. Soon after I heard grown-up people asking what should happen in the case of a riot, a disturbance of any kind, in the absence of the British Forces. The reply came: Organize the Militia. So our Legislature set at work to frame a law with that in view, but it turned that the matter was a difficult one to manage. Some eight or ten bills were proposed and rejected from 1855 to 1867. Nevertheless each year saw a corps or two, more or less equipped, more or less drilled, trying and doing the best they could in order to deserve the name of "Active Militia" bestowed upon them by the public voice. The newspapers published articles, correspondences and commentaries with the continuity of gatling guns.

Some wise men predicted that after the fall of Sebastopol, the Imperial Troops were to come back and render the Militia useless. Nobody knew that the India Mutiny was close at hand, and that caused also a sensation when we understood that the prolonged absence of the Regulars left us with the Militia as a unique resource for public safety. Therefore we went on scribbling new bills for the Legislature and articles for the newspapers. By that time I was a sergeant in the Militia, and already a pen-dragger as at present.

We had had no time to think of the return of the troops from India, when the United States Civil War broke out in 1861. Decidedly it was time that the Militia should be made effective, but how was it to be done? No one knew. And we boys drilled every second evening after the style of the Wellington veterans, who

DRILL HALL AT COBOURG, ONT.

were our instructors, with the Snider rifle and all the parade steps and formations of that period.

By the 20th November, 1861, there came a bit of news not at all pleasant: The federal steamer *San Jacinto*, Captain Wilkes, had boarded the Royal British mail packet *Trent* and carried off Messrs. Mason and Slidell, confederate commissioners. It looked like war between the United States and Great Britain. The shock was felt amongst us like an earthquake. Every little town in Canada had a public meeting; all the speakers of the occasion mentioned the Militia and the necessity of a proper organisation of the same; it was becoming a national question. The result showed a couple of new bills submitted to the Legislature, some money voted for Militia purposes, and the commencement of Military Schools. A number of British troops soon gathered here and many wise fellows supposed that there was no need of the Militia any more.

Now listen to this: On the 19th of October, 1864, (the Secession War was still going on) a gang of Confederates from the South entered a bank in St. Alban, Vermont, robbed the safe and took refuge in Montreal. The United States Government charged the whole affair upon our shoulders, for political calculation, of course, but the annoyance was not a slight one. Finally we paid $75,000 to pacify the American mind. It was an humiliation for us. During that time the Militia garrisoned the Vermont frontier and thus did actual service for the first time.

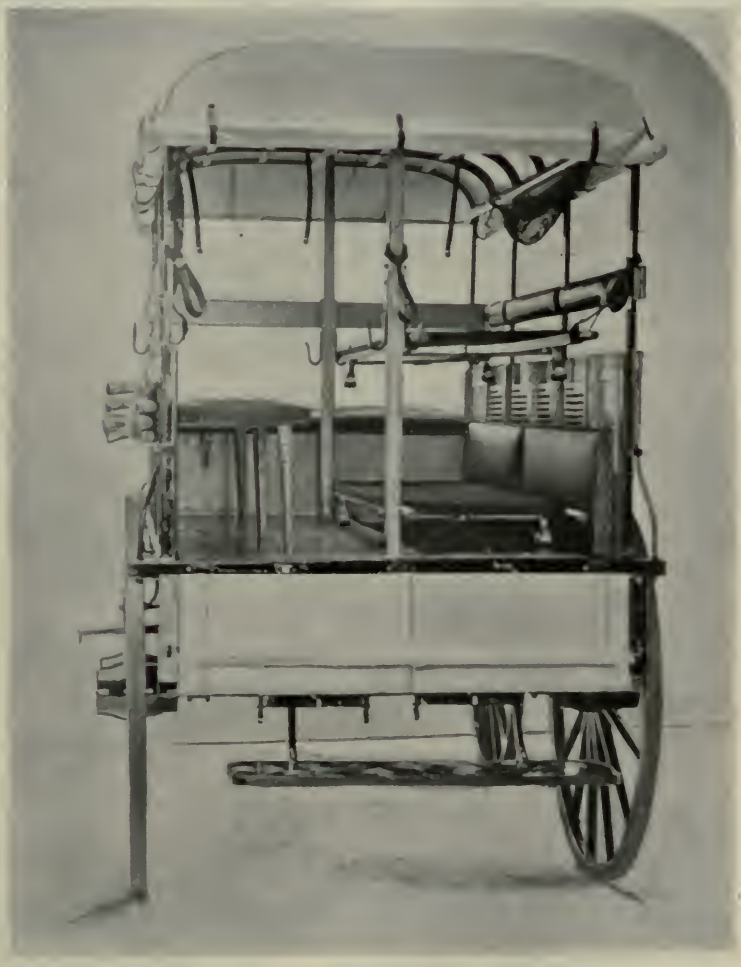
Another bill drew the attention of the Legislature, but before any definite agreement could be arrived at the Fenians appeared (1865) from Detroit to Frelighsburg, threatening the country people on our side of the boundary line. It was immediately decided to form camps of instruction at Amherstburg, Niagara and Laprairie, where corps of the Militia concentrated during three months. There we drilled in battalion shape for the first time and we learned something of Interior

DRILL HALL AT DUNDAS, ONT.

Economy—but I had seen all that at the Military School before.

The Militia Question had taken a firm hold of the Legislature and, as Confederation had just been adopted in principle, there remained the important matter of the active Militia to put right. Who can frame a bill for that purpose? Before any reply could be made the Fenians were plundering the Canadian farms along the frontier (March, 1866) and the Militia had a lively time of it until September following.

At this junction, I entered into the public service and I will say no more about the Militia—but I am not the author of the bill that was sanctioned in 1868—take my word for that.



TYPE OF CANADIAN ARMY AMBULANCE WAGGON

Britain's El Dorado

Lines suggested by a journey from Vancouver, September, 1904

BY RUSSELL ELLIOT MACNAGHTEN

SO all day long through that vast Wonderland,
And night on night, and day succeeding day,
We onward sped—and still the untiring wheels
(Whose ceaseless energy an emblem seemed
Of those who dared that task Herculean)
New glories, new delights revealed to view.

. . . . . .

First through a land with giant mountains crown'd
We passed; and scarce could bear to pass away—
So exquisitely, wildly fair the scene.
It was a land of lordly cataracts
And mighty rivers rolling to the sea
Resistless and majestic. Every way,
Far as the eye could reach, gigantic peaks
Snow-crown'd and piercing to the azure sky
Uprose in wild profusion; while, beneath,
The mountain torrent, dower'd with the strength
And fulness of the everlasting snows
Onward and downward through the narrow gorge
Swept in its joyous course invincible.
And still with ever-varying delight
The landscape changed, and changing glowed to view:
Till twilight falling steep'd the world in peace,
And veil'd the beauty of the fairy scene,
Save that, above, the everlasting peaks
Still in serene and icy splendour showed.
And once again the unforgotten stars,
The kindly heralds of the northern sky,
Shone with the glory of my boyhood's days,
To welcome me to friends and home again.
And yet behind me lay another home,
And other friends whose memories were dear,
Within the vast and lonely southern isle,*

* Australia

Where all a continent is Britain's own;
And there, as here, the common mother-tongue
Resounded, and the Saxon face revealed
The presence of a great imperial race.
And so I mused, the while we onward sped,
And dreamt a dream of empire; free, yet one
In commerce as in kinship.
The spirit of the mountains filled my soul
And made me strong to hope. For who could gaze
On such a scene of majesty as this,
And not receive within his inmost breast
Some thrill of that serener influence
That from these solemn sanctuaries breathes?

. . . . . .

And so at length we came unto the Plain,
That wondrous plain, of which our ears had heard,
And doubted as they heard; so fabulous
And so incredible had seemed the tale.
But now that we beheld it with our eyes
In all its bright reality, we knew
(Like that renownèd queen of ancient days)
That all was true, though half had not been told.
For here at last, in splendour visible
And unimagin'd, stretched the Plain to view,
A panorama, vast, illimitable,
A rolling ocean of fertility,
To gladden and amaze the mind of man.
Full many a wondrous and majestic scene,
But lately viewed, still lingered in our hearts;
But this for wonder far surpassed them all.
For no such plain as this, so infinite,
So bless'd with Plenty's overflowing horn,

Has ever yet rejoiced the Saxon's heart,
Or showed such dower of fortune for the race,
Since first the roaming Briton crossed the wave,
Leaving the narrow limits of his home
To gain the over-lordship of the world.

. . . . . .

League upon league the vasty prairie spread,
And seemed to spread for ever as we passed.
Here, Calgary, upon thy boundless sward
We saw the countless herds in peaceful ease
Roaming those rich, unmeasured solitudes;
And there, resplendent in the morning sun,
Fairest of all, the great Regina plain
Shone with its harvest of perennial gold,
A land of promise, and the very shrine

And granary of empire yet to be.
For other forms of wealth must pass away:
But here till labour and till time be done,
The seed-time and the harvest shall return,
Yea, and returning, yield their royal store
Unstinting and unstinted. Not in vain,
Queen of the golden West, for evermore
Thou bearest that for ever-honoured name
Of her, whose tongue the law of kindness spake,
Who stretched her hands in bounty to the poor,
And brought her people increase from afar.
And still, while winter's pall about me lies,
And chill monotony shrouds the lifeless earth,
I see that joyous dayspring once again,
When all thy ruddy corn-fields round me glowed,
I see—and hope and gladness fill my heart.

Banking as a Profession

By J. H. WILSON

TO a man with a family, the question of how he is to give his sons a fair start in life, must, in these days of keen competition in every department of human activity, prove not altogether easy of solution. Not everyone can afford his children the benefit of a university education; nor given that, are its ultimate results always in keeping with the time and money spent in its acquirement. How then may a young man of good family and average intelligence, but with no decided inclination for any of the so-called learned professions find congenial employment? If one may judge from the numerous applications continually pouring into the head offices of our larger banks for positions in their employ, it would appear that here at least lies a partial solution of the problem. That Canada may justly pride herself on her system of banking, and on the class of men to be found assisting in its administration, is an assertion which will hardly be gainsaid by anyone at all familiar with the financial institutions of the country. Let us consider then briefly what inducements a banking career has to offer to a young man, and get a slight insight into the general life and prospects of the average Canadian bank-clerk.

Beginning with the individual. We shall suppose that a man of wealth or position in the community has applied through the local Manager or one of the higher officials, for a position for his son; that after a greater or less delay the boy's application has been favourably entertained, and that the young man, having passed a somewhat rigorous medical examination, has been ordered to report for duty at whatever branch of the Bank to which he may have been assigned. His first disillusionment will probably occur when he learns that he will be expected to be down at the office every morning at nine o'clock; and later, that it is generally after four before he is able to leave in the afternoon. Although the hours during which a Bank is opened to the public are usually from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., there is always much to be done in preparation for each day's work, besides the calling over and checking of that done the day previous; while in the afternoon the balancing of the teller's cash, and the various books in connection therewith, has of course to be effected after the doors are closed.

A few months having been spent in the rather trying position of "Junior," our friend will, if he have shown himself competent, be promoted to the position of Ledger-Keeper, and from thence, if he be in a small office, to that of Teller, Accountant, and finally Manager. Promotion in a large city office is necessarily much slower owing to the indefinite number of subsidiary posts, in all or any of which a man may at any time be called upon to serve. Success will naturally depend largely on the ability and good conduct of the clerk himself, more scope of course being afforded by a large Bank than a small one. In some banks men may become Managers before they are thirty years of age, their salary being usually more in keeping with their years than with their position. The larger and more conservative institutions very seldom place a man in charge of a branch much under forty.

A "Junior" on entering will probably receive $200 per annum, and an annual increase of $100 till his salary is $800 or $900, when ability (or occasionally "pull") will determine more fully his subsequent advancement. It may here be mentioned that some of the larger Banks, realising the special and peculiar risks run by tellers of losing money, allow them $100 to $200 a year "Risk Fund," which is put to their credit at head office annually, and is available against any large loss; the balance remaining being paid over to them on leaving the teller's "box" for good;

usually to fill a higher position. Certain living allowances are also granted by some Banks to their clerks in the larger cities and in the Northwest, but form an addition to, and are not a part of, their regular salary. A Manager's salary will vary greatly, according to the size of the town he may be in and the Bank which he represents, but $1,200 to $1,500 a year and a house, together with light, heat, and various "pickings," may be put down as a fair average, though $5,000 or $6,000 and upwards would not be considered out of the way in a large city. It will thus be seen that banking, considered from a business point of view, may be said to afford a sure if modest living. It has this great advantage, that while ranking as a profession, it requires no preliminary knowledge when entering, beyond that acquired by a good general education.

There is, however, another phase of the question which doubtless is largely responsible for the lengthy waiting-lists to be found in most banks; namely, the social prestige enjoyed by bankers as a class. People who have always lived in large cities have probably little idea of the social prominence accorded, in a small town, to anyone in any way connected with a Bank, from the messenger up; and when to this we add the extension by the townspeople of almost unlimited credit, it is not remarkable that the eligible youths of the locality look forward to the time when they shall have set upon them the mint mark of the social elect. Nor is a position in one of our first-class Banks to be despised. When it is reflected that under our system of branch offices a man may be moved almost anywhere in the Dominion, and will probably live in places far apart, and of various sizes, the knowledge of men and of the world which he will acquire both in and out of the office, not to mention his opportunities for business and social advancement, must prove of inestimable value.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that there are certain drawbacks for which the peculiar conditions of such a life are responsible, such as the uncertainty of one's stay in any one place and consequent feeling of unrest, the severing of ties of friendship perchance but lately formed, and the taking up of one's abode, it may be among uncongenial people, for another indefinite period; to which may be added, in the case of married men with families, the discomforts of moving and the difficulty of making suitable arrangements for the education of their children. That young "Juniors" in small towns and villages, living probably at one of the local hotels for lack of a decent boarding-house, and owing very often to the total absence of refined society, thrown entirely on their own resources for amusement, or worse still, in the company of their elders, are frequently led into drinking and card playing, besides other extravagances is, alas, only too true. It certainly speaks well for the profession as a whole that dishonesty and other deviations from the paths of virtue are so rare.

Speaking generally, and apart altogether from their purely business activities, it is apparent that the influences exerted directly and indirectly by the banks throughout the country must be enormous. Ever in close touch with each of its various branches and with what is going on in their respective localities, the head office of each Bank may be said, through the medium of its local officials, to give tone largely to provincial public opinion, and to shed a refining influence over the more scattered centres of population, which can only be effected by contact with those who come from a more prosperous and up-to-date community. When one considers that there are now about twelve hundred banking offices scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country, that members of their staffs are constantly being transferred, that new acquaintances are being made, old friendships strengthened, and intermarrying going on between families widely separated, it cannot but be conceded that we have here a mighty force, binding together in a closer and more subtle union than any politician ever dreamed of, the scattered portions of our land.

Eye Strain

As a Factor in Producing Disease of the General System

By FRANK D. W. BATES, M.D.

THERE are scores of new theories coming up in medicine every year. Comparatively few physicians go through life without conceiving some theory. Some of these come before the general profession, being discussed in medical journals; others are confined to experiments in the private practice of the physicians conceiving same, and whether there is anything in them or not die with those physicians. Of the theories that come before the medical profession, occasionally there is one that there is something in; but the vast majority are unsound, which accounts for the conservatism of physicians in general.

But while physicians cannot be blamed for being conservative, I think there is such a thing as being too much so, and thereby failing to investigate theories which are very important.

There is one theory that has come up within the past few years in which I think physicians have made a great mistake in not looking into, and that is the theory of Eye Strain as being a factor in producing disease of the general system. The theory was first introduced about twenty years ago by Dr. Geo. T. Stevens, then living in Albany, N.Y., but now of New York City; it has very few advocates even to-day, there being only three or four of prominence in the United States, and one or two in Canada. At first sight one would think there could not be much in the theory when it had made so little progress in twenty years; but when we come to think that it was over twenty years after William Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood (a thing that we would imagine so easy to demonstrate) before it was generally accepted by the profession, it is not surprising that this theory of Eye Strain should be so difficult to introduce.

It certainly is difficult to understand how strain upon the eyes can be a factor in producing such diseases as consumption, diabetes, St. Vitus' dance, insanity, neurasthenia, stomach and liver troubles, and various other derangements of the general system; and still such is the case. It is also difficult to understand how there can be strain upon eyes which have perhaps perfect vision, and which cause the person very little if any discomfort; and still such is the case: a person may have perfect vision with a tremendous strain upon the eyes, or may have very poor vision with no strain at all.

Another thing that makes the theory difficult to understand is that certain persons have been known to have strain upon their eyes all their lives, and still have lived to a good age. It is not taken into consideration that in those cases, notwithstanding the persons lived to a good age, they would undoubtedly have lived longer had it not been for the amount of nerve force used up through that strain upon their eyes.

Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney, of New York, likens the using up of nerve force to a child being born into the world with a capital of $100,000, saying that if he does not encroach upon that capital at the rate of more than $1,000 a year, he will live to be one hundred years old before he becomes bankrupt; but if he encroaches upon it at the rate of $5,000 a year before he reaches his majority, bankruptcy will be staring him in the face. It will be asked how we use up nerve force through the eyes? It is in the effort made by nature in overcoming, or endeavouring to overcome troubles with the refraction or muscular equilibrium of the eyes. For

instance, suppose the eyes have a tendency to turn outward, on account of a slight shortening of one or both of the external recti muscles—or the muscles which turn the eyes outward. I suppose this case because it is more easy to demonstrate than a trouble of the refraction would be. If there was very much shortening nature could not overcome it, and one of the eyes would turn outward, and the person would have what is called divergent strabismus, in which case there would be no strain upon the muscles, but, unless it was alternating strabismus (in which the person used first one eye and then the other), the person would gradually lose the sight of the eye which turned outward. But in the case supposed, where there is slight shortening, nature can overcome it and does so; and in order to overcome it there has to be a corresponding contraction of the opposing muscle or muscles. That contraction has to be kept up from the time we open our eyes in the morning until we close them at night, day in and day out, month in and month out, year after year.

If it were not for that corresponding contraction of the opposing muscles the person would see objects double, and it is to avoid the double vision that nature intervenes. Now, in order to keep up the contraction of those muscles an extra amount of nerve force must be sent to same, and that extra amount of nerve force must be drawn from the capital stock of nerve force possessed by the individual. If the person happens to be a robust, healthy person with a strong constitution, who is manufacturing more nerve force every day than he uses up, that strain may go on for years and apparently produce no bad effects; but sooner or later, I believe, in every case of strain upon the eyes there are bad results. If the person happens to be of weak constitution, having a small capital stock of nerve force or vitality, manufacturing little if any more than he uses up day by day, he will see the effects of eye strain early in life—though it may not be recognised as such. Take, for instance, a person predisposed by heredity to consumption. I do not believe it is necessary for a person to die of consumption because he is predisposed to it; for if he has a large capital stock of nerve force his resisting power is such that the germs of the disease cannot affect him. But let him in any way use up his capital stock of nerve force to a sufficient extent and the germs of same will take root and the disease will develop. That is the reason we often see two children of consumptive parents, one succumb perhaps early in life to the disease, and the other go through life without showing any symptoms of it whatever. I do not claim that all such cases result from eye strain, and perhaps not even a large percentage; for I do not claim that eye strain is responsible for the development of all diseases resulting from hereditary predisposition, nor that the relief of eye strain is a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; but it is certain that a percentage of these do result from that cause.

There are various ways of using up the nerve force and thereby undermining the system. We may use it up by overwork, dissipation or excesses of various kinds; but where we are using it up through our eyes it is going on continuously, and the worst feature about it is we do not know that we are using it up in that way. The eyes do more work than any other organ of the body. Even the heart has a period of rest in its labours; but there is no rest for the eyes from the time we open them in the morning until we close them at night. If the refraction is perfect and the muscles well-balanced, there is no nerve force used up through them, and the eyes will not even tire, no matter how much they are used either for close work or for distance; but if the muscles are not properly balanced, or the refraction is imperfect, being hyperopic (long-sighted) or astigmatic, there is a certain amount of nerve force being used up all the time. There is only one form of trouble with the refraction in which there is no nerve force used up and that is simple myopia (or near-sightedness) unassociated with astigmia; but if there is astigmia associated with it we have strain upon the eyes, and a certain amount of nerve force used up even in myopia.

I cannot write upon this subject as fully as I would like to, being limited as

to space; but I want to say that a great many obscure troubles of the system, I believe, are due directly or indirectly to eye strain. Take, for instance, the so-called "brain fag" that the papers have been exploiting so much of late; it is undoubtedly the result of eye strain, as can easily be ascertained by correcting the eye troubles with persons so affected. I do not believe you will ever find a person with perfect eyes so affected.

Now it seems to me that it would be well if this theory of eye strain as being a cause of disease was recognised by the profession. There would be nothing to lose, but much to be gained by it. Where the nerve force is being used up in any direction the recuperative powers must be lessened to a certain extent, and remedies will not have the effect that they otherwise would; and especially in the treatment of chronic or obscure diseases where their remedies do not have the desired effect, or give only temporary relief, I think it would be well if they would take means to find out if there was not sufficient cause for the same in the eyes. If this brief article has the effect of making physicians, before whose eyes it may come, consider the matter more fully than they have heretofore, it will have accomplished its object.

Tanaka the Coward

A Story of the Russo-Japanese War

By J. GORDON SMITH, Lately Correspondent with General Oku's Army

OVER the mountain track the ever-lurching kuruma had jolted me down to Chuzengi; the untiring kurumaya had jogged mile after mile, his brown skin glistening with moisture and caking with dust. His mushroom hat had bobbed before me, and, winking in the pitiless glare, I had seen dimly a ghostly landscape beyond a screen of dancing hats. The open shojis of the lake-side tea-houses, revealing the lake, cool and blue beyond the matted verandahs, had been so inviting—and I had not resisted the invitation.

The flutter of a gay kimono, the twang of a samisen, the sight of dainty musmees flitting like the butterflies they so much resembled, and I capitulated. Vainly the kurumaya said, "Honourably pardon, the august hotel is but one ri more." Whatever I had thought when the jinriksha stopped before the open door, now I knew my destination was here at the "August tea-house of the Honourable Stork."

There, as the sun sank, I drank tea, kneeling the while on a balcony that looked out upon a lake beyond which a dull brown hill showed hazily; beyond that hill was the world. Plaintively attuning the old song to her tinkling samisen, O Haru San, the fairy sprite of this lake-side Elysium, sang for me:

> "Time never changed since the Way of the Gods,
> The flowing of water: the path of love."

I heard many songs as the day waned, and I listened, reclining on the cushion the maid brought me, while the geisha told me of her lover; together we looked out across the waters watching the bamboo-ribbed sails that were filling in the evening wind—and one of those junks whose sails glowed red and gold in the fading sunlight, held the man who was loved by the dainty O Haru San.

When the paper lanterns glowed mellow and the high-pitched voices of geisha mingled with twang of samisen and tinkling of koto; when the rice-paper panels of the hamlet homes silhouetted the feasting

villagers who sat behind them, the fisherman would come. And O Haru San would be glad. Together we tossed broken biscuits to the gold-fish which swam in the pool below the balcony, a pool bounded by quaint grottos and crumbling stone lanterns, lilliputian hills and tiny shrines like miniatures of temples—a little world with minute landscape cramped into the smallest space. What a land, this of Japan, this dreamland where colours fade only to blend with those more beautiful, where art lives unalloyed by the cankers of modern vulgarism!

How we dreamed! The temple gongs had resounded hollowly over the water, but they were lost in the common sound of song, music and laughter. There were no temples; there was no world beyond that blue-grey hill across the lake; there was naught else but the Tea-house of the Stork—and O Haru San.

Night came, moonbeams danced on the lake, fires showed faintly on distant shores and glimmering lights shone dimly like distant fireflies to warn the junkmen to steer clear. The dream was ending, for with the night came the villagers, young men whose fathers had been lords in the recent feudal days, Samurai whose two swords were laid away, farmers and storekeepers—all speaking of one thing, the war just begun. There were various rumours to tell. One said the Rokoku from the dewy land were coming to Korea in millions, another that more warships had been sunk by torpedoes, still another that the entrance to Port Arthur—Riojunkou—was now securely blocked; one told of the Tenshi Sama's dream of victory, others of omens the priests had noted, of how the doves had flown from the temple of Hachiman as they did when the war against China was begun. The conversation of the habitues of the House of the Stork was all of the war; the conversation of all this quiet land was of war, and excitement had no part in that conversation. From the balcony I watched them and the butterflies flitting among them with loaded trays; and, as I watched and listened, a sworded policeman, quaint with his white-braided uniform and brass buttons, came seeking several of the younger men. To those he sought he gave pink papers—the "doinrei" which called them to the colours to give their lives for the Mikado.

Alone, looking over the still lake, watching its inky sheen and the shimmer of the lights, I sat smoking, reminiscently searching in memory's picture-book for a face, when, in the dull glow of the paper lantern that swung some yards away I saw O Haru San and her lover. In his hand he held a pink paper.

The railway station was thronged. Its cemented pavement clacked loud with the clatter of thousands of stilt-like geta; bands flared noisily, brassily, as imitative musicians played a jerky air; crowds surged with lofty banners swinging from tall bamboos, banners that were many-hued and oddly-inscribed with parting greetings to the soldiers; bright red-streaked standards and the Hino-maru, with its blood-red ball on a snow-white field, fluttered gay in the noon-day glare.

"Banzai—banzai. Nippon Teikoku Banzai—....Banzai.... San-ju-shi Rentai Banzai."

Again and again the thousands took up the cry. Japan, Imperial Country for Ten Thousand Years—His Majesty—The Thirty-fourth Regiment for Ten Thousand Years. The bands were noisier, and, how odd, they were playing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." A whistle sounded, and hundreds of khaki-clad soldiers with thirty and three pounds of impedimenta, which included everything from tent-poles to spare boots, from a paper fan to a rice pannier, bowed stiffly among little groups of equally ceremonious relatives, and scrambled into a train whose porters were even then slamming the carriage doors. A final toot, a re-echoing "banzai" and a forest of waving arms and fluttering flags, and only the rear-end buffers of a military train were seen at the platform's end. The Thirty-fourth Regiment had started for the front.

The House of the Stork was quiet when I returned—it is a dusty ride from the station. The samisens were laid away and the geisha, who had seen their dear ones go dry-eyed, wept behind the paper-screened partitions. O Haru San was saddest of them all.

"Honourably pardon," she said, when I asked her why she wept. "It is for shame; Tanaka San is a coward."

From O Toyo San I heard all. In this land of bravery and fatalism, of duty and death, of a patriotism that is the embodiment of self-sacrifice, who would have thought to find a temple so prostituted as this disgraced Nakao-mura on Nakao hill? In all this land there was, doubtless, but one other such abhorrent place—that shrine near Kyoto, where the cowardly Heimen of Osaka prayed to the gods of peace to aid them evade the conscription. Nakao-mura is a lonely temple, deserted and with high-grown weeds hiding its once pretty court-yard, with the rows of well-made, but now crumbled, lanterns; its gratings, age-worn and covered with dust, were thick with papers and offerings—amongst which was the prayer-paper with the written plea of Tanaka San, the deserter, who called upon the gods to save him from the army which sought him. He had deserted from the regiment I had seen leaving, even as it was being entrained. He had, in his ignorance, gone to the temple in the woods of Nakao hill, where the gods of his fathers would save him, and he would go back to O Haru San.

Toyo San told me of how he came back, at dead of night, and of how, with lashing tongue, O Haru San had told him she would have none of a coward.

The rest I did not hear until long afterward, when I sat at the edge of the kowliang on a Manchurian field watching the guns coming up for the battle of the morrow. It was Tanaka the coward who told it to me. He had fled from the police who sought him, hid in the confines of a city's yoshiwara with the courtesans, until, remorseful and sad, he put on the uniform they had given him and went to the barracks at Aoyama to rejoin the colours, if a returned deserter was acceptable. He was a coward no more, he said, and he cursed the fisherman who had told him of the temple on Nakao hill as he waited the word of they in command, dreading the expected punishment.

All these things he told me and more. He had snatched the captain's sword from its scabbard when the officer berated him for his desertion, and he would have committed "seppuka" and let his life's blood wash out his offence, but the officer stayed his hand.

"No, not thus," the captain had said. "Your life is forfeit; you should give it, but give it to the Emperor in battle, not worthlessly."

He would give it, and O Haru San would see that he was no coward; that is, if she cared, for though letters came for Iwase San, none had come to him, and it cost but a few rin to have a letter written.

I had given him a tin of corned beef; he had given me rice, and we ate as he told me these things. Then I left him, for the camp of the correspondents was afar, and it was night.

The battle had been waged for two full days and it was eventide. Scattered over five hills, serried with trenches and covered ways, broken with gun pits and shelter galleries, were eighty thousand Russians, and a hundred thousand Japanese were hidden in a great plain grown thick with giant millet. From the millet, as day dawned on August 29th, a party of engineers crept into wire entanglements at the foot of a grassy hill and sought to cut the wires in the face of a rain of lead. Only a score returned; the others lay twisted and inanimate among the wires. Battery after battery threw shrapnel and common shell, howitzers shrieked and their missiles whirled with a heart-rending twang, mortars hurled common shell and Shimose explosive to the parapetted trenches on the hill crests; the sky was thick with flashes and little smoke-clouds which dissolved quickly after the shells broke in air to hurl their splinters on to the soldiers and their works. The whip-like smack sounded loudly at hand and, dully along the distant line, little geysers of earth were lifted, and the whole welkin was discordant with the tumult of war.

At times a broken line of brown, with sun flashes showing on the steel, ran from the tall grain and a rattling inferno echoed as the rifles and machine guns on the parapets swept down a cloud of missiles that cut swaths in that rushing line of men. There were cheers and shrieks

and groans as the cruel barbs of the wire tore the flesh, heart-stirring cries as unfortunates tumbled into the pits to be impaled on the stakes therein.

For two days these things had been recurring; seven times a whole line assault had been repelled and the defenders were still in the strongholds on the hills. The balloon of the enemy still ascended and descended, giving ranges to unseen batteries that fired indirectly from the back of the hills; the long lines of ponies carried ammunition cases from the south; blockades of thousands of lumbering Chinese carts with the stores of an army waited at the edge of the plain; orderlies galloped about; busy wiremen strung lines of shiny copper on little bamboo poles; bearers hurried up to relieve overworked men. How busy they were, these bearers; how busy were the surgeons with their knife and scalpel in the usurped Chinese houses from whose tiled gateways red-cross flags drooped down!

Two days ago I had tied a Chinese pony to an altar in the courtyard of a lama temple and had eaten fish and rice in a long-suffering battery, diving to the shelter-pits as the gunners did; had trudged, foot-sore, with relief ammunition carriers; jolted over routes that were even worse than China's roads on lurching caisson carts; marched, singing as I went, with intrepid infantrymen, and wound tight my lint on the sore, torn arm of a comrade; and, when we sat in a hastily sapped trench at eventide, awaiting orders, discussing the calls that Kuroki had sent for assistance that could not be given, Tanaka San came and offered me cigarettes.

As he left, he shook hands; he intended to give his life for the Tenshi Sama that night.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. From the shelter of a Chinese burial mound near the base of the hill the flashing tongues of fire were seen plainly. The blue-black of the summer night was lit by the occasional flash and flame of breaking shrapnel. Machine guns rattled and rifles rolled, their line of flashes showing like the serrated sides of a massive comb of fire; and, beyond, a column of light was lifted into the dull blue as the far-away searchlights of Liaoyang were turned skyward. Dull, shadowy shapes moved at the hill-top, and from the hiding places of the millet field came crowd after crowd, crouched and irregular, of rapidly-moving soldiery. They were like an army of gnomes coming from a mysterious blackness. Across the open space to the entanglements the shadowy gnomes ran, and from the hills came flash after flash. The noise became deafening. But soon the ear became accustomed to the roll. The noises which pierced the sore-tried drums were the shrieks, blood-curdling cries, of the soldiers caught in the tangled wires and the barbarous pits. The clustered entanglements were thick with struggling men; no longer gnomes, but humans whose loud-voiced cries of pain stirred the heart.

Now, see! There were accumulating groups on the grassy incline beyond the wires. More joined them. How they passed the thick-strewn wires and the rows of closely sunken pits is more than I can tell. They were surging up the hill.

Oh the horror of it all! With wildly swaying arms men staggered and fell, clutching madly at the grass roots in the agony of death; rifles and swords were thrown aside and men rolled down the slope, tripping those who came behind. From the trenches above poured a rain of lead, the seemingly unbroken line of flashes showing the fierceness of the fusilade. And ever the din of human voices seemed to rise above the roll of musketry.

"Banzai.... Banzai.... San-ju-shi Rentai.... Banzai." It was the Thirty-fourth Regiment, waving its regimental banner, that was surging irresistibly into the trenches, regardless of the gaps the enemy's rifles made.

Where did they come from, these onrushing forms which went onward and upward and would not be stayed? To the stolid Siberians on the crest they must have seemed like demons who would not die. But they died.

Even as I looked, the Thirty-fourth Regiment was being led by a soldier who had sprung out from among his comrades. It was Tanaka, the fisherman. The officers were all dead on the grassy incline. Waving the flag he had snatched from

where it fell to the ground with its slain bearer, its broken pole thrown aside, Tanaka scrambled on into the enemy's trenches, and a shrieking, cheering, howling horde of demons surged in behind him. The Siberians fought, giving thrust for thrust, blow for blow, bite for bite and scratch for scratch; dying, even as did the assailants, with their teeth sunk in the throats of their foe, until those that remained scurried to the trench above, whence death had been raining on friend and foe as the maddened horde struggled with berserker rage in the broken trench.

On, over the groaning forms, bayonetting the prostrate, the Thirty-fourth Regiment surged in the wake of the fisherman to renew death's carnival in that narrow gully on the hill-crest.

What they did that night showed horribly in the morn. Then the sun rose on trenches glutted to the parapets, and glacis and approaches that were carpeted with mangled dead. It was a terrible place.

But the hill was carried as were the others. The Regiment had lost two-thirds of its number, but it was proud—especially Tanaka San. How he survived surprises me. As the scavengers of the army, the burial parties and the bearer companies came to the hill followed by the flocks of carrion crows and the pariah dogs, and the field-guns were moved to the plain beyond to batter the way into the city of Liaoyang, I met the remnant of the Regiment, marching out of the hill. I will not forget that scene.

The pathway was through a lane of dead, but the Regiment was singing a gay marching song. Before it a betto led a riderless horse and carried a broken sword; he was the Major's servant. Behind the led horse was a litter of branches, raised high on the shoulders of four soldiers, and on it sat Tanaka San, nursing a new-bandaged arm and wearing a blood-soaked bandage about his head. He sang, as did those who carried him. The bearers of another litter also sang, although they carried the dead body of the Major, the mud-stained corpse hidden under the ragged regimental flag. Tired, hungered, but glad, the Regiment trudged wearily yet with a certain jauntiness, behind the litter of the Regiment's hero and its dead commander, the wounded with their unsoiled lint, new-bound, staggering in the wake of the column.

I joined them, for I wanted to tell Tanaka San how pleased O Haru San would be when she heard of how Green Hill was taken.

In the field dressing station I found the fisherman, and together we drafted a letter to a geisha at the "Honourable Tea-house of the August Stork."

Two months later the kurumaya set me down at the open shoji of the Tea-house of the Stork. O Haru San and her sister geisha knelt low on the mats to welcome me, as O Toyo San untied my boots and the neisans—the elder sisters—brought me slippers. How beautiful the lake seemed now; how gay the passing junks! What a place this to sit and smoke and dream!

But dreams must vanish when the samisen sounds, when O Haru San sings.

O Toyo had brought me tea, and I told her, as she sank down on to the cushion, that the song was pretty; that O Haru San sang well.

"The heart that is happy is full of song," said O Toyo San quickly; "she is to be the wife of Tanaka, who comes, wounded, to escape the fighting."

"Bah," she said, "Tanaka is a coward."

But I knew different—so did O Haru San.

Electoral Management

By H. B. AMES, M.P.

IN these days, when charges of electoral corruption are so frequently made, when the retort generally deemed sufficient is the *tu quoque* argument, it is little wonder that the average citizen—who votes on occasion and at other times is immersed in his own affairs—should be strongly tempted to conclude that illegal election methods are a necessary evil attendant upon free institutions; indeed, that they are an inseparable adjunct of popular government. Of such vital importance is it, especially at the outset of this era of great national promise, that so dangerous a heresy be not allowed to go unchallenged nor be permitted to find permanent lodgment in the minds of our people, that it is incumbent upon every one, willing and able to defend the contrary proposition, to let himself be heard, lest we lose faith in ourselves and in the value of the constitutional liberty which we enjoy.

In this spirit the writer accepted the invitation of the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to contribute an article upon the topic of organisation in city elections. It will be his contention that business-like preparations and thorough organisation are, not only from a moral point of view, unquestionably preferable, but are also, from a practical standpoint as a means of vote-winning, decidedly more effective than the less scrupulous methods so often for this end substituted.

The municipal experiences of the City of Montreal, during the past twelve years, may be cited in proof of the assertion that it is possible to carry through *successfully* a series of hard-fought election contests with dependence only upon honest and honourable means. Of this "Seven Years' War" the writer can speak with a knowledge born of actual participation. The years from 1894 to 1900 witnessed a bitter struggle between two elements for the control of the Montreal City Council. An extravagant administration, long condemned by good citizens, yet strongly entrenched in the exercise of power, did not hesitate to defend itself by every means at its command, no matter how unscrupulous. Opposed to this a citizens' organisation through careful and effective work, by a sort of electoral sapping and mining, so to speak, secured with each successive election during this period, the return of a greater number of reform councilmen, until, at last, in 1900 a majority of such were elected and a new administration inaugurated.

The Montreal system of election organisation has received high praise even from those who were worsted by it. It was admittedly a triumph of clean methods. Those who took part in this work are, therefore, glad of an opportunity for describing even the details of the system, in the hope that there may be found ideas which, *mutatis mutatandis*, can be developed in other cities, and may aid in securing similar triumphs for the cause of electoral purity.

How then may elections be honestly and honourably won in large city constituencies? This is the subject under review, and in the development of our theme we naturally take up its consideration under four heads:—

1. The character of the preparations which must needs be made between contests;

2. The methods which may be rightfully employed to reach the ear of the electorate;

3. The activities to be set in motion in order to bring out the maximum favourable vote;

4. The precautionary measures necessary for the protection of an honourable candidate against corrupt practices on the part of an opposition less scrupulous.

PREPARATORY WORK.

Foresight is nowhere more necessary than in preparation for an election. No sooner are the returns of to-day's battle announced than it is time to commence

the preliminary arrangements for the next contest. To this end should be established in every city constituency a political club. In Great Britain such clubs are permanent institutions, with central headquarters and a paid clerical staff. In this country, however, we depend almost entirely upon volunteer service. Young men believing in the tenets of a particular party and genuinely desirous that its principles should triumph, are suitable material out of which such associations may be formed.

Of the duties naturally devolving upon a political club, one of the most important is the surveillance of the electoral lists. Although no two Canadian cities follow precisely the same procedure in the preparation and revision of a parliamentary voters' list, nevertheless, the general method is the same. It is customary for the municipal assessors to prepare the preliminary list, entering upon it the names of all ratepayers. An opportunity is then afforded for such as are entitled to qualify in respect of revenue (manhood suffrage). Here is work for the young men of an active political club. By careful canvass the names of all the "eligibles" residing within the limits of the division under the club's charge can be secured. Such a list prepared, it is not difficult with a knowledge of family history and surroundings, to determine the probable political leanings of most of those who have yet to cast their first vote. All regarded as open to subsequent conviction are urged, by notification, by appeal and by persistent personal effort, to take the necessary steps to register and thus have their names placed upon the new list. It is left to the opposing party to look after their own supporters. Conservatives can hardly be expected to register Liberals, nor the reverse. With the party which excels in this activity lies, from the outset of the campaign, a decided advantage. Many a contest has thus been won or lost at time of registration.

When the names have all been entered on the preliminary list a revision follows. There again is opportunity for valuable service. The lists may have been "stuffed," that is to say, names having no legal justification may have been intentionally added; or they may contain names incorrectly entered which require amendment; or there may yet remain upon them names of persons who have died or moved away since the assessors performed their work. The collection of the necessary evidence on these points and its submission before the Revisors is therefore imperative. Every name, that cannot be legally voted upon and yet remains upon the list, is a temptation and a danger. The party of honesty cannot use such names, while for their unscrupulous opponents opportunity for personation is offered. The more accurate and recent are the lists upon which an election is held, the better the chances of those who employ only fair means. In attending to the revision of the list the club can render most valuable service.

But, even after the lists are completed and signed the work connected with their surveillance is not ended. In Montreal, for instance, it is possible for two years to elapse between the preparation of the lists and their use in a parliamentary election. Each succeeding day brings some alteration which should be taken note of. Every change of residence or employment, every death, every permanent removal, should be recorded at club headquarters, in order that when election day arrives, it may be possible, even in a great city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, to find quickly, surely and easily each voter entitled to poll. A militant political club possessed of full, up-to-date information regarding its voters' list, ready whenever the call comes to take the field on behalf of the chosen candidate, is the first requisite if a political party would win a close city constituency. With such preparation their candidate will be able at all times to give a good account of himself. With such an organisation in the field the battle is already well-nigh won.

INFLUENCING PUBLIC OPINION.

Let us next consider the methods employed in reaching the public ear, more especially those resorted to when an election is imminent. The fact is too often lost sight of that an election is won by the party which captures the non-partisan vote. In every constituency it is safe to assume that a considerable proportion of the voters have permanently made up their minds; so it is usually not difficult

to ascertain, with a fair degree of accuracy, who are the "stalwarts" on both sides. As far as a campaign of persuasion is concerned, these only need to be discovered, properly labelled and eliminated from the problem. The remainder, however, whose sentiments are undisclosed or who declare themselves to be as yet undecided, are the electors for whose capture the most careful siege operations, the most powerful batteries are necessary.

It is customary for railway companies, for the owners of proprietary medicines, for large retail storekeepers and others to employ specialists, whose life-work it is to attract public attention to the virtue and value of the offers they make and to reach those who may become patrons. So, too, in an election campaign, there is ample scope for the highest ingenuity and organising ability in the effort to reach and convert the doubtful voter. Tons of literature are at every election uselessly printed and circulated. Much of this finds its way to the waste basket and to the ash-heap. And why? Because of lack of appreciation of the fact that men cannot be influenced *in masses*. Every individual has his personal characteristic, and it is "hand-picked fruit" that constitutes, in most instances, the successful candidate's majority. It is, therefore, necessary to carefully classify the "doubtfuls." This list must be divided and sub-divided and then it must be ascertained from what point each group can best be approached. For example, if an editorial of special aptness, say to importers,—setting forth the annoying incidents attendant upon the operation of the Dumping Clause and holding the government responsible,—appears in the daily paper, it is good tactics for the opposition candidate to see to it that this article, in attractive, readable shape, reaches every importer on his "doubtful" list. If a public meeting has been arranged for, at which a speaker particularly successful in convincing workingmen is to deliver an address, every artisan and industrial labourer on the doubtful list should have a card of special invitation and a reserved seat, that he may hear the questions at issue discussed by one who views them from the same standpoint as himself. The strong partisans will, in any event, come to the meeting; the man who is wanted most is he who, had he remained at home, might have voted the other way. If a series of pamphlets is being prepared for distribution, let them each view the issues from a different plane. Send to French electors literature not only French in language but French in spirit; to property owners, that which will cause a man who has a stake in the community to think of imminent taxation; to the Trades Unionist that which will coincide with his mode of thought; to the cotton mill worker and the woollen mill employee the argument for adequate protection;—one might particularise *ad infinitum*—in fine, send to each that which he will read.

In the St. Antoine division contest, one of the most successful features of the Conservative organisation was a Central Bureau of Distribution. Here was installed a competent staff of stenographers, in whose hands were placed the address books for the division. The names of the electors were numbered consecutively from 1 to 8,500 and there were specified the residential and business addresses, the language and class. A complete set of envelopes was always on hand in anticipation and were of four colours, in conformity with distinctions above referred to. From this room was first issued, and delivered to every elector, a card asking support for the Conservative candidate. Next followed a notification of the location of his committee rooms with a polite invitation to call if needing information. As the contest grew warmer, editorials, pamphlets, circulars, letters—some 20,000 in all—were distributed from this centre. These were never scattered broadcast; they were always personally addressed and delivered by hand, and reached those who, it was believed, would read them. Just prior to election day there was sent to every elector, at his residence, a notification of the location of his polling booth, and if he succeeded on the day of election in reaching his office without having voted, on his desk with the morning mail he found a final reminder with the words, "Remember that this is election day." Of great service, too, was this bureau in counteracting false reports.

No story could gain headway before a contradiction or an explanation went to every house in a district where the rumour unchallenged might have altered votes.

But after all, the most powerful vote-winning influence is personal solicitation. Happy the candidate who has a band of friends ready to undertake for him this service with the list of "doubtfuls." After you have reduced your undeclared vote to its minimum, these names, divided among a score of friends, each taking those known to him, may be subjected to a final interview. Misapprehensions can be explained away, prejudices removed, and few there are who, in a quarter of an hour's conversation with a man whom he knows and respects, will not make his final preference manifest. When this last resource has been exhausted, your campaign is at an end. You know whether your candidate has the majority with him or the reverse; it remains but to crystallise into actual votes the favourable sentiment.

GETTING OUT THE VOTE.

The supreme test of electoral organisation is its success in bringing out the vote. The recent Montreal election in St. Antoine division is noteworthy in this respect. In 1900 there were 9,291 names on the list, of which 5,706 voted, or slightly more than 61%; while in 1904, with only 8,527 names on the lists, a total vote of 6,046 was cast, or almost 71%. The Liberal vote of 1904 was only 105 less than in 1900, but the Conservative vote of 1904 exceeded that of 1900 by 452. So smoothly did the Conservative machinery of the election run, that many during polling day, mistaking lack of confusion for absence of activity, prophesied defeat. Quite the contrary was the case, for the Conservatives who in 1900 had carried the constituency by a narrow majority of 57, had the satisfaction of seeing their candidate elected in 1904 by 614 more votes than his opponent.

As an example then of successful organisation the *modus operandi* of this election may be described. The electoral district had been divided into eleven parts. For each division there was a committee room with its chairman, its secretary, its telephone and corps of workers, a committee room having charge of from six to eight polls. To every polling booth on election day was assigned a corps of volunteer workers. They numbered from four to ten, according to the anticipated favourable vote. Within the poll sat the scrutineer. Thoroughly trained as to his duties and quite competent if need be to direct the returning officer, he was provided with a list of those entitled to vote at his poll and also with a packet of identification cards. It was the scrutineer's duty to see to it that none but those so entitled should vote at that poll. Should he require to order an arrest, he had with him information and warrant forms, while at the door stood a special constable. The identification card used in this election was invented to prevent personation. The information it bore had been twice checked in the previous canvass, and consisted of an accurate description, giving particulars as to height, build, complexion, colour of eyes and hair, colour and style of beard, nationality and certain noticeable peculiarities of the voter. As there was one such descriptive card for every elector, no man, who did not accurately correspond with his description, could vote in that poll. Near the poll at the house of a friendly neighbour was stationed the "telephone man." It is remarkable how many city electors can be reached during business hours by telephone. The necessary 'phone numbers of all presumably favourable electors had been ascertained prior to the day of election, and entered alphabetically upon a convenient card for the use of the "telephone man." From 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. his telephone was never idle. "Have you voted, sir?" "When will you come up to vote, sir?" "Shall we send to fetch you?" Such were the invariable questions. And these constant reminders had their effect. Business men, realising that work would be rendered impossible until they had performed their duty as citizens, came early to vote. In many instances by three o'clock the telephone man had exhausted his list.

At the door of each polling booth stood the "poll captain." Upon him rested the responsibility for getting in the entire favourable vote. In his hand he held his

poll-pad, containing detachable slips of paper with business addresses and polling place, one for each presumably favourable voter. As one by one the electors presented themselves at the door of the poll, a courteous question from the poll captain elicited the name, and the captain detached and destroyed the corresponding slip, inasmuch as that name no longer required his attention. At the captain's elbow were his "hustlers," each with a carriage, loaned for the occasion, ready when given a slip to go in search of a dilatory or indifferent voter and invite, indeed almost compel him, to come and vote. Thus the poll was guarded, the dilatory elector reminded and the forgetful sent for, and St. Antoine division, which bears the reputation of being a sluggish district at election times, polled the largest percentage of votes in its history.

PROTECTION AGAINST CORRUPT PRACTICES.

When a candidate sincerely determines to carry through an election contest in an honest and honourable manner, to play the game, both in letter and spirit, according to the rules, should his opponent be not like-minded, the fair-play candidate is certainly entitled to take what precautions may be necessary to prevent and to punish corrupt practices. It is not to be expected that he will allow himself to be beaten by illegal means and then simply content himself with crying "foul." He is bound to defend his own cause and at the same time protect his constituents against fraud.

Different methods will need to be employed in different constituencies to combat corruption. If bribery is likely to be attempted, the fair-play candidate must needs make such arrangements, even to the employment of detectives, as will enable him to secure conclusive evidence to unseat and disqualify his opponent and to punish his corrupt agents.

In large cities, where there is a considerable floating population, personation is the most deadly method of stealing an election. When 25% of the names upon a voters' list are those of persons whose whereabouts is at election time no longer known even to the local residents, the difficulty of preventing personation becomes apparent. There is so little likelihood of detection, the attendant risk is so insignificant, the price paid for passing false votes is so tempting, that unless severe measures are employed, there will always be many persons ready to undertake this business. But the practice has been effectually put an end to in Montreal, at least in so far as the western portion of the city is concerned, by the method already alluded to, of descriptive cards.

When the electoral list comes into force, a competent man is employed to call upon every elector whose name appears thereon. At that time nearly all can be readily found. The canvasser during his visit asks some unimportant question, but, before leaving, takes an accurate written description of his man. The descriptive cards become, henceforth, part of the archives of the political organisation which sent him forth. Every time it becomes necessary to canvass this man, the person detailed for this work is required to fill out and bring back a new descriptive card. Thus the accurateness of every canvasser's work is carefully tested. Thus also the original description is verified and improved upon. After this description has been established by several visits it is copied upon the card which upon election day is (as has been previously shown) placed in the hands of the scrutineer.

Anyone who has had experience in city elections knows how difficult it is to get good men to act as scrutineers in certain city districts. The old practice has been to always employ local men, but these are often susceptible to corrupt influences. By employing the Montreal system of cards it is not necessary that the scrutineer be a resident of the district. He needs only to be intelligent and trustworthy. With the descriptions in his hands he can effectively prevent personation, even in a poll where he is not personally acquainted with a single elector. This system will put an end to personation in any city. It enables a candidate, who will not permit fraud to be practised on his own behalf, to render it impossible for an opponent to take mean advantage of him.

In order to stamp out political corrup-

tion it is necessary in all cases that election crime, when detected, should be severely punished. It so often happens that a candidate who has been successful, who may have secured the arrest of bribers or personators of the other side, in the hour of victory is appealed to for the exercise of mercy and consents not to prosecute the prisoners. It is the expectation of this clemency which is mainly responsible for the continuance of these acts. Was it understood that electoral crime would be unflinchingly punished, cost what it may, we would soon have little or none of it.

In the recent St. Antoine election what purported to be an attempt at wholesale personation was discovered and frustrated. Six men were arrested in this connection. As their case is yet to come before the Court of the King's Bench for adjudication, it is not pertinent to discuss the incident in this article. Suffice it to say that the return of the successful candidate (it is believed, because he would not secure the abandonment of this criminal prosecution) is now being contested, but the case will be pushed to a finish.

In conclusion the writer once again reaffirms his belief that it is not only possible to win elections by honest means, but that, from a practical point of view, careful preparatory work, good judgment in influencing public opinion, thorough organisation in bringing out the vote and effective protective measures against corrupt practices, are more effective in winning votes than the lavish expenditure of money so often resorted to, and so frequently resulting in general corruption. The political party that resolutely sets its face against every form of electoral corruption, that absolutely refuses to consent to compromise, that prosecutes without flinching those guilty of fraud and that, keeping from guilt itself, forces its opponent to do likewise, that party—if there ever be such a one—will sooner or later come to power. A party thus elected, untrammelled by promises and obligations which it cannot with honour fulfil, free from the necessity of providing at the public expense for men whose claim for consideration lies in the immorality of the services they have rendered, will be in a position to claim the services of the noblest men, will have and will hold the confidence of our people and will be able to give to Canada that pure and honest administration of which this nation, now entering upon the grandest period of its political existence, stands most in need.

The Heart

From the German of Neumann

BY MARTHA MARTIN

Two chambers hath the heart,
Where dwell
Both Joy and Pain apart.

When Joy wakes in the one,
Then sleeps
Pain calmly in his own.

Oh: Joy thyself restrain—
Speak softly,
Lest thou awaken Pain.

The Beautiful Maple Leaves

BY ANNIE L. GOURLAY

WHEN spring was young, the maple hung
On high her garlands gay,
And dress'd in green, like a fairy queen,
She decked the woods of May.
But now they fly, 'gainst a cobalt sky,
While autumn sadly grieves—
Fluttering down, her golden crown
Of Beautiful Maple Leaves.

In summer fair they rustle there,
And drink in the glad sunlight,
Or gently croon their lullaby tune
To the nestling birds at night.
Now the birds are flown to a warmer zone,
And gathered are all the sheaves;
While softly fall, at the south wind's call,
The Beautiful Maple Leaves.

The forest's pride was the Frost King's bride
In September's golden days,—
She blushed when he came, in his robes of flame,
Thro' all the woodland ways;
In the moonbeam's light, her garments bright,
All scarlet and gold she weaves;—
Now they're falling like showers of crimson flowers—
Her Beautiful Maple Leaves.

In the smoky haze of October days
The maple was fair to see,
As she stood by the stream, like a glorious dream
Of our young land's destiny!
Ah! the stream rushes on, as in years agone,
While he all her gold receives;—
They are tossing wide on his silver tide—
Her wealth of shining leaves.

What dreams are here of the faded year,
Old tree I pray thee tell?
Of spring's glad showers, and the wild, sweet flowers
Deep in the greenwood dell.
Of the robin's song, and the happy throng
Of beast, and bird, and bee,
And the children fair, with their sunny hair,
Who played 'neath the maple tree!

Loved tree! dream on though thy leaves are gone,
Strong life is within thee still!
For thy roots lie deep, in a solemn sleep,
Where no wintry frosts may chill.
And tints of rose lie beneath the snows
For him who only believes;—
We shall see again, after storm and rain,
Our Beautiful Maple Leaves.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR PICTURES.

THE JAP IN THE FIELD

The victorious Jap continues to electrify the world with exhibitions of his magnificent fighting qualities. The recent fighting at Mukden and Tie Pass was simply a weird and awe-inspiring reproduction of the marvellous persistency exhibited at the Yalu, at Port Arthur and at Liaoyang. Science and daring are the keynotes. The general is great, but he is no greater than the private soldier. Here is a genuine picture of the Jap in the field—a photograph taken about three months ago by a man who risked his life time and again to give the world accurate pictures of this great war. This series, commenced in the March CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is the only series of genuine photographs from this campaign yet published in this country.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A SIEGE GUN IN ACTION

The photographer who took this picture of a Japanese siege gun in action nearly lost his life. A few minutes before this a Russian shell burst a few hundred yards away. A few moments afterwards another shell passed close to the operator's head and fell within a hundred feet of the Jap gun. It so disturbed the cement foundations that this gun was put out of action. Away up near the top of the picture is the image of the huge missile which has just been discharged from this powerful weapon. It is an 11-inch shell, weighing 500 pounds. The gun is firing at an angle of 40 degrees. This is probably the first time on record that a photograph of a flying shell was ever taken under service conditions in time of war.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

VENEZUELA—THE COAST MOUNTAINS AT MACUTO

Macuto is Venezuela's watering place. No other cliffs in the world rise so high from the ocean shore

The United States of Venezuela

A Brief Description of the Country and of the Political Evils that now Threaten the Very Life of the Nation

By G. M. L. BROWN

VENEZUELA is in many respects the most favoured country in South America. In size it appears quite insignificant compared with either Argentina or Brazil—though its area is two and a half times that of France, or more than the provinces of Ontario and Quebec combined—but its varied climates, its wealth of tropical and sub-tropical products, and its excellent position at the extreme north of the continent, ought to make it one of the richest and most populous nations in all Spanish-America. On the contrary, Venezuela's trade and population have in recent years actually declined, while her reputation abroad has sunk so low that neither capital nor immigrants can be attracted to her shores.

The reason for this retrogression lies, of course, in her corrupt government and in the fifty odd revolutions that have taken place since Bolivar drove the Spaniards from his native soil, and unfurled what he fervently believed to be the banner of freedom. Bolivar, to be sure, has been honoured as have few other patriots the world over, and the word liberty is used almost as frequently as is "mañana," the true watchword of South America; but the Venezuela of to-day is an insult alike to the memory of her heroes and to the principles for which they fought.

Bolivar at the last clearly foresaw the impending vicissitudes of the nations he had founded, and wrote: "Our constitutions are books, our laws papers, our elections combats, and life itself a torment. We shall arrive at such a state that no foreign nation will condescend to conquer us, and we shall be governed by petty tyrants." A truer prophecy was never uttered, though the impartial historian might point out that the prophet himself, in the role of dictator, gave no

slight impulse to the tendencies he so bitterly deplored.

Without entering into the race question and the heterogeneousness of the people, for which one must make great allowances in judging Venezuela, let us glance briefly at the three periods which succeeded the era of the "Libertador."

The first, which might be called the period of political anarchy, lasted until 1870. Numerous dictators succeeded one another; but no commanding figure arose, and as the people were about evenly divided into the so-called "Unitarian" and "Federal" parties, it was rarely that a government was able to control the whole country. The agricultural resources, during this period, received little development, trade was spasmodic, the mines lay untouched, the forests unexplored—except by bands of guerillas, progress could hardly be detected.

VENEZUELA—A COUNTRY STORE

The "village grocery" is also a drinking-place and a wayside inn

In 1870, however, the destinies of the nation fell into the hands of General Guzman-Blanco, a man of remarkable ability and force of character. He first occupied himself with strengthening his government, and succeeded so well that he remained master, though not president continuously, for nineteen years. Having established law and order, Guzman-Blanco invited foreign capitalists to construct railroads and other public works, to found banks, to exploit the vast mineral resources, and to engage in any commercial pursuit that would contribute to the national welfare, and, incidentally, to his personal gain. The invitation was accepted: capital from England and the continent began to pour into the country, scores of important enterprises were started simultaneously, liberal concessions—too liberal, his enemies say—were fairly lavished upon those he favoured, and Venezuela started forward with such a bound of prosperity that the people could hardly believe their senses.

Not content with mere material advancement, this "Illustrious American"—for so he styled himself, with more justice, perhaps, than modesty—established schools and colleges, and made education

compulsory. Furthermore, he endowed libraries, scientific and art academies, hospitals and various charitable institutions—nothing, seemingly, escaped his attention; and though he diverted a considerable portion of the revenues into his private exchequer, the nation was so prosperous and optimistic that little dissatisfaction arose, except among disappointed office-seekers, from this course.

Few dictators in South America, however, or elsewhere, for that matter, have succeeded in ending their days in power. Guzman-Blanco's régime ended in 1889, the nation wished in vain for his iron hand to control the elements of discord.

The last period, therefore, may be called—and is so spoken of in Caracas, as "the time since Guzman-Blanco!" It cannot be regarded so much a period of anarchy, though a number of disastrous revolutions have occurred, as one of "graft." Guzman-Blanco in his nineteen years of power is credited with having appropriated twenty-three million dollars. General Crespo, in a third of the time, took twenty-four million, and did little or nothing to advance the country beyond pre-

VENEZUELA—A TOWN GUARD-HOUSE AND BARRACKS

while he was in Paris occupying the position of Ambassador-Extraordinary to Europe, and at the same time conducting the internal affairs of Venezuela by cable. It was a humiliating finale to his really useful public career to hear of his statues being thrown down in the plazas he had beautified, his portraits torn from the walls of the public buildings he had erected, and that even his residences and plantations were looted or destroyed by the fickle populace. But Venezuela suffered more, perhaps, than the aged exile; and the time soon came, as he foretold, when serving order. General Castro, however, who now holds office, bids fair to exact a sum as great as these two amounts combined; and to show his gratitude, is apparently doing everything in his power to ruin the nation. Not content with defying the Allied Powers that blockaded the Venezuelan coasts in 1903, he has forced the United States to take action to protect the rights of her citizens and, so far from fearing a rupture with one or all of these powers, seems almost anxious to renew hostilities.

In describing the wretched conditions

THIS SCENE IS TYPICAL OF MARKET-PLACES IN ALMOST ANY PART OF SOUTH AMERICA

that now prevail, one could hardly exaggerate; the outlook appears as dark as it could possibly be, and only by a miracle, it would seem, can the country regain its lost prestige and prosperity. Yet it must be remembered that such miracles have been witnessed more than once in South America, and one can only hope, for Venezuela's sake, that history may repeat itself.

Venezuela's main source of wealth is coffee, which is cultivated in the upland valleys adjacent to the Caribbean Sea. Were this product not of a much superior quality to that of Brazil, the Venezuelan planters could not compete for a moment with their southern neighbours; the reasons being that wages in Venezuela are very high, due, of course, to the cost of living, and the means of communication, as a rule, as primitive as they were a century ago.

There are railways, of course—who has not heard of the claims of the German and English railways?—but though several of them show remarkable feats of engineering, they are so insignificant compared with the railway systems of North America, that one can hardly consider them when speaking of the internal communications. The fourteen railways combined—some of which are scarcely better than tramways, and all of which are narrow gauge—are less than six hundred miles in length, scarcely a thirtieth of Canada's railroad mileage, with a hauling capacity, I should say, probably one-three-hundredth or less. The merchandise of the interior goes and comes, as in the days of Losada, the founder of Caracas, on the backs of pack donkeys or, in a few sections where waggon roads exist, in small mule carts. How wretched some of these roads are can be judged by the following: A gentleman who had been at the important gold mines of Callao, and was riding back to the Orinoco—a level country, by the way, where a railway could easily be constructed—tells me that he encountered a waggon loaded with mining machinery which was stuck fast in the mud, and had been so for five days, notwithstanding the efforts of fifteen yoke of oxen to haul it out.

With coffee bringing high prices, the expenses and difficulty of shipment, and the export tax that the government has imposed, did not weigh so heavily upon the planter; but in these years of abnor-

VENEZUELA—A SCENE NEAR THE LAKE OF VALENCIA

mally low markets there are few plantations that have not shown an absolute loss. Indeed, the present season marks a still lower ebb in the industry, for the crops have turned out badly and promise only half the usual yield.

Cacäo is also an important export, but, owing to the limited areas that are suitable to its culture, will never rival the coffee crop, unless, indeed, the Venezuelans give up coffee raising altogether and devote their highlands to sugar or maize and other cereals. With all her products, with the exception of cacäo which commands a high price in the European markets, Venezuela will always have great difficulty in competing with other countries, not only from the drawbacks I have mentioned, but from an absolute lack of modern methods of agriculture. One need only go a mile from Caracas to see the earth ploughed with a pointed stick; but to find a steam thresher, a cream separator, or an up-to-date sugar mill, would be a fitting pursuit for the Wandering Jew. There are, I am told, a number of modern farming implements lying in the Caracas freight-sheds, which were imported by the late President Crespo for one of his estates, but were never called for, and have evidently not impressed the railway company as of sufficient value to be put up at auction.

The high wages demanded by the "peon" is due partially, no doubt, to his shiftlessness, and this is caused as much by the periodic revolutions, which invariably re-

VENEZUELA—THE PRIMITIVE RAILWAY BETWEEN CARACAS AND VALENCIA

CARACAS AND THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS

quire his services on one side or the other, as by the genial climate. The other reason, already referred to, is the cost of living, which I believe to be greater in Venezuela than in any other country in the Western Hemisphere. Nothing is really cheap, not even yams and bananas, when one considers the fertility of the soil and the unlimited quantity of vegetables and fruits that could be raised. Sugar and salt bring an exorbitant price; bread is such a luxury that only the well-to-do can afford it; meat, owing to a monopoly in which both the President and Vice-President have a hand, is very high, though cattle-raising is one of the principal industries of the country. Wearing apparel, hardware, imported building materials, furniture and all manufactured articles pay so many duties and special taxes that frequently they sell for from three to ten times what they would bring in the United States or Canada. One simply marvels that the people endure it.

The writer has been asked by both Canadians and Americans what "opportunities" there might be for them to engage in business in this country. The answer is simple: there are, at present, absolutely none. In cattle-raising one finds that so many different taxes have to be paid on each animal that the profits would be meagre enough, were it possible to get the market price abroad. The export trade is so entirely monopolised by a "ring" of government officials that the breeder is forced to sell to them at any price the latter set, often less than the cost of raising the stock.

The planter contends against just as great disadvantages. Indeed, between the scarcity of labour, the frequency of revolutions, and the constant demands of the tax gatherer, few estates are paying more than current expenses at present, and many not doing that. An enterprising landowner sometimes introduces a new fruit or cereal, cultivates it carefully, arranges for his market and the means of transportation, only to be confronted with a tax so exorbitant that the new industry is crippled if not ruined in the first season.

A trusting foreigner receives a concession to open a mine. He erects his machinery, employs skilled labour from abroad, and has begun operations when a new issue of the mining code suddenly arrives. He opens it, and learns to his disgust that a higher tax has been levied upon the output, and perhaps the very port of shipment changed.

The merchants and importers do not know from day to day what modifications in the tariff may be forthcoming, or what subterfuge introduced to enable some government official to undersell them at their very doors. For instance, a house that imports candle wicks pays the duty upon a large consignment of goods only to find that the match monopoly, which import

VENEZUELA—THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE AT CARACAS

their materials for the manufacture of wax matches free, are able to sell their surplus of cotton wick to the candle maker at a price that the importer is utterly unable to meet. And so it is—or may be at a moment's notice—in all branches of business. The only case I know of where a foreigner has established a lucrative business, sold out, and departed unmolested, is that of Mr. Jos. M. Williams, a photographer, formerly of Goderich, Ontario. Mr. Williams—to whom I must credit most of the views used in this article—has already made a similar excursion into Mexico, and is now making a descent, I believe, upon Peru. His record in thus escaping the vigilance of the Venezuelan officials is as remarkable as his work is excellent.

When Venezuela finally emerges from her long sleep—nightmare, I suppose, would better express it—she ought to be a good neighbour to us. She will want our flour, our lumber, our dried fish, our dairy products, and various manufactures, and will offer in exchange the best coffee to be had in the Western Hemisphere, much of which we now buy as Mocha or Java; her chocolate, the finest product known to commerce; besides cocoanuts, tropical fruits, dyewoods, and a great variety of hardwoods, rubber, and possibly, sugar and tobacco.

A few Canadian products are now to be found in Venezuela, and Canadian ships may frequently be seen at Caribbean ports, but generally with American cargoes. When the absurd surtax upon all goods trans-shipped in West Indian ports is abolished—an enactment that the writer has already referred to in his article upon Curaçao—the Venezuelan market will be found the easiest of access in all Spanish America, excepting, of course, Cuba and the adjacent islands.

But Venezuela is not thinking of new commercial relations at present; the better element of the nation is in a death grapple with despotism, and has by no means given evidence that it can "win out." The

VENEZUELA—A TYPICAL STREET IN CARACAS

writer, after a five months' sojourn in the delightful capital, leaves with the heartiest wishes for her regeneration; but the discouraging example of Santo Domingo is so near that one is inclined to shake his head. As the Venezuelan himself would say, "quien sabe" what the outcome will be?

The House's Setting

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"Trees be pleasante, and therewithall shall my house be sette about."

Here is no hedge of yewe to hold in grief,
No cypresse nor long willow for despaire;
But the young birch displayes his cheerfulle leaf
In tracerie most faire.

Where the sunne falls at morn stand poplars seven,
Where freely I of all sweet joys may borrowe,
An elm that lifts his prayerfulle arms to heaven
And three tall pines for sorrowe.

A READING TENT IN A RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION CAMP, ONTARIO

The Neglected Citizen in the Camps

Being Some Observations on Certain Features of Lumbering, Mining and Construction Camps

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK.

LIFE in the frontier lumbering, mining and railway construction camps is fraught with many dangers and great privations. The hardships and the accidents are known only to those who visit these newer places, and the conditions under which this portion of our people labour are too little considered. Some of these things are inevitable because there must always be a frontier, but there could be a considerable improvement were the state and the people just a trifle more just. These men by their labour contribute to the wealth of the older parts of the community, and to the revenue of the state. Yet they are living, in a great measure, with little opportunity for the development of soul or mind. They work, eat and sleep, but seldom think of worship. The state takes much from them and gives little in return.

Even labour reformers so often miss the great test of all work—the development of character. The question asked is, "What do they produce?" when it should be, "Is this labour beneficial to the labourer?" Without character, there cannot be happiness, contentment and mental and moral progress. A prominent lumberman in British Columbia, about a year ago, said to the writer: "It is a conservative statement to make, that one-third of the loggers in British Columbia are either now drunk, on the way from camp to get drunk, or on the way back to camp after being drunk." Others asserted that not more than five per cent. of their men saved their money. This is an awful indictment. It is not true of the farmers, mechanics and their sons in the older communities, from which this class of labour is mainly recruited. Why should it be true of the miners, navvies and woodsmen? It cannot be due to the nature of their work. No honest labour in the open air is in itself degrading, but, on the contrary, ennobling. It must be

A READING TENT IN A RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION CAMP, ONTARIO

due to the conditions in which these men live when not at work; to the lack of mental and spiritual uplift; to cramped, badly ventilated and, therefore, necessarily filthy quarters, and the consequent loss of self-respect.

Readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE have heard of an effort to improve the condition of these men, by establishing reading rooms, libraries and an elementary system of education at the camps; the object is to experiment, to hit upon some practicable method, and then urge its adoption by the various provincial governments. Very commendable steps have been taken in this direction by British Columbia and Ontario. The former has had a system of travelling libraries for use in the rural districts and mining camps since 1898. Manitoba and New Brunswick have the establishment of a system under consideration. To Ontario belongs the credit of endeavouring to devise a feasible method of instruction in the mining camps, and assisting a similar effort in the lumbering and railway-construction camps. For several years representatives have been sent in the summer months from The School of Mines, Kingston, and The School of Practical Science, Toronto, to give lectures and practical demonstrations to the men actively engaged in the mining industry. A system of camp libraries has been initiated, and a small annual grant given for instruction in the lumbering and railway-construction camps; and recently a box car has been placed at the disposal of the reading camp association, with the promise of another when required. The first car has been fitted up with a library, magazines, newspapers, organ, games, blackboard and text books, and placed in charge of a competent instructor. It will be used as a reading room and social centre for the men. A little elementary instruction will be given and literature will be distributed all along the line. The car for the present will be moved from camp to camp, remaining about a week at each. If this is insufficient or impracticable, it will be left at one of the larger camps permanently and, if required, another car placed at the second largest camp.

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH.

The church, which might be expected to lead in the movement, is divided, and this is its great weakness in attempting any work of this kind. No doubt some good is accomplished by the spasmodic visits of clergymen of all denominations, but the missionary is never known by the toilers. His life does not come in close contact with theirs, and the moral incen-

INTERIOR OF A READING TENT IN A CONSTRUCTION CAMP, ONTARIO

tive of the personal touch that "makes the whole world kin," is wanting. In this field the churches' effort to preach the Gospel are few and very irregular. Each branch of the church that makes any attempt in this direction, does so entirely on its own initiative, without consulting other churches and endeavouring to co-operate. This hopeless division of the church precludes the possibility of providing separate buildings for public worship. No foreman or employer will encourage more than one building for the purpose in a temporary camp. The consequence is, no building is provided. The church does not realise that she will accomplish little in such a heterogeneous field without unity of action, and without buildings.

But even if she were united and succeeded in furnishing every camp in the land with a separate building and regular public worship, the problem would not be solved. Churches that are closed during the week do not meet the need. The mere oracular expression of God's love is not the whole Gospel. To teach men that it is criminal to be filthy, that chloride of lime is a good disinfectant, that germ-laden excreta, such as saliva, should not be left exposed, but neutralised; that in this way tuberculosis, smallpox, fever and other contagious and infectious diseases are propagated, this is a part of preaching the Gospel. It is just as important and inspiring to tell men who are huddled together in an atmosphere stifling with air breathed a thousand times, and a moral atmosphere equally impure with blasphemy, filthy song and story, that there is a bright, cosy room ten yards from the bunk house ready for their use *now*, as it is to tell them that there will be a house of many mansions ready for them ten thousand miles away after death.

THE STATE'S DUTY.

As a matter of fact, the problem is in the main educational, and its solution must be undertaken by the state. No organisation other than the state can cope with so gigantic an undertaking. Nearly a quarter of a million men are employed in Canada in the three industries named.

Education is the God-given right of every man, not the exclusive privilege of a few favoured persons. When the education of the masses is spoken of, some

A TYPICAL RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION CAMP

say: "You are on dangerous ground. Education breeds discontent. If educated, the masses will become lazy and lawless. No educated man will work in the woods, or handle the pick and shovel in mines and on railway construction." There are two kinds of discontent, worry and an honest longing to realise the ideal. The latter is the beginning, the former the end of wisdom. It is no doubt true that the man engaged in sordid toil, who acquires even a smattering of an education, either frets impatiently, or tries more or less good-naturedly to better his condition. But why? Simply because these conditions in which he is compelled to labour do not permit of his retaining his self-respect. The remedy of this discontent does not lie in keeping the masses in ignorance, but educating them, and at the same time improving their environment. This longing after the ideal is one of God's best gifts to man, and differentiates mankind from the brute creation. The kindness and love of an all-wise Creator are also manifest, in that He has bestowed this longing, to some slight degree at least, upon the latter. Even the brute beast prefers shelter to storm and green pastures to barren earth. A perfect condition—the Kingdom of Heaven—is the ideal condition Christ Himself commanded all men to seek. Canada ought to have long since outgrown that ancient and mediæval conception, that in order to control a man you must keep him in ignorance. He should be educated in order that he may be more easily controlled, and controlled to some wise purpose. The only remedy for the failures of education is more and better education.

In ancient Athens, a select few were educated, most of whom, because their education was one-sided, degenerated into effeminate, refined gossips. On the other hand, 40,000 men did the manual labour, who, because the other side of their nature was not developed, became low-browed, ignorant, brutal slaves, mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The world has advanced somewhat since then, and the ultimate goal is the diffusion of education, not the education of a privileged class alone.

WHERE TO BEGIN.

Some of the difficulties to be overcome in initiating work of this kind, are long hours, over-time and Sunday labour, all of which, it is to be feared, may be traced to the self-interest of the employers, of the men themselves, and of the people's representatives. While it is true the employer often overlooks the interest of his men, it is equally true that the average labourer is seldom interested in his employer's welfare. So far as lumbering is concerned, the hours of labour are long

BALLASTING A BIT OF NEWLY-LAID TRACK

in the hauling and driving seasons, but lumbermen seldom ask their men to work on Sunday. However, Sunday labour in mining camps and on railway construction is not uncommon.

At a Western railway camp a couple of years ago, the writer saw a large crew of men at work at a cutting on Sunday, and he remarked to a friend: "Poor fellows are at least away from the temptation of the saloon and worse. Is it my duty to inform on this contractor?" But concluded *cui bono*, to what purpose? The church and the state may fine here and warn there, but this problem will never be solved until these men are given something positive in place of their negative life, something to take up their attention when their muscles are relaxed and their minds inactive.

Whether public works such as the cutting of timber, the building of railroads, the mining of ore, etc., are undertaken by governments through their agents and commissioners, or let to contractors, such conditions as are calculated to develop self-respect in the men, to ennoble and improve their minds should be exacted and rigidly enforced. At present, it is to be confessed with shame, the sweating system is not unknown in the development of our great natural resources. The remedy will be found in prohibiting subletting, or in any case appending to the contracts humane conditions, as provision for better sanitation, ample sleeping accommodation, in preventing doubling up, and in general providing for the self improvement and education of these frontier workers.

It is not too much to say: If governments were to operate all public works they could afford to pay experts and unskilled labourers fair wages, and the amount saved to the country by the abolition of rake-offs for the campaign funds would furnish the expense necessary for the provision of ample educational facilities for the labourer.

The old argument that the camps move too often is not tenable. They are not moved too often, nor are they too isolated to be supplied with food. Literature will stand transportation as well as pork and beans, an instructor is as available and portable a person as a cook, and a reading shanty or tent is as easily run up as a cook-camp or bunk-house.

If there is not too much money spent on the higher, there is too little spent on the broader education.

I am sometimes told, "The employers are able to provide educational facilities for their men." That is quite possible, but by no means excuses any of us who profit by our richly endowed public edu-

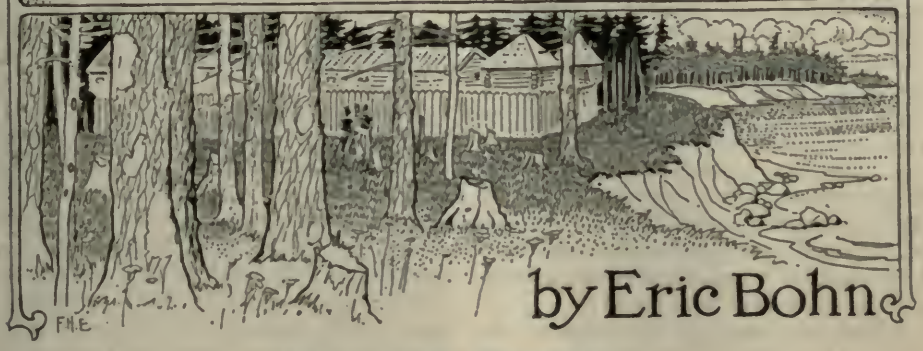
A NATIVE SILVER MINE—COBALT LAKE, ONTARIO

cation systems. It is because the much despised shantyman's, miner's and navvy's backs are bent, their hands callous, their minds dwarfed, and their spirits benighted that the rich and poor alike are enabled to send their sons and daughters to the public, the high school, college and university for a fraction of the cost.

These toilers of forest, mine and railway construction are being robbed. There is no necessity for it. Each province can well afford to provide for their social, moral and intellectual needs. The present treatment of them is nothing short of criminal. Canada's natural resources would be valueless without their toil.

INTERIOR PERMANENT READING ROOM

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohn

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region.

CHAPTER XVI

HELEN'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"Restigouche River, Feb..., 1814.

FOUR more days' journey without writing a line; and then the long, long nights. The same old story, riding all morning, helping the women to fix things for dinner in the woods; then riding all afternoon till nearly sundown, followed by the excitement and turmoil among the men in building camps for the night. It is a strange life to lead. Two weeks since we left Halifax and only once inside a house during all that time. Just think of it. Camping in the woods among the hills every night, no matter how it snows or how it freezes. Still, as long as it has to be, the woods are better than an open plain; and the denser the kinder, for they break the cold winds from the icy northland. There is always a big fire before each shanty when we retire for the night, but after you get into bed, the soughing of the winds through the trees of the forest sounds very weird. Down in the valley where the men pitch the camp it may be still; but away in the tops of the tall pines, a whole legion of elfs are sounding their harps and scampering through the branches. How often when you lie still with eyes wide open, waiting for sleep that will not come, you can see the glittering stars through the chinks above you, while the fairy imps go by in myriads, blowing their tiny whistles and twanging their lutes in tune to the elfish music of the night! By-and-bye, tired nature whiles you to the silent land; but the dirge goes with you even to the world of dreams.

"Then by the break of day the bugle sounds. Up you start to make a crude toilet. You stow away your little bits of goods and chattels, eat your breakfast of biscuit and bacon and tea, and while men are tearing your bunk to pieces, and packing it for the journey, you in turn

take your place in the caravan, counting the days of the fathomless past and the inevitable days of the future.

"But how lucky it is that there are incidents to note. It keeps one from thinking; so I watch the officers and men in their strange methods. Sunday, Monday and Saturday are alike to them, except that the Chaplain holds a short service after breakfast every Sunday morning. Just as battles are fought more frequently on Sunday than any other day, so soldiers when marching want to cover more ground on that day than any other. I wonder if it is because they want to follow our Saviour's teaching?

"Then all seem to have forgotten the past. They live in the actual present. Even the Chaplain, whom one would expect to find as grave as a judge, is, I verily believe, the jolliest man in the whole party. He doesn't seem to have a single care. One day as we halted for dinner, a big black squirrel got cornered among some logs; and he was the first to jump from his sleigh to try to catch him. Of course, others followed to join in the chase. But the squirrel was not to be caught; and he chirped merrily as he scampered up a beech tree. Captain Cummings was for shooting him.

"'Let the poor beggar alone,' cried the Chaplain, with a hearty laugh. 'When we run it's our fun, when he runs it's his.'

"Another time when it was his turn to ride in our sleigh, I happened to say as we neared the camping ground that I would dearly love to have venison for supper again.

"'Do you hear that, Bateese?' he cried to the driver, giving him a punch in the back. 'Madam says she won't eat a bite of supper unless you provide her with venison steak.'

"I looked at him in astonishment; but before I could speak, Bateese exclaimed:

"'All right, Padre, we'll get it, me and you. 'Alf hour early dis time. Bateese know place well. Pat tend horses, you bring rifle an' come wid me. Sacré! Big fonne.'

"'It's a go,' replied the Chaplain, and jumping from the sleigh, he had a word with the Colonel. In another minute he was back again.

"'And what shall be your choice, Madam?' was his question. 'Rump steak, devilled kidneys, or sirloin?'

"'When you shoot your deer, Chaplain, I will tell you,' was my laughing answer, for I had not the remotest idea that the venture would be successful.

"But in another minute, Mr. Evans and Bateese, each with a rifle over his shoulder, plunged into the forest along the winding of the Wapsenheden river. I was almost sorry now over my suggestion, for I did not know what might happen before they returned, and womanlike, felt nervous. Half an hour later, when the sun was setting and the trees beginning to snap and crack with the frost of the coming night, we heard a couple of shots, but they were far away.

"'They've found their game at last,' cried Sir George. 'I suppose Bateese is a good shot, though I never heard of the Chaplain distinguishing himself in that line.'

"'He was one of the crack men of the 91st, before he was transferred to the 100th,' said Captain Payne, who, with Harold, joined Sir George and myself as we stood by the fire.

"It was pretty dark before the hunters returned. When within hailing distance they shouted for help. Then all came in together dragging a big buck by the horns.

"'Who shot him?' was the general question.

"'Oh, de Curé, he be goot shot,' said Bateese.

"'I hit his shoulder, but Bateese put a bullet through his heart,' said the Chaplain. 'Now, Madam,' he continued, turning to me, 'what is your answer to my question?'

"'Venison steak from the breast,' I answered at random, not knowing one part from another.

"'Because it is nearest the heart and deer heart at that. But I think you'll try the rump, too'; and he went off to give his orders to the cook.

"One gets one's eye strangely opened on a trip like this. I don't know that meeting so many men, and none but men, is good for one, either. When you come in such close touch day after day, you

find them so different from each other; and so different, too, from what you expected them to be. Sometimes I feel startled, turning with open arms to Harold, my one rock of defence. And yet it is needless and foolish to feel so. They are all so good and kind, and yet so free and easy, that I feel like drawing myself together and being alert for hobgoblins that never come. They say: 'The witches we dread most are those we never meet.'

"Still there is one man in Harold's company that I don't like, even if he is his Captain; four times during our journey has he ridden by my side for the afternoon drive; and each time I liked him less. He is a bachelor; and it is not that he does or says anything that is offensive, but there is an insinuating way about him that I cannot bear. There is not a more courteous or polite man in the two companies; but there does not seem to be any sincerity in what he says. He laughs at religion, and in a cynical way scoffs at what he calls the mock pruderies of the world. I never went a great deal into society, the sorrows of my girl life prevented me; but I don't like to have my respect for what I do know, dragged in the dust. I do wish the Colonel would not put him with me again. Still I would not have it known that I dislike him. It would make my position more uncomfortable, and, what is more, might do Harold harm. A feud between the captain and lieutenant of the same company over the wife of one of them, might be romantic, but could never be pleasant. What is more, we have a long future before us, five or six weeks or more before we can arrive at our journey's end. I almost shiver at the thought of it. But that won't do, I must brave it out. If faint heart never won fair lady, neither did timid woman ever bring a villain to her feet. Fortunately no one will ever see this screed but Harold, and not even he, till we get to Penetang, unless my position becomes unbearable. Perhaps if I had a female friend with me I would not even have writ it down."

"Lake Temiscouata, Lower Canada, Feb. ....

"For the last two days we have been travelling due west, almost close to the northern limit of the States. On this account Sir George has kept the troops and sleighs together. Indian scouts have been sent to the south and front, and we have been travelling more slowly, to be prepared for any surprise from the enemy. Runners came in yesterday from the border with the message that the American forces are at least a hundred miles away, and that there is no prospect of fighting again before the spring opens. I think our men were a little disappointed. This is the nearest to the United States that they will be during all their journey to Lake Huron; and they would like to have at least one fight just to show their pluck. I believe Harold, in his heart, is as keen for action as they are; but on my account he expresses himself the other way. For my part, I am glad to hear that the Yankees have the good sense to keep to their own side of the line.

"For the last three nights, we three women, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Hardman and myself, have had houses to sleep in—actual houses. Settlers' log shanties with board floors. Each time with a big log fireplace at one end of the living room. Oh! it was a luxury to sit down on wooden chairs at clean pine tables again; to eat our supper of mush and milk and buckwheat pancakes; and our breakfast of pork and potatoes, wheaten cakes and molasses. Then we sat down together just like sisters. There was no distinction in the backwoodsman's shanty. We were too thankful for a glimpse of civilisation again to think of hair-splitting distinctions; and whether we did it outwardly or not, I am sure we inwardly thanked God for supplying our wants so comfortably on these two happy nights. There is a strong resemblance in the cabins, although they are more than twenty miles apart; each has the Scotchman's 'benplace' to sleep in, partitioned off from the ordinary living room. On the first night the two beds occupied by the settler, his wife and children, were vacated for our use, while the family with generous hospitality slept on the floor in the larger room. Last night the conditions were very similar, and again I had a bed by myself. These homely people have a

warm place in my heart, and I shall never forget their unselfish kindness.

"This must be a pretty spot in summer time. Our officers' and soldiers' camp is on the banks of the Temiscouata. High hills all around you and little lakes throughout the region. They say they are full of fish; and through holes in the ice our men this morning caught a lot of pickerel and bass for breakfast. But we women in the cabin were quite satisfied with the good things that the Scotch housewife provided for us.

"To-day, as well as yesterday, I left some silver behind me, but it was interesting to see the perversity with which the good housewife persisted in declining it. If her husband had been present, his canny Scotch nature would no doubt have been more reasonable.

"'Guid sakes, missis,' said our hostess, 'I dinna want no siller. Ye are aye welcome to the bit I gie ye, an' tho we never see the colour o' English shillins in these parts, I willna tak them frae ye for the wee pickle ye've taen.'

"Notwithstanding all my urging, the woman kept her hands behind her back. So I rolled the money up in a piece of paper and laid it on a little shelf by the wall. This time there was no demur, and with a friendly smile she bade me 'guidbye an' a safe journey through them awfu' woods.' While I was speaking to our hostess, the women slipped away to be with their husbands for a minute before starting; and Harold came for me as I left the house.

"'It is my turn to march this morning, dearie,' he said, 'so Captain Cummings will take my place.'

"'But in the afternoon I will have you to myself,' I returned, restraining my annoyance as much as I could. 'Still, why Captain Cummings this time? He was with me only day before yesterday.'

"'You see, dear, you have the officers in regular order.'

"'Scarcely that; I have had neither the Doctor nor the Chaplain for four days,' I replied in a low voice. I felt like rebelling but was afraid of arousing Harold's suspicion.

"'I did not think of it in that way, sweetheart,' he exclaimed, while he laughingly raised my chin. 'Possibly as Captain of our company he expects greater privileges. You don't dislike him, do you?'

"'Why should I?' I replied, while carefully buttoning my fur coat. 'He is always polite. Perhaps I am getting a little bit tired of these long drives. But I mustn't grumble. How long will it take yet to reach Quebec?'

"'Several days, but Sir George has promised to give us two or three to rest in when we get there. Keep your heart up, dearie. I expect we can secure houses for you to sleep in after this all the way through to Montreal. Good-bye, till I see you at noon.'

"The sleighs were drawn up near the door and the next minute Captain Cummings joined me.

"'This is an unexpected pleasure,' he remarked, as he tucked the robes around me. 'Sir George wanted to have a special talk with Beaumont this morning about surgical appliances, so he requested me to take his place. There, are you quite comfortable?' he asked, solicitously.

"'Yes, thank you,' I replied. 'Do we march with the men to-day, or go ahead?'

"'On ahead,' was his answer. 'We shall be close to the Boundary Line for another day yet; but as they have never had troops in this region, the Colonel thinks we are safe in leading the way. We are off on the trot already.'

"The road here was smooth and Sir George's sleigh was spinning ahead of us.

"'Still, it would be alarming to be attacked, with the soldiers miles behind us,' I remarked.

"'Even if they did,' said the Captain, 'unless the forces are very strong, we can defend ourselves until the men come up. Every man of us is well armed.'

"'That may be,' I volunteered. 'But what of the women?'

"'Oh! the chivalrous Englishmen will always protect them,' was his laughing rejoinder, as he extended his gauntletted hand, seemingly with the intention of placing it over mine. But suddenly, feeling the chilliness of the air, I withdrew it beneath the buffalo robe.

"'It is good of you to say so,' I said.

'Our officers are always both gallant and brave.'

"'I am glad you have such infinite faith,' he returned with a light laugh.

"'Why shouldn't I have? They say there are none truer than the men of the Hundredth in the whole of the King's brigades.'

"'Quite true, and pray God that their record may never be tarnished.'

"Then with a piercing look he relapsed for a time into silence. The road was well beaten, winding in and out among the hills, and occasionally stretching in a direct line over the frozen surface of a lake. Sometimes a ravine would be crossed or a steep hill climbed; and as we neared Temiscouata, Mounts Lennox and Paradis loomed up before us. More than once smoke was seen curling upward among the distant trees, indicative either of the wigwams of Indians or the cottages of settlers.

"Little of interest occurred, however, until near noon: when suddenly an Indian, whom Bateese said belonged to the Ottawa tribe, bounded out of the woods and rushed up to the Colonel's sleigh. Calling a halt, Sir George signalled for Captain Cummings to join him. I could see from the faces that something serious had occurred, and that the discussion was one of more than usual import.

"But I must break off here, for I have not the heart nor the time to tell the rest of the happenings of that terrible day. Perhaps I can later. We shall see!"

CHAPTER XVII

"THIS Indian brings a bit of genuine news," said the Colonel to Cummings. "An attack is to be made upon us at what they call Chestnut Hill, a mile west of here."

"An attack by whom?" the Captain asked.

"By a company of recruits made of Yankees and disaffected Canadians from the lumber camps. They have heard that we are a squad of soldiers taking supplies to Quebec, and have undertaken to surprise us and capture the booty."

"They will have their hands full," said Cummings.

"That's what they are aiming at," chimed the Chaplain with a smile.

"We'll fill more than their hands," sternly responded the Colonel as he turned to Cummings. "You had better send orders to Captain Payne to join us in full with all force possible speed."

In the meantime Sir George called a halt where they were. The place was well sheltered and could readily be protected against attack. He also sent scouts forward to ascertain the strength and equipment of the invading force, with instruction to report as soon as possible.

But another Indian runner had carried the news to the marching force as well, and very soon a messenger arrived from Captain Payne. The soldiers were crossing Pecktawick Lake, only a mile away, and would be with them immediately. In a few minutes the men of the two companies were in sight, coming out on a double-quick from a turn in the road.

Sir George acted with alacrity; not a minute was lost. In a few brief words he explained the situation and gave his orders. Then the men marched ahead —a small, well-stationed force being left to protect the women and the sleighs.

On their way they met the returning scouts with the news that the enemy numbered about a hundred rough-looking, but well-armed fellows.

It was a bold move for a company of recruits to attempt to arrest the march of double the number of veterans, notwithstanding the rich booty at stake. Presumably, however, they did not know the strength of their opponents; and the prize that might be obtained was a tempting one.

Sir George now divided his force into right and left flanks with central attack, Payne to take the former and Cummings the latter; each to push his men quickly over the hard snow, while Sir George himself led the main force over the beaten road.

After arranging details, the Colonel gave the final order:

"We must carry the hill no matter what it costs. The centre to do the first firing, then the flanks. Now, right and left, march."

The men had been under steady tramp

for three hours, the last half mile on the run, and were going into action without food; but they were eager for the fray. Allowing the flanks some minutes start, on account of the density of the woods and the unbroken snow, Sir George led on his men.

A quick march brought them to the foot of the hill. On the top could be seen a number of blue coats and peaked hats bobbing among the trees. Sir George at once widened out his men, but it was none too soon, for a volley of bullets whistled through the air. Two or three men dropped, among them Corporal Jenkins; Lieutenant Smith, too, had his arm disabled.

"By heaven, this is too much!" exclaimed Sir George. "They shall pay for it. Double quick; but not a shot must be fired till I give the order."

The men, scattering wide of each other among the trees, hurried on; while orderlies took charge of the dead and wounded.

The Americans, stimulated by the success of their first shot and meeting with no response, hurried to the edge of the hill to fire again. Then came Colonel Head's order:

"Halt! Prepare to Fire."

The aim was well taken. The heavy storm of bullets riddled the men of the attacking force. Several of them fell. Almost at the same moment a volley was fired from the right flank and another from the left. The combined attack was a surprise and staggered the invaders.

"Quick, charge!" cried the Colonel. Then the men bounded forward. The irregularity of the ground, the uphill work, the trees and the snow prevented precision of movement, but with a shout the order was obeyed. Finding themselves hemmed in on either side by a larger and better equipped force than their own, the enemy fired another volley and, picking up some of their wounded, beat a retreat.

It was Captain Cummings who commanded the left division and, seeing the direction the enemy were taking, he tried to head them off. But the ground being uneven, he contented himelf with a parting fusilade.

By this time Sir George had reached the summit of the hill, only to find it vacated. On it, however, were several dead bodies, as well as a couple of wounded men left behind in the hurry of retreat. Soon the main body was joined by both the flank divisions, and the order given to return to the improvised camp.

In the list of casualties, Corporal Jenkins and a private were killed, while several others, including Lieutenant Smith, were wounded; but it was the loss of Jenkins that was felt most, for his comrades had not forgotten the death of his wife on the *North King*.

With the bodies of their own men waiting for burial, there was not much mirth at mess that day. Still all were glad that the fight was over, and after the Chaplain had consigned the bodies of Jenkins and the dead soldier to their last resting place, they were ready to continue the march.

"What about the dead on the hill?" Captain Payne asked of Sir George.

"That's for their comrades to say when we are gone," was his answer.

"But about the prisoner with the compound fracture of the leg?" asked Dr. Beaumont. "He is not in a good condition to travel even by sleigh."

"Oh, but he must," exclaimed Sir George. "The man's alive and we've got to take him, whether we will or no. What of the other fellow and of our own men?"

"Lieutenant Smith is the worst; he has a serious flesh wound of the forearm, but no broken bones. The other Yankee is suffering more from loss of blood than anything else; and able to travel if we can find room for him."

"Well, arrange them as best you can, Doctor. But we must start at once. Bateese tells me that there is another lumber camp, twelve miles from here, on our way. Perhaps we can reach it tonight."

"Excellent," returned the Doctor. "We can leave our wounded prisoners there, *et maintien le droit*."

The idea was well received by Sir George and, late as it was, they started again on their journey. The sun was already sinking in the west, and it would take hours after dark to reach the camp. Still the march could be accom-

plished, for the moon was in its second quarter.

Soon Indian runners reported that danger of renewed attack was over. The surprised party of untrained invaders already regretted their rashness; for they realised the strength of their opponents, and the inability of following them, as every mile now carried them farther into Canadian territory.

So the order was given for the sleighs to take the lead, and to report as quickly as possible at the lumber camp the prospective arrival of the troops.

CHAPTER XVIII

HELEN'S DIARY.

"The Citadel, Quebec, Feb..., 1814.

"WE arrived at Point Levis two days ago. What a delight it was to be in the vicinity of civilisation again! On the other side of the great St. Lawrence was the famous old city. And how glad I was to drive over the frozen river to this haven of rest. The air was keen, for the smooth ice stretched up and down as far as the eye could reach. The wind from the east was very piercing, but we didn't mind that.

"Now we are all, officers, men and women, as well as horses and baggage, comfortably lodged and quietly resting. Still, although tired, I am already getting glimpses of this historic and venerable place. What a fortress, with its massive walls and many gates! What steep ascents! What quaint churches! What a mighty river, stretched though it be in ice!

"Then to think as I sit here by this high window, far above the crowds and tinkling sleigh bells of the lower town, that I am just resting on an oasis for a day or two, before setting out over the desert of ice and snow again.

"Harold tells me that the officers of the Citadel say we have made one of the quickest winter marches on record. There is satisfaction in that, even if we did take a month to do it in. I hear, too, that the Commandant of the Citadel has been congratulating the Colonel on the despatch with which he defeated the invaders at Temiscouata. For my part, I think the less said the better. It would be a poor thing, indeed, if two companies of regulars could not put to flight one of raw recruits. It was too bad though to lose two of our best men. Poor Jenkins! What a sad fatality! The mother to die and the father to be killed. The silver lining to the terrible thing is that the children were left at home.

"Oh, I must say a word about Lieutenant Smith! He is such a retiring fellow that I knew little about him, although we had travelled together all the way from the London docks. But after he was shot, our sleigh being very comfortable, I proposed to Harold that he should have a seat with me, whenever it was not occupied by himself. The consequence is that I have only had an occasional word with my particular friend, Captain Cummings, since the day of the battle, and not a single drive. I was quietly killing two birds with one stone, though nobody knew it. But Mr. Smith's arm is better now—and forsooth, we may return to the old order of things—unless some other member of the staff should be similarly unlucky!

"Smith is so young a fellow that I felt like mothering him. Fortunately, it was his left arm, and as I sit on the left side of the sleigh, the sore arm was between us, protecting it from the pressure of the buffalo robe and also from the cold. The boy is of good family, has high ideals, and wants to win his way to fame. Just the kind of fellow I would like for a friend—and if I am to make my home in Penetang, without a single woman to stand by me—and without relatives either, except my dear husband—I may need a true, disinterested friend sometime. Who knows? Yes—and guileless, gentle, brave Lieutenant Smith—the man who was wounded in our first battle—shall be the man.

"Talking of men, there is someone else I want to take right through with us, and that is Bateese, the jolly, genial, conceited, whimsical, but reliable habitant. But if we take him we must take his wife also. For days before we arrived here he could talk of little else than his *femme*, but there was a sad tone about his musical jargon that was unusual.

"'Madame,' he exclaimed, one day after

a long silence. 'You not know Emmiline, mine vife. She live wid me in Kebeck.'

"'I didn't know you had a wife, Bateese.'

"'Oh, oui, married dis two year.' His tone was persuasive.

"'I would like to know her,' I replied.

"'Vell, I will bring her to you. She vas ma fille, bootiful, petite, so young. Den de Curé at Kebec marry us—seem long tam—still only two year. Den she grow into grand jolie femme. Bi'mby she have twins—won garçon, won wee little gal, petite an' putty as you nevare see. Mus' I tell you de story? Eet no laughin', eet sad.'

"'Yes, tell me,' I could not but acquiesce.

"'Oh, sacré!' he exclaimed, giving the lazier horse an extra touch of the whip. 'When de hot summare com, an' Bateese was away drivin' de carryall along de revare down by de sea, de leetle Emmile go sick and die. An' Emmiline was full of broken heart. Den when de fall cam, scarlet fevare steal like de diable after ma leetle Henri—ma cher fils—he die too. Ah Mon Dieu! Et nearly kill ma femme an' it drive Bateese clean crazee. Didn't care a sacré if Yankees lick Cannayans—didn't care how soon I die—didn't care for nuffin! But dat no do. Poor Emmiline lay sick four week in bed—Doctor said nevare get well no more. So Bateese shakes hisself, and forget de dead babies to tend his leetle wife—say his patre nostra ten times a day—go to church every tam de priest tell him, give medicine all de whole tam. And, by gar, she get well at last. Den Bateese had to leave her an' go on dis long trip to Halifax—an' has not seen her again sence wintare cam.'

"'It is a sad story, Bateese, but you will soon see her now. Where does she live when you are away?' I asked.

"'She stay wid her modare, close by de Abraham plain, where de French General de Montcalm licked de Engleese.'

"He said this with a sly glance out of the corner of his eye, but with a very grave face.

"'I thought it was General Wolfe who whipped the French,' was my mild rejoinder.

"'Vas eet? mauvais memoree,' he returned, gently tapping his forehead. 'Vell, dey both die anyway, and bury in de same grave. Et not much mattare which win. French Cannayans steel have Lower Canady, and by gar dey always vill.' And spite of his grief for his dead babies he concluded his narrative with a long, low chuckle to himself.

"It was on this occasion the thought came to me, that if Bateese went with us to Penetang, Emmiline might go in place of the Corporal's wife. That would give us three women besides myself. Only a small number at best and, if necessary, I would be willing personally to bear the expense.

"Well, to-day she came up to see me, and I was quite taken with the little French woman. She has a sweet face, with a wee touch of sadness in it, owing to the loss of the children. But it is not a face to retain its melancholy. She has a little turn-up nose, rosy lips and bright black eyes; and like most of these habitant women, an abundance of dark hair. She looks as though she might be very devoted to any one she liked, and I will speak to Harold about it to-day."

"Quebec, Feb. ...., 1814.

"Last night a large party was given in honour of Sir George, at the Commandant's residence. Harold and I, and all our officers were there, the Chaplain as well. What a handsome old place it is, just like an old European castle suddenly planted in the new western world!

"The first person that interested me there was Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General of Canada—the most talked of man in the whole country. He seems to be such a strange combination of weakness and strength—and, little as I know about such matters, the two opposites seemed to be vividly impressed upon his face. His kindness and courtesy make a favourable impression upon the social life of which he is the leader; but the weak chin and irresolute mouth tell a different tale, when fighting his country's battles, and, lackaday, this has been proved over and over again, it is said, already.

"But this is something I suppose I have no right to talk about, even to you, my little diary. So I will chat of the old place instead, of its lofty halls, and tap-

estried boudoirs. What rare old paintings are on the walls—so many of them French, too! It was in fine spirit for the English conquerors of this old aristocratic colony to retain so many of the portraits of the nobles of the French Régime.

"While on our voyage I read a good deal about the country that was to be my home; and seeing the names of the old French Governors under their pictures, only impressed their history more vividly upon my memory. The strikingly handsome portrait of Baptiste Colbert, Louis the XIV's minister, was there too—the man who a hundred and fifty years ago did so much for New France. How well his picture sets off the east hall near the main entrance! The long, wavy locks of his court head-dress well suit the keen, dark eyes and clear-cut features; while the ruffles and sword and gaiters depict him every inch the courtier as well as the gentleman.

"De Mezy, De Tracy, De Courcelles, and Count de Frontenac, the daring discoverer and bitter opponent of the English, were all there. What tales they could tell of the days of the old régime, and of the strife which lasted for years, until Wolfe and Montcalm fought it out at the cost of their own lives and buried the hatchet between the nations!

"The old armour and Indian trophies hanging on the walls of room after room in this old seigniory are very curious. The peculiar windows, too, quite took my fancy. They are deeply set within the massive masonry, the sills standing three or four feet from the floor, with cushions placed on them to serve as seats, while benches below the sills act as stools for the feet to rest upon.

"How well the élite of Quebec filled the old house that night, and with what pleasantry they greeted us! All seemed desirous to do what they could to help us to forget for the time our journeyings. And they were just as handsome as they were jovial, from our host and hostess down to the youngest of the beaux and belles of New France. The Quebec girls are even prettier than those of Halifax. For one thing there are more of them, and another, there is a larger French element from the old noblesse; and to me the educated Canadienne has a charm of her own that is very fascinating.

"Dr. Beaumont seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. I wonder how much he really cares for Maud Maxwell? Several times he has sat by my side for half a day in our drives, but to my surprise he rarely mentioned her name. Being half French I expected his Teuton nature would express itself more freely. Perhaps it was the canny Scotch overshadowing the Southern blood that kept him silent.

"This time he seemed absolutely to have no care. He talks French beautifully, and several times I heard him in animated conversation with one or other of the smiling demoiselles in their mother tongue. But he seemed enamoured with Louise de Rochefort. Several times he danced with her; and, as she talked the purest English, sometimes they used the one language and sometimes the other. She was quite different to Maud Maxwell. Although not fair, her face shone with a clear transparency; and her brown eyes and exquisite mouth, when wreathed in gentle laughter, made her expression very winning. She seems to have many admirers, but none were so attentive as he. Late in the evening, when the Commandant took me in to supper, they were tête-à-tête in a corner over salad and ice.

"Harold noticed the little flirtation, too, and said, afterwards, that it would have a good effect upon the Doctor in compensation for the coolness of the winsome Maud.

"The Commandant's wife was very kind to me. She did not try to dissuade me from completing the journey to Penetang; but it was evident that she was astonished that I had undertaken it, and hinted that it would be a wise thing to remain in Quebec until the war was over—almost another Mrs. Mason.

"If she had known how determined I am, she would have said less about it, I am sure.

"Perhaps one-third of the ladies present were Anglo-Canadians. I believe I was introduced to all of them. They are charming—not so stiff and stately as society ladies in England—but just as courteous and perhaps kinder in manner. I like them, and wish there was a prospect

of having at least one for a neighbour in my new home in Penetang.

"These Canadians, both French and English, take great interest in the war. What is more natural? Is it not at their own doors? When not dancing they continually discussed it. Still, dancing was the feature of the evening, and I must have been specially honoured, for I never danced so much in my life before. My first waltz was of course with my husband. Then, who should ask me for the next but Captain Cummings. It was odious to dance with him when my aversion was so strong. I hope I did not show it; and with all my heart I wish I did not dislike him so much, for he is very graceful and dances beautifully. Still he looks at you with those great black eyes of his, as if he could read your very thoughts. I wonder if he influences other women as he does me. Of this I have no chance of knowing. Oh, those eyes! How you have to fight them with all your might and yet never say a word! Somehow, the fates have given me a hint to beware, and I pray God to have me take it. I wonder if Harold would laugh at me if he saw what I was writing?

"'It is an exquisite pleasure to waltz with you again,' said the Captain, in his low, penetrating tone, as we made our second circle round the room. I had heard it said that he was always chagrined when he had a poor partner, so I purposely made a misstep while I replied:

"'You flatter me. I never was a graceful dancer and, as you see, I am out of practice.'

"'Pardon me, but that was my clumsiness,' was his comment. 'It will not occur again.'

"And if anything he held me closer. I did not dare to repeat the step.

"'Not so tight, please,' I whispered, scarcely a minute later.

"'They have waxed this floor so confoundedly that one cannot help it,' he returned smoothly, and with a smile that rivalled Mephistopheles: 'We must not let these French Canadians surpass the English in their own waltz!'

"'In a matter of competition they would be sure to win,' I replied coldly.

"'Why so?' he asked.

"'They are more graceful than we are.'

"'Free and easy you mean. They have an abandon which the English girl does not possess. No, no, Mrs. Manning; I would not exchange a dance with you for a hundred with these Canuck maidens."

"'Again you are flattering.'

"'Not in the least. You remember our waltz at the Halifax ball. Well, the one I had with you was worth all the others put together. It will be so to-night, even if this is the only one you honour me with. Ah! it is over now; and here comes that tall Frenchman to claim you for the next. Bah! I could see him in Halifax. But never mind, I shall remember that to-night you have blessed me with a few minutes' exquisite pleasure.' Again his eyes opened wide and, with a quick flash, seemed to penetrate my soul. An unpleasant thrill passed through me, and, turning away, I accepted the arm of Colonel Joquelin for the minuette."

TO BE CONTINUED

MISS BEAUCHAMP-CHOLMODELEY

Pipe Types

By G. F. McFARLAND

DID it ever occur to you, oh worshipper at the shrine of "the great god Nicotine," what a striking resemblance exists between the pipe which you smoke and the woman whom you meet on the street or in the drawing-room? Kipling extols the beauty and worth of his—

"—Harem of dusky beauties,
Fifty tied with a string."

but it would seem that even a cigar does not present so many points of similarity to a woman as does a briar, a meerschaum, or even a clay. I myself possess a harem of six fairly representative types.

Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley is an aristocratic meerschaum. *Noblesse oblige* is suggested in every curve of her sinuous figure, and she has preserved the traditions of a long line of noble forbears. Having been "born in the purple" (the plush lining of the case is of that colour), she is somewhat delicate and fragile, and the slightest violence or sharpness in one's treatment of her is almost certain to leave a permanent mark. The attempt to make her acquaintance was a long and trying experience, although by reason of the uncertainty it never became monotonous. It was necessary that the first advances should be made very gingerly. It would never have done to brutally seize her, fill her with tobacco, and commence smoking. That would have caused such an outburst of indignation on her part as to preclude forever the possibility of our relations becoming smooth and harmonious. On the contrary, it was necessary that she should be carefully prepared for the ordeal, and that the successive steps in the process should be taken without undue haste. At first my efforts towards a *rencontre* were most unsatisfactory. I was treated alternately with cold disdain and scorching irony. But gradually I began to notice a change coming over the aristocratic features—a softer glow seemed

MARY SMITH

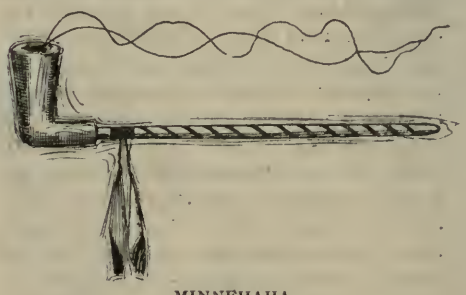
FATIMA

to be slowly displacing the cold whiteness of her earlier countenance, and I knew that my efforts to draw her out were not to be altogether unrewarded. Since then we have continued to approach a perfect understanding of each other. It is true that I occasionally forget some one of her many peculiarities, thereby provoking an exceedingly unpleasant exhibition of her indignation, but these occasions are becoming less frequent, and I hope shortly to be able to feel that I am associating with one of the nobility without being *de trop*.

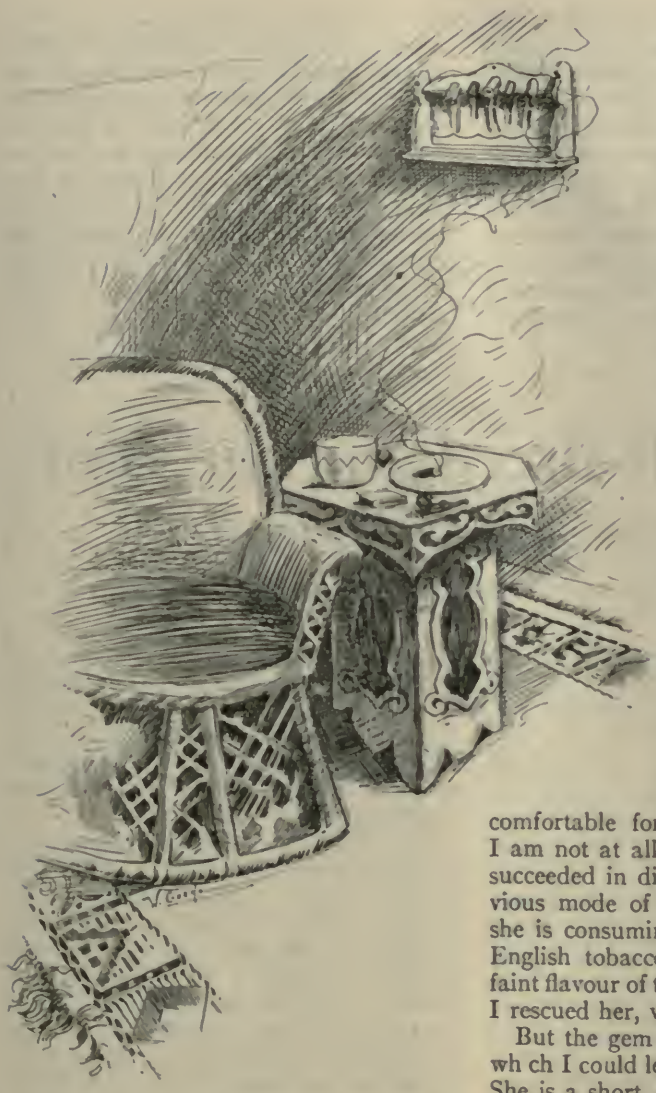
Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley's air of distinction and superiority was the cause of a recent tragedy. Her neighbour was Mary Smith, briar and imitation-amber; and up to the time of the aristocrat's arrival she did her work without the slightest fuss. But one day she awoke to the fact that her figure was almost exactly the same as that of her high-born neighbour. Immediately her name developed into "Marie Smythe," and my troubles began. I found that she required infinitely more attention than before. She insisted upon being smoked calmly and smoothly, and rebelled at the bare suggestion of filling her with anything but the choicest brands of tobacco. It was extremely annoying; and when one day she fell from the rack in a vain attempt to assume a haughty manner towards a humble and inoffensive "corn-cob" near her, and broke her poor little imitation-amber heart, I did not consider it worth repairing.

Fatalism has a devotee in the person of a Turkish hookah, whose name as a matter of course is Fatima. All her inherited tendencies and her early training fit her for the station in life which she now occupies,—it is her destiny. Consequently she sees no cause for worry or ill-temper in the fact that for weeks at a time she sits in a corner, neglected and almost forgotten, while some one of her companions occupies the position of favourite, which was unquestionably hers for some time after her advent. She is a member of that large class who would be spoiled by too much attention. If I were to smoke her for a week, completely neglecting the others, she would become altogether too demonstrative—"slobbery" in fact (if an expressive vulgarism may be used). That is her nature.

Kitty O'Brien is a short, chubby briar, with a vulcanite stem. She is always in good-humour. It must be admitted that for a person of her dimensions her appetite is somewhat abnormal, but who would begrudge her all the tobacco she can consume, when she is such a jolly little soul? No beating about the bush was necessary in becoming acquainted with *her*. Ten minutes after her arrival she was purring and bubbling contentedly, evidently appreciating to the full the excellence of my pet brand of the weed, and utterly obliv-



MINNEHAHA



ious of the fact that according to ordinary standards she was a stranger. I fancy that her unfailing good-humour might become monotonous if one were to be constantly brought into contact with it, but as a remedy for the irritation and worry caused by the vagaries of the aristocratic Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley, Kitty is absolutely infallible.

There is a romance connected with a brown-clay and reed Indian pipe, which, with rare originality, has been christened "Minnehaha." I rescued her from a disgusting old Piegan brave, who was continually stuffing her with a vile mixture of "kinnikinnick" and "black-strap" and blowing her up to no end when her delicate nature rebelled at such treatment. I bought her for the price of a drink, and, after carefully eliminatting all outward traces of her horrible experience, tried to bring her gradually to a state of utter forgetfulness of her past. I suppose you think that her gratitude is unbounded, and that she seeks to show it by her works. Far from it! She is the most obstinate and sulky member of the whole harem. Her temper is simply awful, and when smoking her I am never certain that the next instant may not witness a flare-up which will be, to say the least, decidedly uncomfortable for one so near. Moreover I am not at all certain that I have quite succeeded in divorcing her from her previous mode of life, for sometimes when she is consuming the very best brand of English tobacco I fancy I can detect a faint flavour of the old mixture which, until I rescued her, was her sole article of diet.

But the gem of the collection—the one wh ch I could least afford to lose—is Nan. She is a short, straight-stem briar, of the

NAN

form commonly called "bull-dog," and the truest friend a man ever had. *She* has no foibles or fancies; *she* gives no exhibitions of temper or petty spite. Changes of circumstances affect her not in the slightest degree—she is just as happy out in a storm as before a grate-fire, and does her work equally well. Although she has a decided preference for good tobacco, yet when for any reason that is not available, she will take whatever comes, and do her very best to consume it as if it were an expensive brand. She scorns plush-lined cases, and all other marks of an effete aristocracy. Towards Miss Beauchamp-Cholmodeley her attitude is one of amused contempt. And yet in spite of her *bonhommie*, the slightest attempt to abuse her confidence will cause a display of that quality colloquially called "spunk," of which one would not have thought her capable. Do you wonder that it is Nan who is my constant companion,—my best beloved?

The Half-Breed and the Bird

A Story of the Labrador Coast

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Hemming the Adventurer"

BOTH Charles Davidson, the half-breed Micmac, (familiarly known as Charlie No-like-um) and Pedro, the red-headed parrot, had enjoyed religious upbringing. I use the word "enjoyed" with reservations in Charlie's case. Pedro had been born in captivity and, at a tender age, sold to a Methodist minister, along with a written guarantee that he was capable of acquiring the doubtful blessing of speech. He lived with the minister and his family for a matter of eight years. Then he was presented to a young man—a very dear friend of the reverend gentleman's daughter—who was bound on a northward trail and the quest of the Rainbow's foot. So Pedro, with his love of comfort and his irreproachable training, was taken to a bleak wilderness in a far, far country.

Charles Davidson had been born in an isolated harbour on the Labrador coast and, at a tender age, taken under the wing of a missionary who prayed and preached and advised in three languages. Charles was taught to read in English and Eskimo (for this was in a land where the Micmacs were but sojourners), to write a little, and figure a little, and to sing endless hymns. Also he was taught to earn his daily bread with trap and gun. As soon as he was big enough to choose a trail and follow it, he escaped from that strip of coast shepherded by the missionary. The white blood in Charlie's veins was not of a desirable quality. His father had been a sorry rogue—a scoffer at good men, high ideals, and gratitude.

Upon his escape from the teachings and guidance of the missionary, Charlie took up the life of an independent hunter and trapper. He built himself a cabin on the north bank of the Dead Doe, in a grove of spruces and firs. It was a good game-country. Master Charles flourished in worldly gear—according to the modest standards of that wilderness. The manner of his acquisition of the title "No-like-um" came about thus:—He was acting as guide to a party of salmon fishers. A brown stone jug attracted his eye. One morning, believing his employers and the other guides and packers to be still asleep, he uncorked the jug and eagerly swallowed three tremendous gulps. Then, dropping the jug, he rolled about on the ground, groaning, kicking and gasping. When he sat up at last he found two guides and one of the sportsmen gazing down at him.

"Well, Charlie, how d'ye like my pure, unadulterated West Indian lime-juice?" enquired the sportsman.

"Me no like um," he replied.

Yes, that was the way of it! A simple thing, surely, but simple things stick in the minds and reminiscences of simple people.

II

After much journeying and many discomforts, Pedro was installed in a square, gray building at the mouth of Dead Doe River. For days he was disconsolate, and would not say a word. His perch was in a big, dim room in which packages, barrels and boxes were piled and ranked. The windows were small and for only a few hours, and then only on fine days, was Pedro permitted to enjoy the outer air. He decided that the out-of-doors was not much of an improvement on the dim room. He eyed the gray river and gray harbour with vast dissatisfaction. The black woods on the climbing hills depressed his spirits. Of course, it all looked more cheerful when the sun was shining at his best; but to the bird's homesick heart the sun of this desolate land was not so bright at its best as the sun of that far-away town had been at its worst. So, at first, he was almost glad to return indoors and warm himself at the fire in the square stove. He considered the society and ministrations of Jack Hammond a poor substitute for the sweet, lost devotion of Miss Margery Twining.

During the first month of his sojourn at the mouth of the Dead Doe River, young Hammond was as homesick as Pedro whenever he had time to be anything but busy. The bleakness and roughness of river, sea and hillside did not depress him, for he liked them better than the orderly charms of more civilised outlooks; but the distance that lay between the white house in the New Brunswick town and his gray store weighed on him in the intervals of his work. But he was working for Margery! He was exiled from the right and touch of her, for the sake of a future reward in mutual happiness. Then why should he mope? He found it easy enough to ask himself the question, and not hard to answer it. He moped because his surest chance of earning money lay so many hundreds of miles, and by such unfrequented trails, from the girl he loved. All these things he confided to Pedro, after the day's work was done, and his supper had been cooked and eaten. And Pedro drooped a yellow lid and ruffled his gaudy plumage toward the glow of the stove.

Jack Hammond enjoyed "roughing it." This was not his first visit to the region of Dead Doe River. He had fished the lower waters of the river on two former occasions and once, in his undergraduate days, had accompanied a party of explorers to its source, and thence still further inland and northward. He had learned something on those trips of the wealth of the hills in fur, and of the coast in fish. He had listened to trappers and hunters and traders and fishermen. So what more reasonable than the investment of his little capital in a venture of the wilderness, on his discovery that his fortune was a matter of hundreds of dollars instead of tens-of-thousands of them? Now he was a frontier trader, with the best stock for thirty miles either way of the coast, and with thousands of miles of barren forest and fresh water at his back and a good chance of handling some of its output of pelts.

By the time things were in order in the big store and the living room behind, the spirits of both Hammond and Pedro began to improve. On the deal shelves in the store were hundreds of brightly labelled tins and packages. Pedro considered it thoughtful of Jack to put them there for his delectation. The colours were charming—yellow, red, green, and blue. They stirred some inherited memories in the back of his glowing head. He made a close inspection of them, shelf after shelf. Then he drooped a lid in his master's direction,

"Margery, Margery," he screamed. "Dear, dear little Margery. Margery loves Pedro. Margery loves Jack."

Hammond gave him a raisin.

"Good Pedro," he said. "Good Pedro. I am glad you have found your tongue."

Pedro felt along the top of a package of tea with his beak. Then he scratched his head with one of his great blue claws. "Let us pray," he whooped.

III

Charlie No-like-um soon made his appearance at the new store. He brought a few lynx pelts and red fox skins along with him. He admired everything—the store-

keeper, the strange bird, the goods and the view from the wooden stoop.

"Fine," he said. "Heap fine, anyhow. Got some tobac, yes?"

"Plenty of it," replied Hammond, tossing a few plugs on to the counter.

"More," said the half-breed. "Heap more. Nuff for two mont', t'ree mont'. Charlie live hell-uv-way back. Plenty uv a two-day trip."

Hammond weighed out three pounds of tobacco.

"Pipe," said the trapper. "Tea, bacum, blanket, prune. Them pair suspenders. Them knife. Lemme see him no good or not. Heap dull, yes. Got some flour? Sugar, too."

Hammond worked quickly at weighing, measuring and tying up the articles named by his seemingly reckless customer.

"Got good gun?" enquired Charlie. Hammond laid a short-barrelled sporting Snider on the counter. The 'breed examined it with critical eyes and investigating fingers. "Want traps, too," he said, "and heap ca'tridge."

"Let me have a look at your pelts," said the trader.

Charlie No-like-um grunted, and heaved his meagre pack of skins to the counter. "Charlie heap poor," he whined. "No luck. No traps. No powder."

"Is this the whole of your winter's catch," asked Hammond, in surprise.

Charlie nodded. "No luck," he repeated. "No traps. Poor Charlie not much to eat, too. Heap hard winter."

"Where do you live?" enquired the trader, with shrewd eyes on the 'breed's dark face.

"Way up Black Brook, off Dead Doe. Forty mile, fifty mile back. Poor country for fur anyhow. Heap cold, too," repeated Charlie, with his gaze flitting from one article of merchandise to another, but never for a second encountering the face of his questioner.

"This all good country," replied the other. "Plenty of fur. Plenty of beaver and mink, too. Charlie must be a no-good trapper." He had fallen into the 'breed's way of speech unconsciously.

"Good trapper, Charlie," cried No-like-um; "but heap bad luck, an' heap poor, too."

"Where did you come from? Are you a Canadian?" asked Hammond.

"Me one uv Parson Donelly's boys," replied the trapper. "Me baptise an' confirmed. Me heap good Sunday-school teacher, too."

"Let us pray," remarked Pedro, suddenly and shrilly.

Charlie leaped a yard from the floor.

"Who talk?" he cried, staring about the big room. "Who say let-um-pray?"

Pedro eyed him enquiringly, but made no reply.

"Did anyone?" asked Hammond, who had a heart for a joke. "Sure it wasn't a spirit, Charlie?"

"Sound heap like good, dear Parson Donelly," faltered the trembling child of the wilderness.

During the rest of the trapper's stay Pedro remained silent. It was his usual state when strangers were within ear-shot.

When Charlie took his departure, his bateaux was freighted to the gunnels with provisions, blankets, steel traps and a new gun. Hammond looked after him with a tinge of misgiving. On the counter, in the dim store, Pedro eyed the little pack of cheap furs with a cynical regard.

Half an hour after Charlie No-like-um's departure Hammond missed his cigarette-case. He was sure that it had been in one of the side pockets of his coat at the time of the trapper's arrival. He remembered having taken off the coat and having laid it over a barrel of flour while Charlie was making his purchases. The cigarette-case itself was not of much value in Jack's eyes, though he had paid a pretty sum for it in the days of his opulence. It was of gun-metal, decorated with a monogram in blue stones. But where an ordinary man would have had his cigarettes, Jack kept a photograph of Margery, a lock of her hair, and two fifty-dollar bank notes.

"Hang it all," he cried, as he pulled boxes and barrels about, and held a smoking lantern toward every corner and crevice—"hang it all, that comes of smoking a pipe."

With Pedro under his coat (for by this time the bird objected to being parted from him for even five minutes) he went down to the little settlement in the bay, with news of his loss. He told it from cabin to

cabin. Pat Doyle, who trapped in the winter and fished in the summer, and had sold Hammond some fine pelts of beaver and mink, grinned broadly when he heard all about Charlie's visit, the small pack of skins, the newly-opened account, and the loss of the cigarette-case. "Begobs, sir," said he, "if I hadn't bin out on t'e bay I wud a' gone up an' looked arter ye. Charlie be t'e cham-peein lier o' t'ese parts. He kills plenty o' fur an' sells it to Skipper Nick Walsh, down to Burnt Tickle, an' no credit, ye kin lay to t'at."

"What'll I do about it?" asked Hammond. "The cad lives fifty miles up Black Brook."

"Charlie wud be after tellin' ye t'at, himself?" remarked Pat.

"Yes, he told me."

"Well, sir, I'll tell ye t'at his camp aint t'ree hour from here, straight up Dead Doe. An' sir, five pound o' baccy is all I'm askin' ye for landin' ye fair on his doorstep afore daylight to-morry."

When they started up the river in Pat Doyle's dory the moon was high overhead, sailing behind streamers of thin cloud, and the air was nipping cold. The wind was from the northern bays, and was freighted with the breath of the southward journeying ice. Pedro slumbered in the bottom of the dory, warmly wrapped in a blanket. Beside him lay a rifle, and a trout-creel well packed with provisions. Doyle and Hammond pulled easily on the oars.

IV

Dawn was stirring a yellow lid along the East when the dory, which had been creeping noiselessly up the north bank of the river, ran her nose among the roots of the tangled alders. Doyle and Hammond stepped cautiously ashore. Hammond carried Pedro in the breast of his loose woollen coat. Doyle led the way, and presently the squat, log camp showed in its tiny clearing. The door was open. They passed into the single room. A newly-lit fire crackled cheerily on the hearth. The bunk was empty. A lantern burned dimly on the table by the window.

"Gone to t'e spring for water," whispered Pat. Hammond released Pedro from the front of his coat, and felt in his pocket to see if his revolver was handy. Pedro ran across the floor and climbed to the edge of the bunk. From there, with beak and claws, he ascended to the top of the log wall. In that dark retreat he set about the straightening and smoothing of his disordered plumage. Suddenly came the steps of a soft-shod foot to the door, and Charlie No-like-um appeared with a can of water in his hand. He set the water down by the hearth.

"Good morning, Charlie," said the trader. No-like-um turned upon the intruder with marvellous celerity and a gesture of menace. But he did not make an attack. He glared at the two men, and breathed like one who has run a mile.

"You've had fine luck since yesterday," said Hammond, indicating a heap of cured pelts beside the door. "Pat and I have just come along to look at them—and take back a hundred dollars' worth. I don't think I'll keep Charlie No-like-um of Black Brook *and* Dead Doe on my books any longer."

The barest suggestion of a look of relief flitted across the half-breed's sullen face. Both men noted it. They had been watching for it. Then Charlie began to lie. He assured them that the skins in the corner had been brought to him late last night by a Micmac named Bill Sacobie, from away up at the head waters.

"Sacobie, him no stay. Him heap busy wid sick squaw, so go right back. Sacobie new Injin from Quebec. So Charlie sell catch for him to Mister Hammon'."

"Quit your lying and show me the skins," said Hammond.

After much haggling Pat separated a number of splendid furs from the heap and fastened them around with his belt.

"Now," said the trader, "our account is pretty near closed."

"All close," cried Charlie. "All close. You take heap good hunder-tollar."

"Not quite closed, Mr. No-like-um," replied Hammond, with a clanging drawl in his usually pleasant voice. "I must have my cigarette-case, a picture, and two fifty-dollar bills first."

"Who got um?" enquired the half-breed, innocently.

"You."

"Me, Charlie? Me no got um. Me

heap good Sunday-school teacher," cried the trapper.

"Kape yer face shut, an' give t'e skipper his t'ings," snarled Pat Doyle.

"Charlie no t'ief! Charlie damn good boy! Me no see cigarette what-you-say. Me no see fifty tollar," sputtered the accused, with violent wavings of his hands.

"Oh, Lord, keep our lips from falsehood and our hearts from deceit! Let us pray!" cried a harsh, wailing, careworn voice from the shadows above and behind.

Charlie threw back his head with a suddenness and violence that must have nearly broken his neck. His eyes rolled. His fingers clutched at the air. He reeled a step or two backwards and then fell against the table with a crash. From there, with a terrific shriek, he rolled to the floor.

"T'at parrot has kilt him, for sure," remarked Pat, seating himself calmly upon Charlie's chest. "Now, me son, where be t'at little box filled wid money?" he enquired.

Charlie opened his eyes. "Pat," he whispered, "you hear Parson Donelly?"

"Sure," said Pat.

"Tell him Charlie turn good agin. Charlie teach who-swallow-de-whale agin. Tell him quick, quick."

"Oh, it be just Parson Donelly's speerit," replied Doyle. "He says if ye don't tell me where t'at money lays, he'll have anoder word wid ye."

"Under me blanket! Under me blanket! Look quick!" screamed the half-breed. Drops of sweat glistened on his narrow forehead and trickled down his cheeks.

Hammond stepped over to the bunk and turned back the lower blanket. There lay the cigarette-case. Opening it, he found its contents entire. He placed it safely in his breast pocket. Then he whistled for Pedro. The bird descended from his perch and ran to his master. Hammond lifted him to his wrist and pressed his lips against the glowing head —where other lips had often pressed the bright feathers.

"Pedro, you are a good preacher," he said.

"Call Margery to prayers," screamed the bird, with a flutter of his green wings.

Charlie No-like-um's eyes rolled horribly.

Dream River

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

WIND-SILVERED willows hedge the stream
And all within is hushed and cool.
The water in an endless dream
Goes sliding down from pool to pool.
And every pool a sapphire is,
From shadowy deep to sunlit edge,
Ribboned around with irises
And cleft with emerald spears of sedge.

O, every morn the winds are stilled,
The sunlight falls in amber bars.
O, every night the pools are filled
With silver brede of shaken stars.
Here every morn the sparrow flings
His elfin trills athwart the hush,
And here unseen at eve there sings
One crystal-throated hermit thrush.

The Hurrying of Ludovic

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

JULIET SHERMAN was curled up by the window of Theodora Dix's sitting-room on Saturday evening when she saw Ludovic Speed coming down the lane. He was yet far from the house, for the Dix lane was a long one, but Ludovic could be recognised as far as he could be seen. No one else in Deland River had such a tall, gently-stooping, placidly-moving figure. In every kink and turn of it there was an individuality that was all Ludovic's own.

Juliet thought it would be only tactful to go home. Ludovic was courting Theodora. Everybody in Deland River knew that, or, if anyone were in ignorance of the fact, it was not because he had not had time to find out. Ludovic had been coming down that lane to see Theodora, in the same ruminating, unhastening fashion, for fifteen years!

When Juliet, who was slim and girlish and romantic, rose to go, Theodora, who was plump and middle-aged and practical, said with a twinkle in her eye:

"There isn't any hurry, child. Sit down. You've seen Ludovic coming down the lane, and I suppose you think you'll be what Aunt Martha up the river calls, with a good English pronunciation, 'de trop.' But you won't. Ludovic rather likes a third person around and so do I. It spurs up the conversation as it were. When a man has been coming to see you straight along, twice a week for fifteen years, you get rather talked out by spells."

Theodora never pretended to bashfulness where Ludovic was concerned. She was not at all shy of referring to him and his dilatory courtship. Indeed, it seemed to amuse her.

Juliet sat down again and together they watched Ludovic coming down the lane, gazing calmly about him at the shorn harvest fields and the blue loops of the river as it wound in and out of the autumnal valley below.

Juliet looked at Theodora's placid, finely-moulded face and tried to imagine what she herself would feel like if she were sitting there, waiting for an elderly lover who had, seemingly, taken so long to make up his mind. But her imagination failed her.

"Anyway," she thought, impatiently, "if I wanted him I think I'd find some way of hurrying him up. Ludovic *Speed*. Was there ever such a glaring misnomer?"

Presently Ludovic got to the house and stood so long on the doorstep in a brown study, gazing into the tangled russet boscage of the orchard, that Theodora finally went and opened the door before he knocked. As she brought him into the sitting-room she made a comical grimace at Juliet over his shoulder.

Ludovic smiled pleasantly at Juliet. He liked her; she was the only young girl he knew, for he generally avoided young girls —they made him feel awkward and out-of-place. But Juliet did not affect him in this fashion; she had a way of getting on with all kinds of people and, although she had not lived in Deland River very long, both Theodora and Ludovic looked upon her as an old friend.

Ludovic was tall and somewhat ungainly, but his unhesitating placidity gave him the appearance of a dignity that did not otherwise pertain to him. He had a drooping, silky, brown moustache, and a little curly tuft of imperial—a fashion which was regarded as eccentric in Deland River, where men had clean-shaven chins or went full-bearded. His eyes were dreamy and pleasant, with a touch of melancholy in their blue depths.

He sat down in the big, bulgy, old arm-chair that had belonged to Theodora's father. Ludovic always sat there and Juliet declared that the chair had come to look like him.

The conversation soon grew animated enough. Ludovic was a good talker when he had somebody to draw him out. He was well read, and frequently surprised Juliet by his shrewd comments on men

and matters out in the great world, of which only the faint echoes reached Deland River. He had also a liking for religious arguments with Theodora, who did not care much for politics or the making of history, but was avid of doctrines, and read everything pertaining thereto. When the conversation drifted into an eddy of friendly wrangling over Christian Science between Ludovic and Theodora, Juliet understood that her usefulness was ended for the time being, and that she would not be missed. She went away quietly and had to stop to laugh when she was well out of sight of the house, in the thick grove of birches that grew between the Dix establishment and the "old Seawell place" now belonging to the Shermans.

Juliet leaned against a birch tree and laughed heartily, as she was apt to do at thought of Theodora and Ludovic. To her eager youth this courtship of theirs seemed an amusing thing. She liked Ludovic, but she allowed herself to be provoked at him.

"The big, dear, irritating goose!" she said aloud. "There never was such a lovable idiot before."

The next time Juliet went over to the Dix place she and Theodora drifted into conversation about Ludovic. Theodora, who was the most industrious soul alive, and had a mania for fancy work into the bargain, was busying her smooth, plump fingers with a very elaborate Battenburg lace centrepiece. Juliet, who never did anything when she could avoid it and hated a needle, was lying back in a little rocker, with her slim hands folded in her lap, watching Theodora. She discovered again that day that Theodora was very handsome in a stately, Juno-like fashion of firm, white flesh; large, clearly-chiselled outlines, and great, cowey, brown eyes. When Theodora was not smiling she looked very imposing. Juliet thought it was likely that Ludovic held her in awe.

"Did you and Ludovic talk about Chris ian Science *all* Saturday evening?" she asked.

Theodora overflowed into a smile.

"Yes, and we even quarrelled over it. At least, I did. Ludovic wouldn't quarrel with anyone. You have to fight air when you spar with him. I hate to square up to a person who won't hit back."

"Theodora," said Juliet coaxingly, "I am going to be curious and impertinent. You can snub me if you like. Why don't you and Ludovic get married?"

Theodora laughed comfortably.

"That's a question Deland River folks have been asking for quite a while, I reckon, Juliet. Well, I'd have no objection to marrying Ludovic. That's frank enough for you, isn't it? But even in this century a woman can hardly marry a man until he asks her. And Ludovic has never asked me!"

"Is he too shy?" persisted Juliet. Since Theodora was in the mood she meant to sift this puzzling affair to the bottom.

Theodora dropped her work and looked meditatively out over the dull slopes of the sere world.

"No, I don't think it is that. Ludovic isn't shy. It's just his way—the Speed way. The Speeds are all dreadfully deliberate. They spend years thinking over a thing before they make up their minds to do it. Sometimes they get so much in the habit of thinking about it that they never get over it—like old Alder Speed, who was always talking of going to England to see his brother, but never went. They're not lazy, you know, but they love to take their time. Ludovic is an aggravated case of Speedism, so to speak He never hurried in his life. Why, he has been thinking of getting his house painted for the last six years. He talks it over with me every little while, and picks out the colour and there the matter stays. He's fond of me and he means to ask me to have him some time. The only question is—will the time ever come?"

"Why don't you hurry him up?" asked Juliet impatiently

Theodora went back to her stitches with another laugh.

"If Ludovic could be hurried up I'm not the one to do it. I'm too shy. It sounds ridiculous to hear a woman of my age and inches say that, but it is true. Of course, I know it is the only way any Speed ever did make out to get married. For instance, there's a cousin of mine married to Ludovic's brother. I don't say she proposed to him out and out, but

she certainly helped the lame dog cannily over the stile. I couldn't do that. I *did* try once. When I realised that I was getting sere and mellow and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative it will be Dix to the end of life. Ludovic doesn't realise that we are growing old, you know. He thinks we are giddy young folks yet, with plenty of time before us. That's the Speed failing. They never find out they're alive until they're dead."

"You're fond of Ludovic, aren't you?" asked Juliet, detecting a note of real bitterness among Theodora's paradoxes.

"Laws, yes," said Theodora candidly. She did not think it worth while to blush over so settled a fact. "I think the world and all of Ludovic. And he certainly does need somebody to look after him. He's neglected—he looks frayed—you can see that for yourself. That old aunt of his looks after his house in some fashion, but she doesn't look after *him*. And he is coming now to the age when a man needs to be looked after and coddled a bit. I'm lonesome here, and Ludovic is lonesome up there, and it does seem ridiculous, doesn' it? I don't wonder that we're the standing joke of Deland River. Goodness knows, I laugh at it enough myself. I've sometimes thought that if Ludovic could be made jealous it might spur him along. But I never could flirt and there's nobody to flirt with if I could. Everybody hereabouts looks upon me as Ludovic's property, and nobody would dream of interfering with him."

"Theodora," cried Juliet, "I have a plan!"

"Now, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Theodora.

Juliet told her. At first Theodora laughed and protested. In the end she yielded somewhat doubtfully, overborne by Juliet's enthusiasm.

"Well, try it, then," she said, resignedly. "If Ludovic gets mad and leaves me I'll be worse off than ever; but nothing venture, nothing win. And there is a fighting chance, I suppose. Besides, I must admit I'm tired of his dilly-dallying."

Juliet went home under the birches tingling with delight in her plot. She hunted up the uncle whose housekeeper she was, and told him what was required of him. Arnold Sherman listened and laughed. He was an elderly widower, playing at farming after a more strenuous life elsewhere, but more interested in books and out-of-the-way hobbies than in crops and stock. He was handsome in a mature style, and he had a dash of mischief in him still, so that he entered readily enough into Juliet's plan. It amused him to think of hurrying Ludovic Speed, and he knew that Theodora could be depended on to do her part. The comedy would not be dull, whatever its outcome.

The curtain rose on the first act after prayer meeting on the next Thursday night. It was bright moonlight when the people came out of the church, and everybody saw it plainly. Arnold Sherman stood upon the steps close to the door and Ludovic Speed leaned up against a corner of the graveyard fence, as he had done for years. The boys said he had worn the paint off that particular place. Ludovic knew of no reason why he should paste himself up against the church door. Theodora would come out as usual and he would join her as she went past the corner.

This was what happened: Theodora came down the steps, her stately figure outlined in its darkness against the gush of lamplight from the porch. Arnold Sherman asked her if he might see her home. Theodora took his arm calmly, and together they swept past the stupified Ludovic, who stood helplessly gazing after them as if unable to believe his eyes.

For a few minutes he stood there limply; then he started down the road after his fickle lady and her new admirer. The boys and irresponsible young men crowded after, expecting some excitement; but they were disappointed. Ludovic strode on until he overtook Theodora and Arnold, and then fell meekly in behind them.

Theodora hardly enjoyed her walk home, although Arnold Sherman laid himself out to be especially entertaining. Her heart yearned after Ludovic, whose shuffling footsteps she heard behind her. She

feared she had been very cruel but she was in for it now. She steeled herself by the reflection that it was for his own good, and she talked to Arnold Sherman as if he were the one man in the world. Poor, deserted Ludovic, following humbly behind, heard her, and if Theodora had known how bitter the cup she was holding to his lips really was, she would never have been resolute enough to present it, no matter for what ultimate good.

When she and Arnold turned in at her gate Ludovic had to stop. Theodora looked over her shoulder and saw him standing stock still on the road. His forlorn figure haunted her thoughts all night. If Juliet had not run over the next day and bolstered up her convictions, she might have spoiled everything by prematurely relenting.

Ludovic stood still on the road, quite oblivious to the hoots and comments of the vastly amused small boy contingent, until Theodora and his rival disappeared from his view under the firs in the hollow of her lane. Then he turned about and went home, not with his usual leisurely amble, but with a perturbed stride which proclaimed his inward disquiet.

He felt bewildered. If the world had suddenly come to an end or if the lazy, meandering Deland River had turned about and flowed uphill, Ludovic could not have been more astonished. For fifteen years he had walked home from meeting with Theodora, and now this elderly stranger, with the glamour of the outside world still hanging around him, had coolly walked off with her under Ludovic's very nose. Worse—most unkindest cut of all—Theodora had gone with him willingly; nay, she had evidently enjoyed his company. Ludovic felt the stirring of a righteous anger in his easy-going soul.

When he reached the end of his long lane—all the lanes were long in Deland River, whose early settlers had a passion for solitude—he paused at his gate and looked at his old house, set back from the lane in a crescent of leafless white birches. Even in the moonlight its weather-worn aspect was plainly visible. He thought of the trimness of the old Seawell place since the advent of the Shermans, and stroked his chin nervously with his sun-burnt fingers. Then he doubled up his fist and struck it smartly on the gatepost.

"Theodora needn't think she is going to jilt me in this fashion after our keeping company for fifteen years," he said. "*I'll* have something to say to it, Arnold Sherman or no Arnold Sherman. The impudence of the puppy!"

The next morning Ludovic drove to Delandville and engaged Ewen Matheson to come and paint his house. And that evening, although he was not due until Saturday night, he went down to see Theodora.

Arnold Sherman was there before him and was actually sitting in Ludovic's own prescriptive chair. Ludovic had to deposit himself in Theodora's new wicker rocker, where he looked and felt lamentably out of place.

If Theodora felt the situation to be awkward she carried it off superbly. She had never looked handsomer, and Ludovic perceived that she wore her second best silk dress. He wondered miserably if she had donned it in expectation of his rival's call. She had never put on silk dresses for him. Ludovic had always been the meekest and mildest of mortals, but he felt quite murderous as he sat mutely there and listened to Arnold Sherman's polished conversation.

"You should just have been here to see him glowering," Theodora told the delighted Juliet the next day. "It may be wicked of me, but I felt real glad. I was afraid he might stay away and sulk. So long as he comes here and sulks I don't worry. But he is feeling badly enough, poor soul, and I'm really eaten up by remorse. He tried to outstay your uncle last night, but he didn't manage it. You never saw a more depressed looking creature than he as he hurried down the lane in the moonshine. Yes, he actually hurried."

The following Sunday evening Arnold Sherman walked to church with Theodora and sat with her. When they came in Ludovic Speed suddenly stood up in his pew under the gallery. He sat down again at once, but everybody in view had seen him, and that night folks in all the length and breadth of Deland River dis-

cussed the dramatic occurrence with keen enjoyment.

"Yes, he jumped right up as if he was pulled to his feet when the minister was reading the chapter," said his cousin, Lorella Speed, who had been in church, to her brother, Chalmers Speed, who had not. "His face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes were just glaring out of his head. I never felt so thrilled. I declare, I almost expected him to fly at them then and there. But he just gave a sort of gasp and sat down again. I don't know whether Theodora Dix saw him or not. She looked as cool and unconcerned as you please."

Theodora had not seen Ludovic, but if she looked cool and unconcerned, her appearance belied her, for she felt miserably flustered. She could not prevent Arnold Sherman coming to church with her, but it seemed to her like going too far. People did not go to church together in Deland River unless they were next thing to being engaged. What if this filled Ludovic with the narcotic of despair instead of wakening him up? She sat through the service in misery and heard not one word of the sermon.

But Ludovic's spectacular performances were not yet over for the night. The Speeds might be hard to get started, but once they were started their momentum was irresistible. When Theodora and Arnold came out Ludovic was waiting on the steps. He stood up straight and stern, with his head thrown back and his shoulders squared. There was open defiance in the look he cast on his rival, and masterfulness in the mere touch of the hand he laid on Theodora's arm.

"May I see you home, Miss Dix?" was what he said, but what he meant was, "I am going to see you home whether or no."

Theodora, with a deprecating look at Arnold Sherman, took his arm and Ludovic marched her across the green amid a silence which the very horses tied to the storm fence seemed to share.

Juliet ran over to the Dix place early in the morning. Theodora smiled consciously.

"Yes, it is really settled at last, Juliet. Coming home last night Ludovic asked me plump and plain to marry him—Sunday night and all as it was. It's to be right away, so I'll have to do some hurrying. And you must be my bridesmaid."

"So Ludovic Speed has been hurried up to some purpose at last," said Arnold Sherman, when Juliet went home brimful with her news. "And you are all delighted, of course, and my poor pride must be the scapegoat. I shall always be regarded in Deland River as the man who wanted Theodora Dix and couldn't get her."

"But that won't be true, you know," said Juliet comfortingly.

Arnold Sherman thought of Theodora's ripe beauty and the mellow companionableness she had revealed in their brief intercourse.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said with a sigh.

Militia Badges

By CAPTAIN H. F. WYATT.

LIKE the military badges of the British Army, those of the Canadian Militia show a wonderful and bewildering variety. The former have had their origin in various sources, events and reasons arising during several centuries. Sometimes they were adopted from arms or crest of the nobleman who was responsible for the creation of the corps; sometimes they were given by a sovereign to mark an event or occasion; sometimes they were created or modified because of a particular service rendered by the corps. In Canada, they have been adopted in a more arbitrary manner, with less reason, but with as great variety of taste. Some of the Canadian badges are adaptations of British badges; some are entirely a product of the country; while some are so obscure in their origin as to be inexplicable.

In the matter of the badges the Canadian military authorities have been very lax. They allowed any regiment or battalion practically to choose its own badge. No system of control of these badges has yet been organised. It is stated that even at headquarters there is not a complete list of drawings or photographs of them, so that different corps have in several cases received permission to use crests or mottoes that were already in use. There are several maple leaves, several Maltese crosses, several "*Semper Paratus*," and so on. In one case some genius has designed what looks like the crest of a successful brewer —a beer barrel with a triple X, surmounted by a standard.

The whole system of issue, supervision and designing of these has been unnecessarily faulty, since there are many historical names in Canada whose coats-of-arms might have furnished better designs as well as perpetuating historical material. For instance, the arms of Wolfe, Brock, Lisgar, Elgin, Kent and others might reasonably have been used. The crests of counties and cities might also have been utilised. The buffalo, the moose, the deer and other purely Canadian emblems might reasonably have been adopted.

A common-sense system would be to have a national cap or helmet badge for each branch of the service, with the regiment, battalion or 'company number plainly placed. Then the corps might have a regimental collar badge bearing their crest. The German army uses badges in which the battle honours are shown in black enamelled letters. This is effective. In the Canadian badges there is a great lack of "honours" where these might reasonably be expected, especially in the case of rifle regiments. The latter can show these honours only in such way, since they are not entitled to have colours as the infantry regiments are.

If some such method were adopted there would be different general designs for

PERMANENT UNITS
- Dragoons.
- Artillery.
- Mounted Rifles.

OTHER UNITS
- Artillery.
- Engineers
- Mounted Rifles.
- Infantry.
- Rifles.
- Army Medical Corps.
- Army Service Corps.
- Corps of Guides.

In the Permanent Units, only one design of badge for each of the three classes is required. In the "Other Units," the Cavalry would require some variation of the general crest adopted for this branch according as a corps is classed as hussars, dragoons or guards, and in the artillery, a slight difference to distinguish field and garrison corps. All the other classes would require but one general design for each, with such variation as would

meet local tastes and circumstances. Furthermore, the size of a badge should be regulated; some of the present badges are too large to be pleasing in appearance.

The following is a list of the badges shown in the frontispiece to this number:

1. British Columbia Garrison Artillery.
2. 27th St. Clair Borderers.
3. Royal Canadian Dragoons.
4. Royal Canadian Artillery.
5. Medical Staff Corps.
6. 73rd Northumberland.
7. Canadian Artillery.
8. 93rd Cumberland.
9. 9th Voltigeurs de Quebec.
10. 53rd Sherbrooke.
11. 71st York.
12. 45th Victoria
13. 34th Ontario.
14. 25th Elgin.
15. Royal Cypher.*
16. 30th Wellington.
17. 1st Prince of Wales.
18. Royal School of Infantry.†
19. 32nd Bruce.
20. 44th Lincoln, Welland.
21. Mounted Infantry.†
22. 91st Manitoba.*
23. 48th Highlanders.
24. Upper Canada College Rifles.
25. South African Contingent.
26. 22nd Oxford.
27. 13th Hamilton.
28. 12th York Rangers.
29. 42nd Lanark and Renfrew.
30. 83rd Joliette.
31. Charlottetown Engineers.
32. Canada Militia.†
33. Rocky Mountain Rangers.
34. Governor-General's Foot Guards.
35. *North-West Mounted Police.*
36. 90th Rifles.
37. 5th Royal Scots.
38. 29th Waterloo.
39. 78th Colchester, Hants and Pictou Highlanders.
40. 23rd.
41. Mounted Engineers.
42. 63rd Halifax.
43. 90th Winnipeg.
44. 20th Halton.
45. 38th Dufferin.
46. 43rd Ottawa and Carlton.
47. Oxford Rifles.
48. 37th Haldimand Rifles.
49. Canada Volunteer Rifles.*
50. 96th Algoma.
51. 3rd Victoria Rifles.
52. 14th Princess of Wales Own.
53. 49th Hastings.
54. 65th Carabiniers Mont Royal.
55. 17th Lévis
56. Royal Military College.
57. Governor-General's Foot Guards. (Cap.)
58. 15th Argyll Light Infantry.
59. Peterboro' Rangers.
60. Infantry School Corps.*
61. 62nd St. John Fusiliers.
62. 2nd Queen's Own Rifles.
63. 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers.
64. 39th Norfolk.
65. Toronto Engineers Company.*
66. 19th St. Catharines.
67. 1st Prince of Wales Fusiliers.
68. 46th Durham.
69. Royal Canadian Regiment Infantry.
70. Governor-General's Foot Guards. (Collar.)
71. 7th Fusiliers, London.
72. Strathcona Horse.
73. Royal Canadian Regiment Infantry. (Collar.)
74. 36th Peel. (Collar.)
75. Governor-General's Body Guard. (Collar.)
76. 8th Royal Rifles.
77. 31st Grey.
78. 67th Carlton Light Infantry.
79. Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.
80. 33rd Huron.
81. Royal Military College.
82. 6th Fusiliers.
83. 10th Royal Grenadiers.
84. 21st Essex Fusiliers.
85. 8th New Brunswick Regiment Cavalry.
86. 2nd Dragoons.
87. 35th Simcoe Foresters.
88. Governor-General's Body Guard.
89. 77th Wentworth.

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* Extinct.
† Not in use.

Current Events Abroad.

IN the earlier part of the month the prospects of peace between the contending powers in the Far East were widely discussed. The battle of Mukden convinced the most stubborn of the Russian war party that further resistance was a desperate course to advocate. Contemporaneously with this situation, however, there was still an appearance of feverish activity in the forwarding of men and supplies to the East and a great deal of assertion about the necessity of raising another army of three or four hundred thousand men. All this was to be expected, for even if Russia was ready to consider peace terms it would be the part of wisdom to convey the impression that she was still a doughty opponent and by no means ready to accede to whatever conditions her triumphant foe was desirous of imposing on her. Japan, in the meanwhile, is actively prosecuting the campaign towards Harbin. Her Minister in London, Baron Hayashi, who has throughout the war endeavoured to counteract European misrepresentations, stated that if Russia wishes for peace she must sue for it, not through some intermediary, but directly, and she will find Japan quite prepared to treat. The stumbling block will undoubtedly be over the question of a money indemnity. Russia will be mortally unwilling to finance her rival, while at the same time depleting herself, but so long as Japan continues to pursue her victorious career, the Mikado and his advisers, we may be sure, will be satisfied with nothing less.

Towards the middle of April, however, all talk of peace was suspended in view of the renewed advance eastward of the Russian fleet under Rojestvensky. On the 9th of April it was announced that a part of his fleet had got into the China Sea, having entered by the common sea highway, the Straits of Malacca, instead of by some more hidden way between the islands of the Javanese group. A good deal of *blague* was telegraphed from St. Petersburg over this feat. Admiral Togo had been "trapped," was one of the words used, while others said he had been outmanœuvred, and that he was now "between two fires." This latter phrase had reference to the fact that there is a Russian fleet at Vladivostock. If an admiral can be regarded as between two fires, when the said fires are 3,600 miles apart, it only illustrates how vaguely words may be used and how greatly the point of view influences the judgment. One would have thought that the most extreme partisan would have been able to see that the concentrated fleet which might be unable to meet the Russian fleets combined, might be quite strong enough to destroy the two fleets one after the other. This has been the weakness of the Russian marine position from the beginning, and it certainly requires a grandly optimistic mind to discover an advantage in having Admiral Togo between two fires 3,600 miles apart.

Is there not something typical about this. Is the swollen oligarchy in control of Russian affairs capable of looking facts straight in the face? There has been no evidence of it during any part of this war. Russia's stock-in-trade has been an arrogant and domineering spirit, which has been shown to be absurdly empty and vain. Whether on land or sea nothing but inefficiency and helplessness have been manifested, with an ominous infusion of pusillanimity. From the time that the egregious Alexieff held such haughty airs towards Japanese protests,

POOR BEGGAR!

BEAR—"Oh, I say, ma'am, don't be so hard—"
MADAME LA FRANCE—"Sorry,—but not another penny!"
—*Punch*

till now, when the whole of St. Petersburg is rejoicing in Rojestvensky's "strategy," there has been little else than boasting and swaggering, ending invariably in defeat and humiliation.

Events have undoubtedly now arrived at a crisis. A decisive Russian victory in the China Sea would change the whole face of the war. It is only necessary to consider the plight the Japanese armies would be in if the sea road between Japan and the mainland were blocked by a hostile fleet. All Oyama's resources would be insufficient to meet such a disaster. The importance of sea power has never been so strikingly illustrated. Russia may well, therefore, watch the fate of her fleet with strained eyes. It is a time for seriousness, not for brag and bluster. An overwhelming victory at sea would enable her to regain a great part of the ground she has lost; indeed, if she could retain that supremacy it would only be a matter of time when she would recover all she has lost. Japan's utter dependence on uninterrupted communication between the home land and her armies abroad is the key to the whole strategic situation, and it was typical of Russian official methods that they walked up to

A HURRIED PARTING

KUROPATKIN—"Good-bye, Linevitch, I relinquish my command to you. I'm going to St. Petersburg."

LINEVITCH—"Well, where do you suppose I'm heading for? Tokyo?"

—Detroit *News*

the brink of war 14 months ago, bluffing and bullying, not only with their fleets exposed, but also separated, one-half being in Port Arthur and the other in Vladivostock.

The fate of Japan is therefore again in the hands of Togo, and from the record that the two nations have made at sea, the odds are decidedly in his favour. It is difficult to think that Rojestvensky's powerful, although miscellaneous fleet, will have any chance of holding its own with the seasoned sea-dogs who have for a year carried the broom through the Yellow Sea. Indeed, it may be said with some confidence that there is not afloat to-day, anywhere, a flotilla of equal strength so capable, so experienced, so trained, so judiciously daring as the tough little tars that are now following the pennant of Togo, with the fate of their country in their keeping. One cannot help but think that the Russians are sailing to their doom, and as it is not at all unlikely that that very thought is prevalent in the forecastle of every Russian ship, it will be acknowledged that they will enter the struggle with a heavy handicap.

It is Russia's last throw of the dice. Should it fail, peace negotiations must come. Even her other resource, namely, greater financial stability, has proved quite illusory. At an early period of the war, M. de Witte pointed out that Russia could beat Japan by a process of financial exhaustion, if by no other method. This idea has been woefully upset during the past week or two. When Russia desired to float a fresh loan in Paris, the French financiers, friendly as they are, intimated that the time was inopportune, and the loan has not yet been raised. Japan, on the other hand, offered bonds to the extent of $300,000,000 in London, New York and Montreal on March 28, and the amount was subscribed on the first day many times over. Orders for the London portion of it came from Paris and Berlin, an indubitable sign of Continental confidence in Japan's ability to meet her obligations. On the same day Russian fours fell two points. So alarming does this lack of confidence in Russia's finances appear, that the Russian officials took notice of an article in the London *Times*, doubting the magnitude of the hoard of gold held in St. Petersburg for war purposes. They invited the *Times* to appoint a representative to whom positive proof would be afforded of the existence and the extent of the war-chest. The *Times* declined to accept the invitation, but the *Daily Mail* did on behalf of British journalism, and

its representative reported that the war-hoard was a reality.

The incident is all the more noteworthy when we consider the history behind it. St. Petersburg officialdom has long been incensed at the *Times*. Dr. Morrison, its Pekin correspondent, is particularly obnoxious to them. He is continually discovering some of their intrigues in the Far East and giving them publicity in the columns of the most influential newspaper in the world. The St. Petersburg beaurocracy could not very well get at Dr. Morrison, but they could at the *Times* correspondent at the Russian capital. Umbrage was taken at his accounts of the massacre of Jews, which created such a sensation two years ago, and he was requested to leave Russia. Naturally that did not improve the feeling in the *Times* office towards the Czar and his Government. The *Times* became positively an anti-Russian paper, and if it were complained that so far as things Russian were concerned it departed from its well-known character for reliability and fairness, there was the shrewd answer that if there was any failure in these respects it was due to the action of Russian officialdom, which, in expelling the *Times* correspondent, had made it impossible to verify news obtained in the roundabout ways which were necessary in order to obtain news at all. It was a sign that the great journal had brought the bear to his knees when he offered to submit the contents of his war-chest to the inspection of its representative, and when it politely declined the offer.

CRUEL AND UNKIND

"A Letter from Home"—Detroit *Journal*

The Kaiser's journey to Morocco, and his speech at Tangier, created some irritation in London, and a great deal more in Paris. In both cities it was regarded as an intimation that Germany did not recognise the understanding with regard to Morocco which was arrived at some time ago between France and England. Whatever the Emperor's purpose was this is what he succeeded in doing, and the net result of his somewhat Quixotic journey was to strengthen the popular approval in both England and France of the rapprochement between the two Governments. It is understood that Germany has made advances to Washington with the object of obtaining support for the application of the open-door principle to Morocco. Mr. Hay does not appear to have been very responsive. He may have felt that Germany, which keeps her own colonies hermetically sealed with high tariffs, is hardly a suitable apostle of the open-door creed.

John A. Ewan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate in
the hush of an Eastern spring,
She saw the flash of the Angel's sword, the
gleam of the Angel's wing—
And because she was so beautiful, and be-
cause she could not see
How fair were the pure white cyclamens
crushed dying at her knee,
He plucked a Rose from the Eden Tree where
the four great rivers met. . . .
And though for many a Cycle past that Rose
in the dust hath lain
With her who bore it upon her breast when
she passed from grief and pain,
There was never a daughter of Eve but once,
ere the tale of her years be done,
Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose, but
once beneath the sun!
Though the years may bring her joy or pain,
fame, sorrow, or sacrifice,
The hour that brought her the scent of the
Rose she lived it in Paradise!

—*Kipling.*

WOMEN IMMIGRANTS

THE immigration offices of our larger cities were never busier than during last month, and the crowds of farmers who came down to engage labourers found groups of East Londoners ready for almost any class of work. Judging from the letters received by officers of the National Council of Women, householders throughout the Dominion are eager to obtain the services of Old Country domestics, who are coming out this year in larger numbers than ever before. The fact needs to be borne carefully in mind that most of the women immigrants of this class now entering the country are not from the slum districts, nor of the pauper order, but are, in many instances, respectable servants of some experience. The heavy taxation and the recent depression in Great Britain are sending to this side of the Atlantic hundreds of immigrants who are anxious to avoid the poor-house, and to continue to support themselves in some part of the Empire. Neither Australia nor South Africa offers, at present, the inducements to domestic servants which Canada can extend, and the distress in the Mother Country will have a silver lining if it makes Canada's domestic situation any more comfortable. The servant of Canadian birth is for some reason not so desirable as the trained servant from the older countries. Some will dispute this statement, but there are hundreds of housekeepers throughout the land who can arise and from a full heart confirm what has been written.

It is the very nature of a new country to find some difficulty in arranging the matter of domestic service. The crudeness of a bright young democracy leads many of its citizens to forget, as some wise man has told us that the true democrat says not "I am as good as you," but "you are as good as I." Hence it is not surprising that the "maid" of Canadian birth does not take kindly to wearing a cap, and has not the deference of the best

soft-voiced, rosy-cheeked servants from across the sea. The latest scheme in connection with women immigration is the project of establishing a Receiving Home in Toronto, where the newly-arrived strangers may have twenty-four hours' rest before taking positions, and where they may learn something about domestic conditions in their new home. Eventually this Receiving Home may become a kind of training institute, but in the meantime those who ought to know about the matter say that it is sorely needed. A meeting was held at Government House, in Toronto, during March, at which the matter was thoroughly discussed, and a committee was appointed. The immigrants received are those sent out by the British Emigration Association, Imperial Institute. It may be asked if there are not institutions already flourishing in Toronto where these new-comers might be received. Experience of the last year, especially, has shown that not one of these institutions can be relied upon to receive a band of twenty or thirty immigrants on short notice. In fact, the whole immigration movement, particularly as it relates to domestic servants, has assumed such proportions that it must be met separately as a department of women's work and interests. There could not be a greater boon to the many distressed home-makers of Canada than the advent of capable and respectful domestic servants from the British Isles. A Canadian woman, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, described all too truthfully the condition of many of us in her clever "Omar For Housewives"—

"To-morrow a new Cook will come, you say.
Yes, but where leaves the Cook of yesterday?
And this sweet summer day that brings me Rose,
Shall take Irene and Mary Jane away. . . .

So when the Angel of the Muddy Drink
Called Coffee, throws the Grounds into the Sink,
And taking her departure leaves you there
Alone to Clean Things Up, you shall not Shrink."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

YES—we have all heard about them—the "rare old, fair old, golden days," when our forefathers led the simple life and our foremothers devoted themselves entirely to providing domestic comforts, even to the extent of making cowslip wine. Mrs. Lynn Linton deplores the fact that such a beverage is not manufactured by the modern matron, but it could hardly have been a delectable drink. After reading "Vanity Fair" for the twentieth time, it may occur to one that we are quite as good as the people who lived a century ago. We play bridge, it is true, but the dames of 1805 played longer and more dearly than we, if Mr. Thackeray is to be believed. In fact, the perusal of fiction depicting the manners and morals of the old days leaves us with the conviction that the modern man drinks less punch than did Jos. Sedley and his intimates, and the modern woman is quite as tender as Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, while it is to be hoped she has none of the tearfulness and penchant for fainting which distinguished the meek and unbearable Amelia.

THE FASHIONS

IN the shops, in the press and at afternoon tea, women of all sorts and conditions are deploring the ugliness of the spring and summer fashions, declaring in the time-honoured expression that probably originated with Eve herself—"We shall be perfect frights." Whatever powers mould the shapes of hats and decree the "flowing" of skirts, were in an angry mood when this year's fashions were set forth. Some of them look as if they were the outgrowth of nightmare visions, but they are the "fashion" and consequently will be worn by every member of the protesting sisterhood. The few brave creatures who dare to appear in plain skirts, when shirred and frilled and pleated monstrosities are the vogue, will be voted queer, and it is better to be dead than to be "different." As for the hats, they are beyond description and redemption. One and the same article of headgear will be turned up at the left side, wonderfully curved at the right, with a long downward scoop at the back which almost lodges a bunch of sickly green grapes on the nape of the neck. One of

the disastrous results of the Russo-Japanese conflict is the number of battered hat-shapes named after instruments of warfare. Last year brought us the torpedo hat, and this season it renews its deadly activity. The day seems as far distant as ever when woman will choose what is becoming, regardless of its being "worn" by the rest of the sheep-like community.

MRS. WARD'S HEROINES

CERTAIN critics of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Kitty" are decidedly astray when they declare that such characters as Julie, "Lady Rose's Daughter," and Lady Kitty are a departure from Mrs. Ward's early types. Surely they have forgotten wayward, lovable Rose, who nearly made Langham, the friend of Robert Elsmere, forego his devotion to Oxford. Then there was David Grieve's bewitching little French love, who was more of artist than woman. Mrs. Ward seems to delight in these irresponsible, thistledown young persons who are so delightful to read about and so impossible to live with. She has probably reached the climax in Lady Kitty, whose charming fits of wilfulness are uncomfortably close to insanity. Mrs. Humphry Ward's versatility is severely strained in the interpretation of a womanhood so entirely un-English, but it is equal to the test, and probably no heroine of her former novels has elicited the sympathy bestowed upon Lady Kitty, the bewildering child-woman, whose temperament spells tragedy.

CONDESCENSION TOWARDS COLONIES

ONE does not expect the yellow journalist to know much about history or literature, and therefore the opinions he expresses on matters in which knowledge of such subjects is involved are not to be regarded seriously. Whenever such a writer refers to a "colony" it is with an implication of contempt, as if such a community could be nothing but insignificant. But we have a right to expect better things from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who puts the following reflections into the mouth of one of his favourite characters in such a fashion as to give the reader to understand that the author is expressing his own views:

"No colony ever comes to anything in letters, arms or invention. It has no individuality as a nation. Look at Canada, older than we. What has she to show? Colonies have no adult life. They are overgrown children. They are simply imitative, and imitation implies weakness." Perhaps the best answer to the question concerning Canada—"what has she to show?" would be "come and see."

However, the first charge that "no colony ever comes to anything in letters, arms or invention" is worthy of historic reminder. Had the writer forgotten those wonderful colonies in Greece, those islands "lily on lily that o'erlace the sea?" What about the deeds of arms, what of the glowing literature that make these islands forever memorable? There is not a state in the American Union—not even Texas, with its spreading acres—that means to the world what the sparkling speck called Samos has meant for centuries. So great and significant was the work done by these ancient colonies that one writer is of the opinion that "the colonies of Greece did more for Western civilisation than she herself had done." But we may be reminded that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has spoken slightingly of Homer. What is to be said? As the East Londoner remarked, it is "'ard on 'Omer."

This tone of condescension towards a colony, and towards Canada in particular, arises from ignorance of our real conditions. It is almost impossible to convince the citizen from the United States that Canada is not severely and outrageously taxed by Great Britain. Professor Goldwin Smith has recently told us of Americans who asked if British Columbia were in Canada, and if the French had become naturalised.

A WOMAN OF WILL

A STORY comes from the West that is good enough to be true. In the Autumn of 1901, when the royal tourists, then known as the Duke and the Duchess of York, were passing triumphantly

through a loyal Dominion, they came to a small town not far from the Rocky Mountains, of which Alexander Guthrie was Mayor. Of the Mayor and his wife, be it remarked, in the words of Mrs. Jean Blewett, "he was Scotch and so was she." There was a change in the plans of the royal party, and the Mayor received word that they would arrive at ten o'clock on Monday morning instead of four hours later. Sunday afternoon was a period of excitement. The Mayor surveyed his "Sunday suit" with feelings of pride and anxiety, and assured his wife Margaret that her black silk would be the proper garb for the occasion. He arose betimes and saw that the station platform was properly decorated. But what was his horror to discover after nine o'clock that Margaret was out in the backyard bending over a washtub and perspiring with honest toil.

"Woman," he exclaimed aghast, "ye'll be late for the Duke."

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
The English actress who visited Canada again last month

"Alexander Guthrie," said Margaret solemnly, "ye're Mayor of the town and may have to make a fool of yerself. But Monday's the day for the wash and it's going to be done, duke or no duke. Queen Victoria was a sensible body, and it's likely that the Duchess of York would think far more of a woman that did her week's wash at the proper time than she would if I were to put on my best gown at this hour of the morning. Now, off with ye to the station!"

Alexander (as we may call him) departed in sadness, for he knew the quality of his wife's "nay." So it happened that when Prince George and Princess May stepped on the station platform at Clyde they were greeted by a Chief Magistrate whose welcome had a subdued and chastened note. But from the rear platform of the departing train could be seen the broad back of Margaret Guthrie as she stood in the backyard hanging out the clothes of the household. *Jean Graham.*

BEYOND LAWS

"There are relationships too subtle and too tender to admit of rules, friendships too delicate for regulation, bonds of obligation which, if not felt, can never be even suggested by another. Who could make laws for a mother's obligation, or set bounds to her fidelity? Her own heart, filled with love and longing, would transcend them all. Or who could form a code that would suffice for the holy obligations of marriage? If each party does not feel a tenfold stronger bond of duty than any one else could teach them, there is little hope of the real happiness of married life. It is the inward fidelity that far outstrips all requirements, that is the root of all true fellowship."—*Selected.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, who shortly takes up his work as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, has become an interesting figure in the life of the present generation. It is not given to many men to climb so quickly through the various grades of medical service to the highest position in Anglo-Saxon medicaldom. From a Canadian farm to the chair at Oxford seems a long cry, yet Dr. Osler has accomplished the distance with ease. His services at McGill and at Johns Hopkins have been excellent preparation for his work in Great Britain. His promotion also indicates that the prejudice against colonials is not insurmountable.

Dr. Osler's remarks concerning the age limit of usefulness were probably intended to draw attention to the increasing opportunity of the young man. The individual who has not found his work or his position before he is forty is unlikely to make a great success. Up to forty, the average man has almost unbounded energy, enthusiasm and initiative. After forty, he works along more conservative lines. More than this Dr. Osler did not establish.

Of the 6,983 men mentioned in Who's Who (American edition), only 1,118 are below the age of forty years. That is, of the public men of the continent, eighty-four per cent. are over the age limit. This shows that men do not make great names for themselves much before forty, but it does not prove that the work performed by them before that period was reached was not all important. It does indicate this, moreover, that a man's usefulness does not end at forty nor even at fifty. The average ages of the 6,983 men is about fifty-four years.

Dr. Osler's fame will not, however, rest on his whimsical suggestion that it might be ecomonically wise to destroy men when they reach the age of sixty, or on his emphasis of the period when men possess the most initiative. His reputation was built up by his work in the field of medical research and experiment, and because of his ability as a leader and teacher.

In connection with the recent function at McGill, where Dr. Osler was the chief guest, a writer in the Montreal *Gazette* recalls a similar function at McGill, when Dr. Osler and Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter, F.R.S., met. The latter was a British Physiologist of international repute then nearing the allotted three score and ten years; the former was a young man just setting out on a brilliant career in the same line of study. To-day Dr. Osler stands where Dr. Carpenter stood in 1882.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

IN November, 1899, I wrote in this department as follows:

> It is said that a small Catholic educational monthly in Ottawa has suspended publication for the reason that it advocated adopting the rule that all Catholic teachers should possess regular certificates from the different provincial departments of Education. The Church has, of course, a right to do as it sees fit in the matter, but a move of the kind suggested by the unfortunate monthly would certainly decrease Protestant opposition to separate schools.

In July, 1900, commenting on the declaration of the Archbishop of St. Boniface that the Manitoba School settlement was unsatisfactory, I wrote thus:

> "In Toronto there is an energetic lawyer, a member of the Church of England who entertains views concerning religious teaching in the public school which are very similar to those held by the Archbishop of St. Boniface. The other day he, with two other prominent Episcopalians, went before the Toronto Methodist conference and explained his views concerning voluntary schools. He desires to have state-aided schools in which religious

instruction may be imparted instead of the present undenominational, state-supported public schools. The Methodists appointed a committee to consider the question with the Anglican committee.

"Any reasonable person can see at a glance that if a township now possessing ten public schools should reorganise and decide to have Roman Catholic schools, Anglican schools, Methodist schools, Presbyterian schools, Baptist schools, Christian Science schools and others, the system would be unwieldy and insufficient. In towns and villages the objections would be equally apparent. In cities they would be less noticeable."

I make these two quotations to show that I have been a steady advocate of undenominational schools. Not that I do not believe in religious training; but it seems quite clear to my mind that such teaching as is required can be given in public schools. Where there is a Roman Catholic majority, the teacher and the religious instruction will likely be Roman Catholic; where there is a Protestant majority, the Protestant teacher will give Protestant religious exercises. This is practically the situation in all the provinces and territories to-day, with the exception of Quebec and certain parts of Ontario.

I do not believe that either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant clergy should lose interest in the schools, since irreligious schools would be offensive to all classes of Canadians; at the same time, separate schools weaken our educational system and have an influence which does not tend to national unity and national progress.

I hope that the time will come when the people of Ontario and Quebec, Protestant and Roman Catholic, will see fit to have only public schools, leaving it to the trustees to decide as to the religious faith of the teacher and the character of the religious instruction. There should, however, be one set of regulations, one set of inspectors, one set of certified teachers, and one set of text-books.

The present controversy does not deal directly with these points, therefore I feel at liberty to express my opinion on the subject. Whatever may be accomplished by the present discussion, some good may come of it, if it is clearly shown that there must be more or less religious teaching in all public schools, and that at the same time there must be such uniformity as will tend to foster national unity and national progress.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER

CANADA'S HEGEMONY

MR. RICHARD JEBB, an observant and inquiring Englishman, was recently led into taking a trip through the Empire to investigate for himself its needs and its desires. He has embodied the results of this trip in a book entitled "Studies in Colonial Nationalism." The chief point he makes is that if the British Empire continues at all it will be as "a galaxy of independent nations," not as a closely-welded legislative unit.

He sees the national idea in different degrees of development in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The filial colonial loyalty of the past is being displaced by a newer national patriotism. The Empire is valued less for its own sake and more "in proportion as it subserves the interests and ideals of separate nationalism."

This is a frank statement from a sympathetic observer. If Professor Goldwin Smith had made a similar statement, he would be accused of again talking annexation. Yet, this newer writer holds this view and yet says there is little likelihood of annexation. Can it possibly be true

that Canada is slowly but knowingly drifting towards independence—or at least to such nationalism as may be implied by independence of the British cabinet and the British Parliament?

Mr. Jebb's first chapter is labelled "Canada's Hegemony," and this country is thus accused of being the leader in the nationalist movement—in the movement which is to decentralise the British Government and transform the Empire into a loose collection of independent units. The units will be bound together only by an alliance. Canada sought by Confederation to bind together the scattered British units in North America. She has since endeavoured by transcontinental railways and protective tariffs to bind these units together into a powerful and independent nation, controlling half of the North American continent. If she has contributed to the Pacific cable, and has introduced cheaper Imperial postage it is because she has no idea of leaving the Empire entirely. She believes in the Empire and in imperial co-operation. She has adopted preferential trade because this "furnishes the economic basis of political alliance." When the question of allowing the Transvaal to import Chinese labour came up for discussion the Australian Government protested. On the other hand, Canada again exhibited her hegemony by refusing to follow Australia's practice. Canada declared that this was a domestic question, and that in the new British Empire there must be mutual independence in domestic affairs.

Mr. Jebb does not trace this principle to its source, but it is clear that much of its popularity in this country is due to the federal system which obtains here, and which has clearly indicated that provincial affairs must be treated by provincial legislatures. Provincial rights, under a Federal system, are but the prototype of national rights in an imperial union.

Mr. Jebb also deals with the Alaskan Boundary; the national development of Australia, of New Zealand, and of South Africa; the Colonial Conference of 1902 and its results; the contrast between journalism in Canada and Australia; nationalism in tariffs and imperial partnership. His volume is one of the most interesting and valuable of the recent contributions to the writing of colonial history. The attitude of the writer will offend neither Chamberlainites or Cobdenites, neither imperialist nor nationalist, because at all times it is plainly seen therein that Mr. Jebb seeks only the truth.

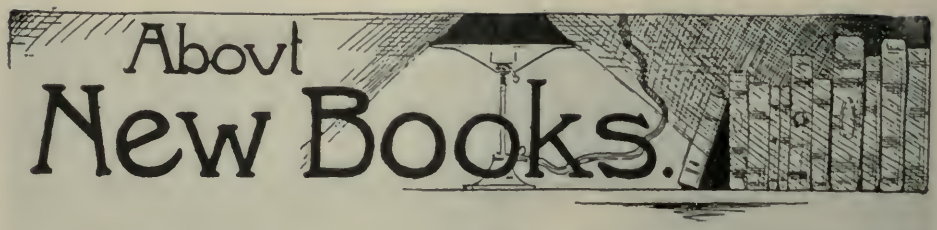
A BIT OF HISTORY

THE annual reappearance in the British House of Commons of the bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister brings to mind Walter Bagehot's account of the history of the act preventing such unions. Its originator was the famous Lord Lyndhurst, the Tory leader during the long period of Whig supremacy at the beginning of the last century. Lyndhurst was a great lawyer and a great special pleader, "but," says Bagehot, "he had no principles; he did not care to have opinions. He regarded politics as a game to be played first for himself and then for his party."

Bagehot was very accurate in his historical tracts, and there doubtless is no reason to disbelieve his account of the deceased wife's sister legislation. The real object of the act, he says, was to please certain particular people who had married their sisters-in-law, and as it stands to this day it legalises all antecedent marriages. As it was originally brought in, it legalised subsequent marriages also. Persons conversant with the clergy and other strict people represented to Lord Lyndhurst that there would be an outcry against this. He replied, "Put it the other way then; forbid the future marriages. I am sure I don't care which way it is." He wanted to serve a temporary purpose, and he did so always, as is to be seen by reading many of his speeches quoted in his "life."

It seems curious that a law, which by its advocates—notably Lord Hugh Cecil—is regarded as being both doctrinal and sacramental should have been originated thus to serve the interests of a few particularists. The King, when Prince of Wales, voted for its repeal, and most Canadians will hold that his Majesty was on the side of common-sense, morality and social progress.

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY



SUMMER TRUCK

SUMMER truck is not proper English according to the grammarians, but truck is a word used a great deal on this continent. There is scarcely another word quite so suitable to the occasion—when a modern writer of book notes sits down before the monthly collection of summer books. The table is piled high with a motley collection which much resembles the vegetables on a hawker's waggon. If the reviewer be honest he will possibly be unpopular with the authors who are trying to earn a penny, with the publishers who are endeavouring to make a dollar, and with the editor whose salary depends on the amount of advertising which his publication contains. Nor is he likely to be very popular with the average reader of books—since that person is interested in stories, not literature or information.

A Canadian librarian recently called my attention to the annual report from a leading Japanese library, showing the class of books read in Japan. He remarked especially on the fact that there was no fiction in that library, and said sagely: "The Japanese do not believe in wasting time on fiction." The burr thus thrown stuck in the fabric of my mind. Is it, or is it not, a waste of time and money to read fiction —especially the fiction that is found on the counters of Canadian book-stores and the shelves of Canadian public libraries? Is it true that the public, which has learned to read but has not yet learned to think, is better reading interesting truck than not reading anything but the newspaper? Is the fact that there are some "big-sellers" born every month a sign of educational progress or educational retrogression?

These questions must be answered by the individual reader, and he would be an unwise man or an all-wise being who would answer them in the negative or the affirmative. Nearly every Canadian is anxious to read the latest novel from the pen of Sir Gilbert Parker, W. A. Fraser, Ralph Connor, Norman Duncan or any other of the leading Canadian writers—because it will probably depict some scene from Canadian life or history which will be pleasing and perhaps educative. That seems reasonable. But why read the truck from the writers of New York and London who have not proved their knowledge of any particular phase of human life? For example, why read the "Red Cravat," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, which purports to be a study of the manners of a queer German court and people, two or three centuries ago? Why waste time on "The Lodestar," by Sidney R. Kennedy, a Connecticut story of doubtful merit? Why take up "Shining Ferry," by "Q," which reflects no notable phase of English civilisation? There is little to be gained from "The Black Barque," by T. Jenkins Hains, who has assumed to tell once more in a watery form the story of a pirate slaveship on an African cruise in the early days of the century. There is positive historical loss in perusing "The Sign of Triumph," by Sheppard Stevens, because the story of the children's crusades is better told in historical volumes. And so one may go through the list of attractive covers and find only here and there slight justification.

The Canadian publishers of these books know nothing of the authors and very little about the stories. They buy their novels from the sample covers and illustrations made by the New York or London publishers. They are not looking for literature, but for "big-sellers," for the books which will attract the eye of the passing buyer, who is so ignorant as to think that a bright cover betokens a bright book.

Of course, so long as the people part with their hard-earned cash for this sort of book so long will they find it set before them in tasty array. So long as they prefer trashy fiction to history, biography and travel, so long will the publisher seek the sensation which will most attract.

One truly remarkable feature is the carelessness which is displayed by members of the public library boards in making their selections. These butterflies of summer are purchased by them to be placed on their shelves where there should be only books of permanent benefit. The Canadian practice is so different from the Japanese, and the effect upon the youthful mind is apparently in equal contrast. How many novels would be required to do as much for a youth's permanent pleasure and profit, as Hannay's "War of 1812," Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," a volume from "The Makers of Canada," Hanbury's or Tyrrell's volume on the Northland, or a volume of stories by Fraser, Roberts or Thompson-Seton?

Perhaps the reader may smile and answer that young people do not read serious books. The reader is wrong. Boys can be taught to take pleasure in these just as they can be taught to take pleasure in the problems of algebra and geometry. A friend of mine took his little girl of ten years of age to see "As you Like It." He explained the play to her and told her he had it in a book at home. Afterwards she asked for it and read it every line. Much depends upon the parent.

THE BASIS OF OUR FAITH

An able Toronto clergyman has recently drawn attention to the fact that during the last twenty years the Christian theologians and investigators have discovered that there is more noble life and thought in Paganism than had been supposed. He affirms that the first great school of Christian thought believed that God cared for the heathen. The present conclusion seemed to be that, if we believe God is everywhere, we are compelled to concede that he must have been working among the heathen of all ages, and that if the Christian religion is superior to all others

CHARLES D. STEWART
Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

it is only because the Jews listened more closely to Divine revelation and obeyed more faithfully.

It does not seem impossible that our Christian faith should be strengthened by this admission. The comparison of our religion with those of other peoples, while bringing to light many excellencies in the opposing faiths, is likely to strengthen our confidence in what we have. According as Christ is superior to Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed and the Greek philosophers, so must our belief in His divinity and the wisdom of His teachings be based on a sounder foundation.

Canadians interested in the subject will find Mr. McMullen's recent work "The Supremacy of the Bible"* of considerable value. He deals with the history of the Jewish religion and of all ancient religions, and while avoiding no portion of modern investigation, professes to find only confirmation for his belief in the Book of Books.

Zoroaster was a religious reformer of the fourteenth century before Christ. He

*The Supremacy of the Bible, by J. Mercer McMullen, author of "The History of Canada." Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

preached in ancient Persia, and declared that there existed at the beginning of Things two spirits antagonistic in their characters. "One of these, named Hormuzd, represents everything that is good, while the other, Ahrinan or Satan, represents all that is bad. In the spiritual world, Hormuzd is light and life, and all that is pure and good; in the ethical world law, order and truth. Ahrinan, on the other hand, represents filth, death, lawlessness, falsehood, and all that is evil; from all which Hormuzd is to eventually free mankind." Eventually this abstract and spiritualistic doctrine taught by the Magii became corrupted. The people sighed for some visible object to adore, and took to the worship of the sun as the ancient Egyptians had done. Eventually there arose the Guebre faith or Fire Worship of Persia, which endured until the period of the Mohammedan conquest. Driven out of Persia, the Fire Worshippers, or Parsees as they are now called, eventually found refuge in Bombay. The modern Parsee maintains that an original principle, analogous to eternity, created light, water and fire. Hormuzd is adored for his benevolence and Ahrinan held in detestation for his malevolence. According to their sacred writings, the holy fire should be found in every town and settlement, and must be preserved unextinguished in absolute purity. "In the temples the fire burns in a vase within a grating, which none may approach but the priests who keep it alive and watch perpetually over it day and night. The light of the sun, owing to its superior brilliancy, is carefully excluded." There are about 150,000 of these Parsees, many of them extremely wealthy. They are very prosperous merchants and enterprising traders. Their loyalty to the British Crown is of the most intense description.

The chief starting point in Phœnician and Carthaginian mythology was the sun, who has the moon for his wife, or occasionally the earth. Its pantheon was limited to about twenty names. Baal, so frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, is their greatest god. Ashtoreth was their great female divinity, resembling the Greek Aphrodite and the Roman Venus. Her worship was essentially licentious. Human victims were publicly offered to expiate national sins, and occasionally private sins. This was suppressed after the Roman conquest.

Mr. McMullen deduces from his review of the religious systems of Egypt, Babylon, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Greece and Rome that the religion of the Hebrews did not originate from any of them. "The Israelites, at different periods of their history, were placed under Egyptian, Babylonian, and Persian authority and influence and sceptical writers have endeavoured to prove that Judaism was only a mere offshoot from the religion of one or the other of these nations." He says there is not a particle of evidence to support this. None of them ever reached the grand conception of one only Supreme God. Idolatry and polytheism tinged all other religions. "Judaism stands out from all other ancient religions as a thing *sui generis* . . . . that its origin must have been entirely distinct and separate in every way."

Moreover, the sacred books of the Hebrews could not have been derived from those of other nations. "No contrast can be greater than that between the Pentateuch and the Egyptian 'Ritual of the Dead,' unless it be that between the Pentateuch and the Hindoo Vedas or the Zendavesta of the Guebres or Parsees." The Buddhist scriptures ignore altogether the existence of God and of the human soul, that there are twenty-four heavens and eight great hells. "The Buddhism of Thibet, the headquarters of Buddha to-day, is a mixture of witchcraft and Hindoo philosophy." The sacred books of the Hindoos, the Vedas or Rig Vedas, teach polytheism in the widest sense. In India to-day, the temples are full of monstrous representations of deities. "The Hindoo creed is one of the most repressive, as regards human progress, it is possible to conceive." The Mohammedan scriptures, the Koran, is manifestly an absurdity. It is supposed to embody transcript records of the Divine will, given by the Angel Gabriel, from time to time. In addition a number of precepts casually spoken by Mohammed were collected into the Shemite or Oral Law. Mohammed was an impostor, unable to read and write, but with an excellent memory. He learned much

of various religions, grasping certain portions of each for his own, and adding "There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet." Its sensuousness made it appeal to Easterners. For example, every true believer is to have in heaven all his wives, restored to youth and beauty, and seventy-two Houris. As a consequence there are now over two hundred million Mohammedans, of whom about forty-three millions are British subjects, resident in India.

Buddhism was introduced into China from India during the first century of the Christian era, and has more adherents there than any other creed. Taouism, founded by Taoutaze, a contemporary of Confucius, has numerous followers among the lower classes. His book, "Sutra of Reason and Virtue," is not important. The doctrines of Confucius are. Confucius is usually accredited to the sixth century before Christ. He was a reformer of noble family, with great accomplishments and ambitions. He left no writings. "The Doctrine of the Mean" by his grandson, and "The Great Learning," by a disciple, give the fullest information of his teachings. He laid no claim to Divine revelation. "Man as he is, and the duties belonging to him in society, were all that he concerned himself about. The vague, impersonal word heaven took the place of the Divine name with him, and he had little piety. He preached more a mode of life than a religion of worship."

Mr. McMullen, after reviewing all these religions and their text-books, declares that there is no religion to compare with the Christian religion, and no sacred writing with the Bible. It may be mentioned, though it is not of great importance, that Mr. McMullen is much less enamoured of the idea that the Divine influence was working in Confucius, Buddha and Mohammed though hampered by racial weaknesses and tendencies. In this, he differs somewhat from the authority first quoted.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

The citizen interested in the constitutional aspect of the Autonomy Bills now before Parliament will find much assistance in Hon. John H. Gray's "Confederation" (Toronto, 1872); Pope's "Confederation Documents"; Dent's "Canada Since the Union", and in the "Confederation Debates." The Hon. R. W. Scott has issued a pamphlet which upholds one side of the question and Professor Cappon, of Queen's, has issued one which gives the arguments on the other side.

ALICE MCGOWAN
GRACE MCGOWAN COOKE
Authors of "Return"

RETURN

AMONG the novels of the month, none is worthy of higher commendation than "Return," by Alice McGowan and Grace McGowan Cooke.* Why a baby should have such a peculiar name as "Return" is to explain the whole story of Diana Chaters, who lived in the days when the English settlements were pushing beyond Charlestown, in South Carolina, and were edging up against the Spanish settlements on the Gulf. The conflicts of the time are ever near in the tale, yet skilfully kept subservient to the love story which is the real feature of the book. It is a sort of land sea story. Of the heroine's family the authors write:

"The smack of the brine was all through the extended—and illustrious—history of the Chaters family. From the sea had come its

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

wealth and honours, and to the sea its best and bravest had gone back. The long green wash of tropic tides covers many a proud Chaters head; the foaming white and steely blue of northern breakers, howling along coasts inhospitable, had beaten to pieces many a tall Chaters bark. It was give and take between the gallant, intrepid race, and the great groaning, asking, wallowing creature, turning from side to side, reaching, reaching, now east now west, to its despair—the moon; crying out for lost things and things desired, swallowing all and wailing unsatisfied, unfilled.

"They had held fitful and unsure empire over the sullen, bidden thing, which for a season will do man's labours, rebellion swelling big in its bosom. Anon it revolted; it rose as the slaves rise, clapped its hands, whooped, yelled, slew, devastated, drunk on freedom and on fury. It tossed giant arms to heaven; it found out these insolent Chaters upon their unavailing decks; it plucked them with its long watery hands from out their silly ships, and dashed them back upon its rocks and swallowed them down.

"O, there were widows—and enough—in the Chaters family, and these widowed mothers brought up the infant sons that were left in their arms—to follow the sea! since the voice of it called them from their cradles, and no man or woman may be wiser than fate."

This is near to being literature. The style of the authors is excellent and yet simple. The selfishness, the false and overblown pride of the heroine are described in their rising and falling with artistic feeling. The conversations are bright though natural, and occasionally rise to philosophic heights, as when vain Sir Paris remarks: "After all, the wisdom of the old is a sort of mental indigestion. We know what dishes have disagreed with us, and we are ever fain to keep the young from eating their fill of them."

THE WAR OF 1812

MR. MORANG is achieving a reputation for well-printed books. In fact, without flattery, it may be said that he has inaugurated a new era in Canadian publishing. His edition of "The War of 1812,"* by James Hannay, which ran serially in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is a beautiful production. It is a book which any Canadian may be proud to have in his library.

So far as the historical value of the book is concerned, there is but to say that it must for many years remain the authoritative book on this subject. When the war of 1812 is spoken of, James Hannay's work will likewise be mentioned. Besides its historical value it possesses the charm given by a simple style and a smooth narrative form. Dr. Hannay has told a story —a wonderfully dramatic story; and he will be a clever man who paints a more vivid and striking series of Canadian war scenes.

*The War of 1812, by James Hannay, D.C.L. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, illustrated, gilt top, $2.50.

NOTES

"The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs" for 1904, written by J. Castell Hopkins, is now in the press and will be issued shortly. This is the fourth year of publication and, judging by the table of contents, the work grows increasingly valuable. The new volume devotes nearly 100 pages to a history of the general elections in Canada—including full details of such matters as the Dundonald affair, the Grand Trunk Pacific project, the Blair-Russell incident, the question of North-West Autonomy and the tours of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden. There is an elaborate study of the Ontario Provincial elections and of Imperial questions such as Defence and the Chamberlain movement, the Canadian Preference, the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the change in the Governor-Generalship, the Treaty-making power and the Newfoundland elections and Confederation. Relations with the United States and varied phases of material, educational and religious development are also dealt with.

Mr. Neil Munro's many admirers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Blackwood are to issue a three-and sixpenny edition of his novels. Nobody can interpret the Highland temperament as he can, and his charm of style is another appeal to readers. This new edition will consist of six volumes—"John Splendid," "Children of Tempest," "Shoes of Fortune," "The Lost Pibroch," "Doom Castle," and "Gilian the Dreamer."

Idle Moments.

INTERVIEW WITH THOMPSON-SETON

"I CANNOT talk to interviewers," said Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson-Seton. Sadly I left the room.

Suddenly an idea struck me a heavy blow. Bending down to the keyhole I made a noise like a hyphen.

Quickly the door opened, and Mr. E. S.-T.-S. appeared.

"Come in," he said; "I am always glad to add to the list of Wild Hyphens I Have Met and Made Mine."

"You know," continued the great medicine man, "I can't bear human beings. The only kind I can stand are the Boy Woodgrafters, as they have been called. Now, a wild animal is so respectful—distant, as it were—whereas men! Well, some men actually think that animals don't think! If such an idea became common, what would become of me, the great animal psychologist? Men are insufferable creatures. To think that they should think they can think about animals thinking, when I do all the thinking the animals think!"

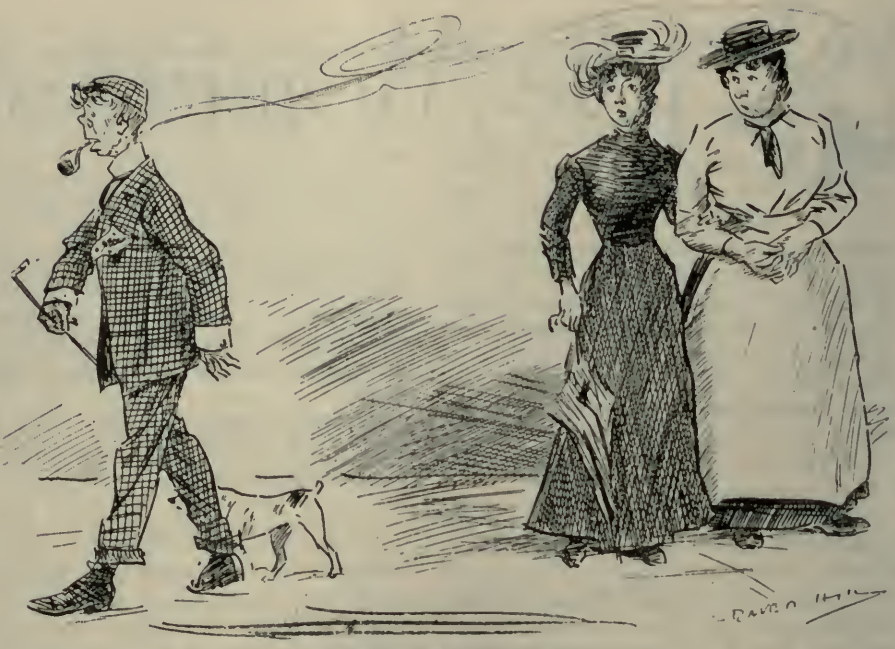
And with a wild, loon-like cry Mr. E.-S.-T.-S. tore his mane with his claws.—*Portland Oregonian.*

ARITHMETICAL

A new story that comes from Germany is that of a Christianised Jew, who, returning to his native village, went to the rabbi and said that he had been seized by a strong desire to be buried in the same plot with his parents. The rabbi informed him that, as he was now a Christian, such a thing as burial in a Jewish cemetery was impossible. The Jew said that he was

AFTER HER VISIT TO A DAIRY FARM

"Mamma, is there milk in the cocoanut?"
"Yes, dear, I suppose so."
"Then, mummy dear, how do you milk it?"—*Punch.*



AN ECHO FROM EAST LONDON

'ARRIET—"I will say this for Bill, 'e *do* look the gentleman!"—*Punch*

willing to pay well to have his wish gratified.

"Well," said the rabbi, "there will be a meeting of the directors of the synagogue to-morrow, and I will see what I can do for you."

He informed the Jew the next day that the directors, after a hard struggle, had given in, but that it would cost him forty-five thousand marks.

"That's a terrible price," said the Jew, after he had reluctantly paid it. "Now, tell me how you happened to fix upon exactly that sum."

"Well," said the rabbi, "the reason was this: When the Messiah appears, and calls all the Jews to heaven, you, as a Christian, could not go with them and, therefore, would be left in possession of the entire cemetery, and as there was room for three thousand plots at fifteen marks per plot (the regular rate), we concluded it was nothing but just that you should pay for them all."—*Argonaut.*

A BURNS STORY

A story is told in Thornhill about Burns in his capacity of exciseman. Old Jean Davidson kept a small whiskey shop, and was suspected of putting more fresh water into her liquor than was needful or lawful. Burns accordingly came with his apparatus, and at once detected the irregularity. "Now, Jean, ma woman," he said, "I canna tak this to Dumfries this nicht; 'tis ower late. But I'll seal it wi' the King's seal, and return to lift it in the mornin'." When he had gone to his lodging Jean fetched the village cooper, who removed a hoop from the barrel and bored a hole through which the adulterated liquor was drawn off, and stuff of regulation strength poured in. Then the hoop was refixed, and Jean, with a brave heart, awaited the gauger.

In the morning up came Burns to claim the keg. "One minute, Mr. Burns," said Jean, sweetly. "Ye might jest test that whiskey to convince me; since I canna see how I could have been makin' sic a mistake." "It means breaking the King's seal," said Burns, "but I'll just fix on another." So the sample was taken and tested, and, of course, was found to be all right. Burns was bewildered. "Was there aught wrang wi' me, Jean, last nicht?" he asked. "Weel, Mr. Burns, 'tis na for me to say—weel, I just thocht ye were fully smert wi' your wee tester."—*Selected.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

AN INDIAN CUSTOM

THE Cree and Nascoppie Indians of Ungava in the Hudson's Bay, have a peculiar custom in regard to their dead. As soon as the soul has passed away, the relations beg from the Hudson's Bay Co. an empty box, the size being of no account. Frequently an infant of a few hours old is laid to rest in a box five feet by four feet. The nearest relative will then dress the body, if a man, in all his outdoor garments, and placing him in the box, lay beside him his loaded gun, powder horn, tobacco, flint stone, snow shoes, and axe. The cover is then laid on but not nailed down. The relatives will generally ask the Great Spirit to pardon the sins of the departed one.

It falls to the lot of the women of the family to carry the coffin, generally to the top of the nearest hill, and thereafter placing some stones upon the lid, leave the dead to rest. Ten days later some of the mourners will return and remove the guns and other valuable articles, believing that the departed has then no further use for them. They firmly believe that the dead would never reach the Happy Hunting Ground without their snow shoes, gun and pipe. The women are provided for in the same manner.

Lying under the hills open coffins are frequently seen, having been blown down from their resting places, and broken on the sharp rocks beneath. Perfect skulls, long tresses of black hair, bead necklets and rings are often found lying near.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNGER READERS

LEWIS CARROLL is said to have imitated a word-puzzle which is represented by "change 'heat' to 'cold' one letter at a time, using only good English words and making as few changes as possible." Here is the answer:

Heat
Head
Held
Hold
Cold
} Four Changes

Here are two similar problems and the CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be glad to have

INDIAN GRAVES IN NORTHERN QUEBEC
The bodies are placed in large boxes but not buried

AN INDIAN GRAVE IN NORTHERN QUEBEC

solutions from readers not more than fifteen years of age. A handsomely bound book will be given to the best and neatest set of answers:

I. Change "Black" to "Green."
"Green" to "White."
"White" to "Black."
II. Change "Wrong" to 'Grown."

ANOTHER DIVISION PROBLEM

HERE is another division problem similar to the one explained in April. Readers are invited to send solutions, of which the best will be published.

Here is an example in long division in which all the sevens are given; fill in the missing figures and show how they are obtained:

```
7xx)x77xx7(xxx
     xxxx
    ------
     xxxx
     xxxx
    ------
      x777
      x777
    ------
```

A CANADIAN EPIGRAMMATIST

Mr. Peter McArthur, who was at one time a Toronto newspaper man and has since distinguished himself in New York, is trying to take the conceit out of the Mother Country. He has published a work entitled "To be Taken With Salt; an Essay on Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs." The reasons why London is highly enjoying it may be found in the following selections:

Sea-sickness has kept more enemies out of England than her prowess in war.

London takes more for granted than the rest of the world knows.

The great trouble with the English is that they are trying to repel the American invaders with business methods that came over with William the Conqueror.

Good form appears to be the accumulated weariness of centuries expressed in a general air of boredom.

One of the blessings of being a humorist is that all your mistakes pass off as jokes.

Conservatism and laziness are hard to distinguish.

In order to carry on an argument you must descend to the other man's level.

One should never spoil a good theory by explaining it.

Let me make the jokes of the Empire. I care not who makes its blunders.

London is full of clever people who expect to get salvation in a moment and spread the luxury of being damned over a lifetime.

The cuckoo of philosophy has successfully laid her egg in the nest of theory.

London is overcrowded with serious-minded people who stand in awe of their own ignorance.

An Englishman's social standing seems to depend on the number of people he can afford to despise.

The average Englishman has so deep a reverence for antiquity that he would rather be wrong than be recent.

This country is full of people who are starving up to their positions.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

BOUNTY ON COPPER

IN the February issue, in this department, it was pointed out that the copper miners of Rossland had asked the Dominion Government for a bounty. The opinion was expressed that the giving of bounties was a dangerous practice and should be used sparingly. Mr. John Dean, of Rossland, writes in reply to say that this bounty is necessary and justifiable. In the first place 79 per cent. of the copper produced in Canada is mined in British Columbia, and hence the view of that province is of supreme importance. In the second place British Columbia is entitled to consideration at the hands of the Dominion since she contributes more largely to the Federal revenues than any other province. In 1901, her contribution was $14.16 per head, as compared with $6.48 for Quebec, $5.00 for Ontario, $4.56 for Nova Scotia, $3.99 for Manitoba, $3.48 for New Brunswick, and $1.43 for Prince Edward Island. Although only one-thirtieth of the population, they contribute one-eleventh of the revenue. In the third place, the people of the other provinces are benefited by tariff protection. The farmer, the manufacturer and the tradesman gets his bounty in that way. The producer of copper has no protection; and no customs duty would be possible because there are no refineries in Canada where the copper may be marketed. When in the nature of things a customs duty cannot be imposed to protect an industry, it is a question of seeking some other means, if protection be necessary. In the fourth place, protection is necessary, because of the higher cost of machinery, wages, food, clothing, distance from market, newness of general conditions, and so on. As protection cannot be given by the tariff, therefore a bounty is necessary and justifiable.

Mr. Dean says:

> The Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, if correctly reported in his interview with the lumbermen from this province, who are asking for the protection they are entitled to, expressed in a few words the exact position of the gold copper miners and the lumbermen when he said that he was particularly impressed with the statement that they were being taxed for what they purchased and got no protection for what they sold; no one realises more than this statesman the burdens imposed by the tariff, and the impossible task of attempting to wipe it out. Besides it can be defended on the ground of self-preservation and self-defence as can the bounty as a means of equalisation, when the imposition of a tariff in the case of a new or struggling industry is found to be inexpedient.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS

THE report of the Inspectors of Penitentiaries of Canada for the last fiscal year states that the average daily population of the penitentiaries during 1903-4 was 1,286, an increase of five per cent. compared with the previous year, but a decrease compared with each of the seven years prior to 1902-3. A comparative statement of the number of paroles and pardons granted since 1898-9 shows that the operation of the parole law tends to reduce the number of pardons granted, which have steadily decreased from 80 in 1898-9 to 31 in 1903-4. The number of paroles granted increased from 71 in 1899-1900 to 122 in 1903-4. The number of convicts in custody on June 30, 1904, was 1,328, of whom twelve per cent. were under twenty years of age. The cause of crime is attributed to idleness and improvident habits rather than to other conditions such as intemperance, illiteracy and heredity. With regard to the nationality of criminals,

881 were Canadian, 134 were from the United States, 125 were from England, 53 from Ireland and 20 from Scotland. There were less than 20 from each of a number of other countries. There were 863 single persons, 426 married and 39 widowed. Abstainers from intoxicants numbered 223, the temperate numbered 619, and the intemperate 486. There were 213 convicts who could neither read nor write, 99 who could read only, and 1,016 who could both read and write. With regard to their religious beliefs, 662 convicts were Roman Catholics, 251 belonged to the Church of England, 139 were Methodists, 116 were Presbyterians, 84 were Baptists, 28 were Lutherans, and 11 Buddhists. There were 30 others professing various other creeds, and 7 belonged to no church. —*Labour Gazette.*

PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF CANADA

Public Accounts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1904. Ottawa: King's Printer, 1905. Pages, 253. Price, 15 cents.

THE Report on the Public Accounts of Canada for the last fiscal year shows that the receipts on account of consolidated fund for the year amounted to $70,669,816.82, and the expenditure amounted to $55,612,832.70. The sum of $2,046,878.45 was paid on account of railway subsidies, and $1,130,041.29 on account of bounties. The net debt of the Dominion at the close of the fiscal year was $260,867,718.60, being a reduction from the previous year of $739,270.27. The actual reduction of the debt, however, amounted to $6,136,773.40, the difference being due to an allowance to the provinces of Ontario and Quebec erroneously deducted in the previous year. The balance at the credit of depositors in the post office and government savings banks at the close of the fiscal year amounted to $62,158,449.90, an increase of $1,387,320.65 over the balance held on June 30, 1903. There has been a great increase in the amount of money orders issued by the Post Office Department and payable in other countries. In the last six years the amount of these orders has trebled, and in 1904 they reached the value of nearly $8,000,000.

MARITIME UNION

IN a recent issue, the *Montreal Star* says editorially:

"We are told that 'nearly all the members of the Legislature' were present at a mass meeting at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to receive the delegates who lately visited Ottawa, with the request that a tunnel be built from the mainland to Prince Edward Island. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and resolutions of thanks to the delegates and of endorsation of the tunnel scheme were passed. Still these 'nearly all the members of the Legislature' could have done something much more effective. If they had pledged themselves to support a union of their Province with Nova Scotia or New Brunswick or both, and thus do away with the expense of keeping up their separate legislature, executive and lieutenant-governorship as a partial contribution to the expenses of the tunnel, that Charlottetown mass meeting would have had a far greater effect on the progress of the movement."

THE BEST COLONISTS

CANADA desires good colonists from Great Britain, while Great Britain desires only to lose her more shiftless citizens. Hence, there is a different view of the present migration. Canada thinks the quality should be improved, while the London *Morning Post* says the colonies are rather too exacting in their desire to be populated by the best of the race. There is no sentiment on either side. Canada wants the colonists because they will help her development; Great Britain wants to get rid of certain classes because they are a nuisance and an expense.

The proper method for America is to decide to accept only such colonists as have been "selected." These should be taken in hand and distributed where they will do best for themselves and best for the country. Moreover, their initial efforts should be directed and guided by the Government, capital being advanced where necessary. This is the only sane and successful method, and New Zealand is the only colony which has yet adopted it.

Photo by Steele & Co. MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, LOOKING NORTH FROM PORTAGE AVE.

THE POPULATION OF THIS CITY OF THE PLAINS HAS ALMOST DOUBLED IN TWO YEARS. IT IS NOW ESTIMATED AT 100,000

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Winnipeg in 1904

By A. F. B. CLARK

IN speaking of Winnipeg one falls naturally into a statistical vein. Other Canadian cities have been described without the aid of an Arabic numeral, but a page of literature about Winnipeg usually resembles a table of logarithms. Its history is a series in geometrical progression, and its young men and maidens have an unholy grasp of the conditions of the realty market. Consequently, the outsider has a very nebulous idea of Winnipeg as a city of men; its "veined humanity" scarcely glimmers through crepuscular phrases like "the gateway of the West," "the *entrepot* of a vast and fertile country." We think of Winnipeg too much from a geographical or a commercial point of view. We ask too few human questions about it, as to what its streets and houses and stores are like, whether it is kind to strangers, how it amuses itself, how it compares with other cities? It is time that Canadians took a more than utilitarian interest in our galaxy of young cities, and that the personality of each one should be studied and understood. Some attempt has been made to do this for Winnipeg in the following series of impressions of one who visited Winnipeg during the summer of 1904. Of course, it would be too heterodox altogether to dispense entirely with statistics when speaking of Winnipeg; therefore they will be inserted in the right place, along with a short account of the city's growth.

On a bright July morning, we arrived in Winnipeg. Just after passing the huge, hump-backed, gray buildings of the Ogilvie Milling Co.—around which the air is pleasantly odorous with flour—the train drew up across Main St., which runs north and south at right angles to the tracks. The city received us in its shirt sleeves, so to speak—to the south of the tracks a chaos of men, teams, spades, mud was gradually shaping itself into the rough lines of the subway, where Main St. will dip under the C.P.R. tracks. To the east of Main stood the vacated C.P.R. station awaiting demolition, and south of it another chaos of toil where the new C.P.R. depot and hotel will in less than two years form a fitting vestibule and hostelry for Winnipeg. The cost of the hotel alone will approximate $1,250,000, and it will

INTERIOR OF FORT GARRY BEFORE 1870

WINNIPEG—LOOKING NORTH FROM MERCHANTS BANK

be a worthy rival to the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec and the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal. While Winnipeg is setting her house in order, however, tickets are bought in unpainted wooden sheds, and often a traveller has to walk a quarter of a mile down the tracks to another shed to get his baggage. No patriotic Canadian grumbles, however, because all is a sign of growth, of a metropolis germinating, a giant casting off his swaddling clothes and proudly fitting together his manhood's armour.

BANK OF COMMERCE AND MERCHANTS BANK

Walking down Main St., the visitor steps where years ago Dominion Government surveyors laid out a thoroughfare two chains in width, planning for a mighty city. This street is the broadest thoroughfare in Canada, and as broad as any business street in the world. Main proceeds by bends, and the business heart of the city is hidden from the traveller, who traverses

a half-mile of second-rate hotels and stores, till he turns a corner and beholds the nucleus of Winnipeg and the future Wall Street of Canada. He is struck by two features of the business centre—the brightness of the buildings and the isolation of the tall ones. The business blocks do not attain a mean level, but a few edifices tower here and there above their fellows as though to mark the lines of the city's growth for all time.

CITY HALL

To the right, the ten-storey steel-frame sky-scraper, built by the Union Bank, towers over everything in the city, over-shadowing the city hall, in front of which are flower plots and a monument to the dead of '85. Almost as prominent is the Merchants Bank, farther south on the east side; but the architectural eye will dwell with more pleasure on the artistic lines of the Bank of Commerce, the Bank of British North America and the Dominion Bank. The blending of the bright tints of these buildings—white, gray, red, terra-cotta—gives a pleasing, fresh colour effect, quite unique to one used to the sombre piles of our Eastern cities. The dry atmosphere and the absence of smoke—owing to comparative scarcity of factories—preserve the freshness of exteriors for many years. The visitor is surprised to learn that buildings apparently five or six years old date back to the boom period.

COURT HOUSE

By the time the traveller has reached the junction of Portage and Main, he has probably discovered that Winnipeg is the

WINNIPEG—MAIN STREET IN 1870

most cosmopolitan city in Canada. But the foreigner here is not picturesque; like Nature herself, he seems to have doffed his scenic properties before entering Winnipeg. The bright-shawled Italian girl, dragging a hurdy-gurdy, is not visible, and that instrument never enlivens the scene. Nor do we see here the gaudy-blanketed and painted Indian who lends a grotesque dash of colour to the streets of other Western towns. The visitor who has inquired in vain for information from the foreigner, will conclude he is only a nuisance; but he is evidently here to stay. In four Winnipeg churches the service is carried on in German, in two it is conducted in Icelandic, in two Swedish is the prevailing tongue. Besides, there are Galician and Polish missions, and in St. Boniface, a large French cathedral. All of which indicates a city which, for its population, is fairly polyglot.

Portage Avenue diverges from Main Street at an angle of about 70°, paralleling the Assiniboine as far west as Portage la Prairie, whence it gets its name. It is interesting because it proves a theorem, namely, that towns almost universally grow westward. In fact, the pressing on ever to the West seems to be a deep instinct in the human heart. The great historical *Völkerwanderungen* have been westward, and westward grows the smallest hamlet that doesn't buck up against a hill in its path. Some wise men, who had studied history, prophesied that the shopping of the future would be done on Portage Ave. rather than on Main St., which would become the financial artery. The part of the Avenue within the city limits taps the residential section between the Assiniboine and the C.P.R. tracks,

MASONIC TEMPLE

the electric cars run out for several miles of its length, and tributary lines from outlying residential sections cross it at intervals. Now, that Winnipeg is growing westward may be seen by a glance along Portage Ave. from Main, for as the growth of the western city is so the growth of its great backbone will be. The prophets foretold true things, for large buildings are going up all along Portage, the most notable being that of the T. Eaton Co., which will occupy a block. The Manitoba *Free Press*, the great paper of the West, will soon have a new sanctum on Portage, and already the Avenue has several handsome buildings, among them the Y.M.C.A., the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the Clarendon Hotel. The Avenue is asphalted, two chains in width, and when flanked for miles with immense retail blocks and humming with thousands of shoppers, will be one of the finest business thoroughfares in the world. If the rumour that the Grand Trunk Pacific will have its Winnipeg terminals far west on Portage be true, the growth of the Avenue will be greatly accelerated, and in five or six years it will present a strange contrast to the old trail of the '70's.

SOUTH SIDE OF ASSINIBOINE AVE.

At the junction of Portage and Main newsboys cluster and the Easterner tenders a copper for a paper whose price is marked "One Cent." The western contempt for coppers may as well be learnt sooner or later, and the buyer pays five cents for his daily news. But there is another side to the transaction. The Easterner is surprised to learn that three papers or one go for the same price. That is the spirit of the West—full and heaping measure, but no small sales.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S STORES

Some day a tally-ho will meet all trains and drive visitors bravely around Winnipeg. That will be the day when Winnipeg has time to entertain visitors with sight-seeing— and the

WINNIPEG—VIEW OF CATTLE YARDS

sights to show them. At present the city is deficient in what the guide-books rather concisely call "points of interest." If you take a south-bound car, you will come presently to Winnipeg's one pregnant ruin —Fort Garry Gate. It stands in a little enclosure just north of the Street Railway Co.'s power-house on the Assiniboine. The city caresses its one landmark lovingly with grass plots and girdles it with an iron fence. Here the visitor who will now have seen enough of Winnipeg to understand its present-day significance, will do well to sit down on a bench under the shadow of the old gate and, on the spot where Winnipeg began, muse on its remarkable history.

MANITOBA UNIVERSITY

Winnipeg is an Indian word which, being interpreted, means "Muddy Waters." No one who knows Winnipeg will deny the pictorial realism of the epithet "muddy" as applied to either water or land in its vicinity. But the student of

THE GRAND STAND AT THE WINNIPEG FAIR

place names will discover a deeper significance in the adjective. "Muddy" seems to preface the names of many places destined to grow and multiply. "Muddy York" of the early nineteenth century is Toronto of the twentieth. This may satisfy some that there is a cabalistic reason for Winnipeg's growth. But in the year 1869, when twenty small structures, containing 100 souls, clustered near the old H.B. Co.'s fort, whose gateway alone remains, it would have taken a seer's vision to picture a city of 75,000 souls teeming there within 35 years. Hundreds of miles from any American city, more than a thousand miles from the nearest Canadian city, without railway communication with either of these, rebellion and all the other "growing pains" of a young settlement were experienced. It is with a quickened sense of the irony of life that one reads the account, penned by an eye-witness, of how Sir John A. Macdonald was burnt in effigy by ardent Reformers in the streets of Winnipeg in these early days, a few years before his railway scheme made Winnipeg's destiny sure and swift.

In the upbuilding of a town, as in the starting of a machine, the prime difficulty is to overcome the initial inertia. When that is done with unhealthy haste, you have a "boom." The Winnipeg boom of the '80's is to a Winnipegger "the boom" *par excellence*. It was caused, if booms can be analysed, by good times, promise of railways, and the increasing knowledge of the fertile plains on whose periphery Winnipeg stands. In 1878, the town's population was 6,500, and in that year rail communication with Emerson near the American boundary was obtained. In 1880, the population was 12,000—the inrush had begun. In 1882, the population of four years before had been quadrupled—had leapt from 6,500 to 25,000. The historic winter of '82-'83, when fortunes were made in an evening, and real estate offices were a sight to behold as gesticulating land agents pointed out desirable lots on the map, was followed by the inevitable reaction. In 1886, the population had dropped to 19,000—6,000 subtracted in three years. Statistics like that are almost exciting.

The boom played havoc with the local

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

prophets of the early '80's, who fixed the population at 100,000 for 1890. Still, Winnipeg recovered from the boom, and the rest of the tale is written, fascinatingly, in immigration pamphlets, and more indelibly, in the streets of Winnipeg.

Let us take a car and see more of these streets. The asphalted street, two chains wide, running west from Main just north of the old gate, is Broadway. On a clear, dry day, the clean pavement, the green lawns, the shady, ash-leaved maples, and the long vista of rails bordered by boulevards in the centre of the avenue, make a picture delightful to the eye. The absence of noble trees is not so noticeable here, the street being of that trim, urbane kind that is pleasant rather than beautiful.

"RAVENSCOURT"—RESIDENCE OF STEWART TUPPER

Many comfortable residences bordering the avenue peer through the trees from little turrets, and the preponderance of wood as a building material reminds one of American cities. Indeed, more wooden houses in proportion to its size are noticeable in Winnipeg than in far Western towns. This is partly owing to comparative scarcity of other building materials, partly to the greater warmth obtainable from wooden structures, which permit the construction of air chambers. Domestic architecture here is rather indifferent. Hitherto contractors have been rather dual characters, uniting with their main duties those of the architect, and some tasteless work has resulted. But eastern architects of good repute are opening offices in Winnipeg, and already several beautiful residences, among them that of Mr. Stewart Tupper, K.C., are to be seen. The monotonous squareness of many of the dwellings is owing to the need for facilitating house-heating in the bitter Winnipeg winters.

OGILVIE MILLING COMPANY

Across the Assiniboine are some fine residential streets in the district known as Fort Rouge. At River Park, the car stops to let out those who want to see the animals, for no city is complete without a "Zoo," and Winnipeg has an embryonic one here. A little farther we come to the terminals of the line, and crossing the Red River on foot by a pontoon bridge, we enter "Elm Park." Here on a spoon-shaped peninsula formed by a loop of the Red River, grow some elms which redeem Winnipeg's reputation for arboreal poverty. These two spacious parks are the only playgrounds the Winnipegger has at his back door—although many pretty, umbrageous little breathing spots act as lungs for different parts of the city—and the man with an eye for Nature will at this stage ask his native friend how he can live in such a bare city—flat, without noble trees or noble waters. To this question the native will give a reply like that of the Alpine recluses who disgusted Ruskin by saying: "We do not come here to look at the mountains." The Winnipeggers are not looking for scenery —a page of bank clearings or a list of building permits is more grateful to their

eyes than a pamphlet on summer resorts. And who shall blame them? Great inventors and writers have remained closeted for weeks and months till they were delivered of the children of their brain. A man realising a great idea does not go summering at a spa. So a city whose avowed aim is to build itself into the metropolis of a Dominion in thirty years does not waste much consideration on the ornamental.

Winnipeg is a city where one lives on schemes, on ideas, on projects and on the excitement of executing them; it is for the mathematician, the man who loves to work out problems, to speculate on probabilities, to digest statistics; it is not for the tired æsthete who is resting on the laurels of his achievement, and seeking to enjoy a rich, coloured life. Thus it is that in the sitting-rooms of Winnipeg boarding-houses groups of young men are seen excitedly discussing great and glorious business schemes—how they are going to monopolise the school supply business in the country districts, how much of the province they can canvass in their "holidays" for some concern, and how they can wedge in here or there. To show how absorbed the people are in "business," I may say that one evening, as I rode in a street car along Main St., I was speaking to a friend about the old days of Fort Garry, when a citizen, who had evidently seen me wave my hand over some vacant land, sidled up and hinted that, being an old inhabitant, he could give me any information desired. I thought I might get some tales of rebel days, and put well-calculated questions. His face became suspicious and suddenly he asked right from the shoulder, "Are you a buyer?" Indiscreetly I said I was not, and he shuffled into a corner. His object in life was to sell his land, and to that end only was he an old inhabitant. Of course, his churlishness was not characteristic of the people of Winnipeg, who are the kindest and most sociable in the world, but his exalted idea of "business," his projection of it into everything else, was a mark of the city he lived in.

Winnipeg, however, has some beautiful resorts farther away than its suburban parks. Rat Portage, from which different points on the far-famed Lake of the Woods are reached by steamer, is a five hours' railway journey from town, and many summer houses have been erected on the lake by the citizens. Nearer is Winnipeg Beach, a crescent of sandy shore on Lake Winnipeg, 50 miles north of the city, and reached by a branch line of the C. P. R. built two years ago. Other resorts on Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba are being opened up.

Along Princess St., and between Main and the Red River, stretches the wholesale section of Winnipeg. The monstrous, white brick warehouses, wherein are stored the products of the East waiting to be far-flung over the great West between the 49th parallel and the Arctic, have reminded one writer of the great white edifices of Russian cities. Here are seen the familiar names of Montreal and Toronto houses, who have realised the advantage of having branches in Winnipeg, instead of relying solely on sample rooms and commercial travellers.

Ten years ago few thought that manufactures would develop soon in Winnipeg. Now this is not so certain. Breweries, foundries, planing mills, lithographing establishments, soap and furniture factories, are a few of the manufacturies already on the ground. Winnipeg will yet cap herself with smoke. There is talk of utilising a downward incline on the Assiniboine by tapping it just where it makes a loop, and thus causing a greater down-grade. Whether this idea will ever bring water power is problematic, but at Lac le Bonnet works which are to supply Winnipeg with power from the Winnipeg River are already in progress.

But a feature of Winnipeg which will probably cause the visitor most surprise is the number and size of the public schools. Thirty-three years ago the city had one school, one teacher, and thirty pupils. To-day there are eighteen schools, 151 teachers, and 10,500 pupils. These buildings are handsomely built, well heated and ventilated, and are surrounded each by two acres of playground. Higher education is cared for by the University of Manitoba and the affiliated denomi-

national colleges, Wesley, Manitoba, St. John's and St. Boniface.

While the writer was in Winnipeg, two great congresses of men and women, of national importance, and representing the two lines of national growth, the material and the spiritual, were held there, thus indicating what an important centre Winnipeg already is. These two were the Dominion Exhibition and the Dominion Educational Association's convention. Here, in one week, were gathered leading Canadian educationists, studying the ways of giving an intellectual uplift to the nation's life; here were buildings bright with shrewdly-arranged exhibits of Canadian manufactures, sheds filled with the best Canadian live stock, rooms smiling with the handiwork of Canadian school children; here were thousands of Canadian farmers, proudly exhibiting the best vegetables and grains in the world; here were fruits and minerals from Canada's beautiful Pacific province, and deft examples of her foreign population's skill —and all this in a city which thirty-five years ago was an unknown name to the inhabitants of Ontario and Quebec.

On Sunday morning the chiming bells of St. Boniface will call the visitor over to that quiet French village across the river. He will have to walk, for on Sunday street cars do not run in Winnipeg. The only interesting thing about St. Boniface is that its bells were immortalised by Whittier. Otherwise it is dead and unpicturesque. But here the visitor may sit down and look across the river at a town that is not dead, but keen as a live wire, the youngest of the world's great cities, one more ganglion in the great co-ordinating system of the human world. And over the river, into the vibrant young town, the "Bells of St. Boniface" ring quaintly and soothingly.

THE NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING

STATISTICS OF WINNIPEG.*—Population, 90,000; number of miles asphalt pavements, 17¼; number of miles macadam pavements, 33; number of miles block pavements, 16; number of miles boulevards, 54; number of miles stone sidewalks, 22¾; number of miles plank sidewalks, 190; number of miles sewers, 84; number of miles watermains, 95; number of miles wiring for electric lighting of streets, 85; number of miles street railway, 30; number of miles graded streets, 138; number of arc lights, 365; number of hydrants, 623; area of parks in acres, 316; assessed value of parks, $137,000; rate of taxation 1904, 17 mills; value of new buildings erected in 1904, $9,500,000; assessable property 1903, $36,273,400; assessable property 1904, $48,214,950; area of city in acres, 12,750.

*Supplied by C. J. Brown, City Clerk.

ROBERT TAIT MCKENZIE, M.D.

Canadian Celebrities

NO. 61—ROBERT TAIT McKENZIE, M.D.

DR. Robert Tait McKenzie, the new Director of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, was born at Almonte, Ontario, Canada, May 26, 1867, the son of the late Rev. William McKenzie, a Presbyterian minister. He was prepared at the Almonte High School and at the Ottawa Collegiate Institute. In the fall of 1885 he entered McGill University, Montreal, Canada. In 1889 Dr. McKenzie graduated Bachelor of Arts; three years later he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at McGill.

During the year following his graduation in medicine he served as house surgeon, or resident, at the Montreal General Hospital. In the summer of 1893 he was ship surgeon on board the "Lake Superior," of the Beaver Passenger Line, running from Liverpool to Montreal. His official connection with McGill University began in 1894, when he received the appointment of assistant demonstrator of anatomy. He soon became demonstrator, and then senior demonstrator; and just prior to his acceptance of his chair at Pennsylvania he was elected lecturer in anatomy at McGill. He withdrew before entering upon his duties. At present in his position as director of physical education at Pennsylvania he occupies a chair in the Faculty of the College Department.

As an athlete, Dr. McKenzie has played a prominent part in amateur contests in

BAS-RELIEF OF LAMPMAN

the Dominion, especially in gymnastic work, in the broad and high jumps and in the high hurdles. At McGill in 1887 he won the Junior all-around gymnastic contest; in 1889 he won the same event for Seniors and the Wicksteed medal. In 1888 he won the high jump and high hurdles, and in 1889 he won the high jump twice in open games. The following year he won the high jump five times in open competition and cleared 5 feet 9 inches, as McGill representative, at the University of Toronto. Dr. McKenzie managed McGill's Varsity eleven in 1891, and for two years was a member of the tug-of-war team.

Dr. McKenzie has written much for publication. His papers in the main combine the thoughts of the medical man and athletic director who seeks to make suggestions for the benefit of athletes, for men who need prescribed exercise and for those afflicted with physical deformity, or to draw conclusions from his study of those classes. His technical articles have appeared in periodicals of high standing, such as the *British Medical Journal*, *Journal of Anatomy*, *Montreal Medical Journal* and *Popular Science Monthly*. Among the best known of his contributions are "Therapeutics of Exercise," "Accurate Measurement of Lateral Curvature," "Influence of School Life on Curvature of the Spine," "The Place of Physical Training in School Systems," "Treatment of Spinal Deformities by Exercise," "Relation of Thoracic Type to Chest Capacity," "The Anatomical Characteristics of Speed Skaters" and "Notes on Dissection of Club Feet." In several other popular journals, notably *Outing* and one or two European publications, Dr. McKenzie has presented articles which attracted considerable attention not only among lay readers but among medical men, for the subjects were those which seemed outside the domain of medicine and yet, on second reading, were found to be directly allied to it, through Dr. McKenzie's novel construction of his subject. "Breathlessness and Fatigue" formed the basis for one article and "Expression of the Face in Violent Effort" was the basis for another. The latter appeared in *Outing* a few years ago and was illustrated by a series of bas-reliefs made by him. The reliefs were faces of athletes finishing distance runs under stress of fatigue and excitement, and they were startling in their portrayals of violent effort as evinced by the facial muscles.

In the minds of those conversant with the work done in the past ten years by physical directors who have developed on the intelligent and broad standards set by Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard, it is quite patent that Dr. McKenzie represents something more than a former all-around gymnast and athlete, or merely a conventional athletic director or medical specialist. From the time, ten years ago, when he assumed charg at McGill University as physical director, he has progressed with an initiative entirely his own; and the results achieved came because of his intelligent, persevering work and resourceful, comprehensive and constructive methods. To-day at McGill the thousand and more accurately compiled measurements and tests of athletes are there because they were recorded by Dr. McKenzie. In 1895 the Doctor established his system of compulsory examinations and measurements—to be exact, we should say, "his

THE SPRINTER

THE ATHLETE—FRONT VIEW

system of medical supervision and anthropometrical observations"—at McGill. It was the inauguration in Canada of the Sargent system with a few original modifications. Immediately came an awakening throughout the central portions of the Dominion in physical and athletic training controlled and conducted on rational lines. The Montreal High School at once adopted Dr. McKenzie's plans.

The astonishing phase of his work has been his ability to perpetuate in art the American—or Canadian—athlete. Art has been the Doctor's "amiable weakness." Early developing an artistic trend he turned out a considerable amount of work in water-colour, mostly landscapes. When he became, after 1895, engrossed in the development of the athlete, it was unconsciously impressed upon him that "all sorts and conditions of men" offered unusual artistic studies from the standpoint of the anatomist. For years, by close personal observations and by photographs, the Doctor gradually formulated his ideas —his athletic types, so to speak—and when the opportunity came he modelled an athlete in clay, a figure that was in its pose and conception a novelty to sculptors. Is it not quite astonishing to read of a man who without the slightest aid from a master, with but slight encouragement from those who could have advised, labouring under the stress of adverse criticisms,—is it not astonishing to learn that Dr. McKenzie modelled in clay the figure of an athlete and actually had it accepted by the highest boards of criticisms, those of the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon? The reproductions accompanying this article show three bits of Dr. McKenzie's art—an art that is a natural outcropping, naturally directed and naturally successful. His "Sprinter," the bronze figure of an athlete starting in the hundred-yard dash, was his first effort. Why it was made, and how it was made, is an interesting story.

Dr. Paul Phillips, director at Amherst, had compiled in 1901 a table of measurements of eighty-nine champion sprinters of the past decade. It occurred to Dr. McKenzie that an average of the measures of these athletes, interesting in itself, deserved to be perpetuated or emphasised other than on paper, and in a pose unusual but characteristic, that of a sprinter at the mark. Dr. McKenzie determined to model such a figure; he realised his ignorance of the technique of clay modelling, but he had faith in his knowledge of anatomy, and he was familiar with the poses of athletes. He began work. Dr. Phillips' table of measurements was the basis for proportion, but in addition to that the McGill sprinters posed for the Doctor, and, through many weary months evinced almost as much interest in the

THE ATHLETE—SIDE VIEW

growing figure in clay as he himself evinced. The "Sprinter" gradually assumed shape. Passing comments by those of art circles who dropped in casually to see the Doctor were to the effect that: "The thing can never be done; you're after a mere phase, not a real thing; and you won't get it." In a year's time, despite all sorts of discouragements, the "Sprinter" was completed. Said Dr. McKenzie to the writer:

"Just to see what those people down there would think of the 'Sprinter,' I sent it in 1902 to the Society of American Artists in New York. It was then in plaster. They accepted it and exhibited it. Then I had it cast in bronze and shipped it in 1903 to London, to the Royal Academy. It seemed to be welcome. Next, I took heart and sent it to the French Salon in 1904, and, strange as it may seem, it was accepted by that body and received a complimentary review."

Dr. McKenzie's next work was the "Athlete," a reproduction of which in front and side views accompanies this article. In 1900 the Society of College Gymnasium Directors, of which he is now president, decided to award a trophy to that institution which turned in the highest total of points scored in strength-test by the fifty strongest athletes at the respective institutions. In deciding upon a trophy the committee at once selected one of their own number, Dr. McKenzie, to create something for the contest. From the lists handed in by various institutions —by the way, Columbia won the trophy —the Doctor took a list of four hundred strong men and the photographs of the two strongest men at Columbia and the four strongest at Harvard, and averaged the measurements. He began work on the composite figure early in 1902 and finished it in 1903; the figure was at once accepted as the trophy by the Directors, and has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and Salon. It represents an ideal athlete testing his grip by a dynamometer. This figure, like the "Sprinter," is one-fourth life size. Last spring Philadelphians had opportunity to view the two bronzes at the exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts, where Dr. McKenzie exhibited his work by request of the Academy. He has worked to some extent in bas-relief. We reproduce a bas-relief by him of the Canadian poet Archibald Lampman (1861-1899), a close friend of the Doctor's. In 1904, one of Dr. McKenzie's reliefs, a portrait of a young lady in Montreal, was exhibited at the Salon. His latest figure, the "Boxer," is now nearing completion. Dr. McKenzie was in Paris for three months in the early summer working in an atelier studying something that until then he had no opportunities to acquire—a knowledge of the technique of sculpture. The "Boxer" is the figure of a young athlete warding off a blow with his right and swinging into his opponent's body with his left arm.

Thomas B. Donaldson.

A Tale of Two Dogs

By CY WARMAN, Author of "The Sorrow of a Setter," "The Persecution of a Pup," etc.

ONE day the sea slipped back down the Lynn Canal, leaving a wreck of an old scow careening on the mud flats at the mouth of the Skaguay River. Out of the scow came a couple of prospectors, Burke and Sandy, leading a pair of pups, happy, romping little beggars who were not old enough to grieve for their mother, who had been thrown from the upper deck of the *'City of Seattle"* as she came rolling through Queen Charlotte Sound.

Weeks went by, and the two pups played about on the mud flats where Burke and Sandy had made camp, to be near the scow from which they were outfitting for the Klondike.

Months passed, the pups waxed fat and fine, frolicking always and making

friends among the cooks about the back doors of the eating tents. If you stopped over night at Skaguay in '97, you knew Tom and Jerry, but you would not know one from the other. Only Burke and Sandy knew that. They knew by the absent toe that had been caught in a steel trap, that Tom was Tom.

Among the many tricks these intelligent dogs learned without being taught was the sham battle. For instance, if Tom and Jerry were strolling down Fifth Avenue, dodging stumps and leaping over logs, and happened upon a lone, defenceless dog with a good bone, they would jostle each other as if to say, "Do you see?" Then they would turn and trot past the other dog. If he said nothing, they would go about and pass a little nearer. This time the lone dog would resent the intrusion, grab his bone and growl. That was the signal. Instantly Tom and Jerry would fly at each other, furiously, snapping, barking and actually rolling over each other. Now there's one thing which dogs can't resist. That's a dog fight. They drop everything, just as men do, to go and hang on the ropes at the ring-side. So it invariably happened, that the dog, off his guard, would drop his bone and join in the fight. It also happened, with unvarying regularity, that the moment the outsider came in, one of the twins would engage him while the other made off with the bone, to be followed shortly by his brother, no matter which way the fight went.

To be sure they did other tricks, such as lifting a pot of beans from a camp fire and cooling it in the snow, far from the vulgar gaze of man.

Tom and Jerry were scarcely grown, when one day—one scant day, when the round, red sun swung across the canal for an hour or two, Tom and Jerry, on an eight-dog team, pointed their fine noses up the cañon. Up the gulch, over White Pass, by Lake Linderman, across Lake Bennet and down the Yukon they travelled, footsore and sometimes hungry. Out of the open mouth of the Hootalinqua a howling blizzard blew, filling the trail, confusing the dogs, and blinding the drivers.

For eight days the pilgrims plodded through the drifts. The sharp snow, driven by the mighty Mudjekeewis, cut like hail into the faces of the fortune-hunters, faring slowly toward the rainbow's tip. The grub ran low. The dogs were down to dried fish, save when a spent dog died, and then—but let us skip that part of the story.

One by one the dogs went down. Burke had measles and Sandy scurvy.

When the storm had spent its fury and the stingy sun grinned for a few hours on the southern horizon, they trudged on. The sun swung higher and higher each day, driving the cold north, but filling the air with a gray mist that hung like a funeral pall over the river and blotted out the bluffs. The snow became moist. The snow balled between Tom's toes in the forenoon and froze in the afternoon. The dog grew lame and sick. At night he had scarcely strength left to chew his frozen fish, and when an ill-bred husky grabbed his share the lame dog let it go.

Sandy said Tom had distemper and gave him sulphur in snow-water, because there was no milk.

"Give you ten for that dead dog," called a passing pilgrim, pointing to old Tom, who lay on a snow-drift near the camp fire.

The look he got from Sandy sent him on about his business, swearing at his starving dogs who were dragging hard at a long sled. He figured that the lame dog would keep his alive until he reached Selkirk.

Burke and Sandy sat staring at each other, each frightened at the awful scars the storm and the trail had left upon the other's face.

"Shall we blow him out and cache him decent and deep so the ghouls won't get him, or shall we give him one more show?" asked Burke.

"We'll do no murder," said Sandy.

Jerry was unusually "scrappy" that night. He seemed to have words with almost every dog in the team.

For days following this critical moment in Tom's career, he limped along the uneven trail by day and lay on a snowdrift at night. His scant portion of frozen fish (though always warmed for him) he left untouched, to be contended for by the

abler dogs of the team. Burke and Sandy observed this and wondered how long it would take the poor dog to die. Each day, when about to set out, Sandy, who was in charge of the commissariat, always put a bit of jerked beef in his top coat pocket to nibble at when the hunger hurt. Always he gave a piece to Burke. Often Sandy, who was still sick of scurvy, would not touch his beef during a whole day's march, but on the morrow he would miss it from his pocket. At first he tried not to think of it. He had loved Burke as a brother and was slow to accuse him. One night he watched as long as he could keep awake, but Burke slept the sleep of the virtuous. When Sandy woke he looked for the dried beef, but it was not there. Sandy was furious, not because of the beef, but because of the crime. He walked over to where Burke still snored in his blankets. As he gazed upon the face of his companion, Sandy had hard work to keep his feet still. It seemed he must kick the life out of Burke. To prevent this he turned away. "Le'mme see," said Sandy. "Did I eat it myself? No. Did I touch it at all? No. Did I—O, Sandy Macpherson, ye fool! Ye had no beef yesterday, at all."

Sandy had the coffee cooking when Burke woke. Both men had been feeling the effect of the good warm sun that was beginning to peep over the tree-tops at noon. But poor Tom seemed on his last legs. It was manifest to the miners that the dog must soon take a short turn for better or worse. As usual Tom refused his fish, but managed to take a few bullit-biscuits soaked in coffee.

That day the miners made a bed for Tom on the top of the sled, and there he lay until they made camp again. While Burke boiled water, Sandy saw Jerry steal a bit of dried beef from Sandy's coat pocket so deftly, that the young Scotchman forgot to kick him. To the amazement of the miners the dog did not gulp the beef down, but carried it over and placed it between Tom's two front feet, glancing over his shoulder to warn the others to keep back. When the lame dog had thawed the morsel out on his parched tongue, chewed it and swallowed it, Jerry sauntered over to the other side of the fire to allow the dogs to come and satisfy themselves that there was no beef in sight. Jerry buried a fish bone under the very eyes of the entire company and while the gang hunted for it he stole back to the coat to see if he had overlooked anything. Sandy touched Burke as Jerry poked his nose toward the pocket, but Jerry saw that they were watching him and passed the jerkie by.

Sandy put another bit of beef in the pocket. The prospectors kept watch that night, and when all the dogs, save the sick dog and his faithful brother, were sound asleep, they saw Jerry steal over to where the cache was kept. Very quietly he fished out the chip and carried it to Tom. Across the camp fire the two men smiled at each other. Then Sandy called Jerry and Jerry came crouching for he knew he had been stealing in a camp of starving men and dogs. But when the big Scot caught him in his arms and actually hugged him, he knew he had been forgiven, and in his ecstacy leapt and bounded and barked until he woke the whole camp.

The dried beef Tom had been having so nourished the spent dog, the day's rest had so helped his lame foot, that on the following day he was able to keep up with the sled. The next day he took his place in the lead. The sun shone brightly and along about noon, rounding a bend in the river they saw smoke, and there lay Fort Selkirk.

"I say, Burke," said Sandy, "do ye ken yon vision?"

"I ken," said Burke.

"Is it an angel?"

"It is not," said Burke, "but it'll do; it's a Northwest Mounted Policeman, afoot."

The Avenging of Nantloola

A Tale of the Etchemins

By REV. W. C. GAYNOR

BECAUSE his English was not the best, I will endeavour to put into conventional form, with here and there a trace of his quaint idiom, at once curt and forcible, the story which Peol told me that August night on the shore of Lake Baskahegan. Unlike the ordinary Indian guide, old Peol Toma was not by nature taciturn; his stories were, in fact, a feature of our camp life. Seated by the fire, his well-browned pipe alight with his favourite mixture of tobacco and alder leaves, he delighted to recount his own varied experiences as woodman, soldier, and tribal chief, or at my request revive the ancient traditions of his race. He was an example of the compelling power of racial and family tradition. As lineal descendant of a long line of chiefs, he had received in his youth from the aged members of his family this sacred deposit of tribal history and folk-lore; and his portative memory could accordingly reproduce with wonderful minuteness of detail, events that dated back to the very beginnings of his tribe, the Etchemins of Passamaquoddy.

I lay on a rug at the door of my tent, while Peol, who despised tents and canvas, sat on the other side of the fire. Below us the lake shimmered and silvered in the moonlight, except where the frown of Abedegasset—ancient burial place of the 'Quoddies—darkened the waters. We were surely encamped on historical ground, and as the deep tones of the old chief carried me back through the centuries, my fancy peopled lake and shore with the savage men and women of his tale.

"Long ago, before the white man came to spoil good hunting," he began, the play of the blaze lighting up his rugged features, "my tribe lived on this lake in summer; not all of them, for some were on the big rivers, and some were down by the sea; but the old people and children stayed mostly here. This was their camping ground where we lie, and over there where that great rampike faces the moon, my grandfather's great-grandfather —"

"How long ago was that, Peol?" I interrupted; the Indian liked one to show interest in his stories.

"We be a long-lived race," he rejoined. "I am seventy-five, and my father died at eighty. His father was a very old man, for I remember the story he told me when I was a boy and afraid of panthers.

"Frenchmen were down by the sea at that time," he continued, "and their missionaries had been among us. But the English, with their axes and shovels, had not yet come to spoil our hunting and dam our lakes.

"In those days, when our old people with the women and children were here in summer camp, Nantloola was the good angel of the place. She was the daughter of a chief, and was young and pleasant to look at; and she had lent the readiest ear, of all our women, to the missionaries. Everywhere she brought comfort to the hearts of the sick and the aged; and because that was something new the aoutmoin, or sorcerers, were jealous, and even Indian women were sometimes rude and gruff toward her. They said it would not end well for a young girl to depart from the customs of her people. But Nantloola had listened to the words of the missionaries, and so she went on doing good.

"One bosom friend she had, Guescha, daughter of the head chief. They had grown up together and were like sisters, only Guescha could never be persuaded to go about among the sick as Nantloola did. Guescha loved her friend so well, nevertheless, that she had chosen her in

her own mind to be the wife of Malpooga, her brother.

"Nantloola will get over all this strange work when she has a husband and children of her own to care for," she said to herself. There was time enough yet, for they were all three young, but Guescha was the oldest.

"What Malpooga thought of his sister's designs, even if he was aware of them, I cannot say. He was at best a heedless fellow, fond of hunting, and would rather trail the fox to its den or the lynx to its lair than lie around camp, making faces at the girls. Only once did Guescha see him show any sign of preference for Nantloola, and then she was so cross at his neglect of herself that she could not, till long afterwards, decide whether it was by accident or liking—or both—that he acted as he did. It happened that the three of them were crossing the lake together in the same canoe when a sudden squall struck them, and before they could regain control of their canoe they were upset and struggling in the waves. Malpooga's strong arms were soon bearing up the light and delicate Nantloola, while the more robust and vigorous Guescha was left to save herself. Her brother's evident indifference to herself when her friend was in danger angered her beyond all reason. With a few vigorous strokes she regained the canoe and, mounting its upturned bow, steered it laboriously to the rescue of the others. At the same time, in her anger, she ceased not to lash the unfortunate Malpooga with her tongue, nor did she spare the drowning Nantloola, but called her names that I should have some trouble to put into English; for Guescha was a Pagan, after all, and of a birchbark temper. Then, when with help from the shore they reached one of those islands which you see darkening the moonlight, she sobbed over Nantloola, believing her to be dead. Nantloola revived, however, for fate had worse in store for her. Subsequently, to prove his love for his sister, Malpooga brought her a young bear-cub, and afterward a young deer. But he also brought Nantloola the left hind hoof of a moose for a charm.

"Malpooga they called him, Man of the Broad Shoulders. His father was broad-shouldered and his father's father before him, and —"

Shaking his coat from his own great shoulders, Peol arose and with a dignified gesture said, "There are Malpooga's shoulders. They came down to me from Malpooga, killer of panthers, and my tribe call me Malpooga to this day."

Then I understand that his story related to one of his forbears of the olden times, and I got a glimpse of a Sagamore's pride of race. Instinctively I sat up and bowed my head in unquestioning interest.

Refilling his pipe, he resumed his seat and story:—"One evening at this time of the year, when the glister of the water was reflected on the faces of the children as they slept on the beach, Nantloola went to visit an aged couple who lived outside the encampment a little way down the lake. The old man was subject to fits, from which no power of the aoutmoin, or sorcerers, could deliver him. They had cried 'ooescouzy, ooescouzy,' 'he is sick, he is sick,' over him, and they had pronounced him 'very sick.' Then after the fashions of those days they breathed the chest-wind enchantment on him, but all to no purpose. Then the chief aoutmoin, seeing that all their enchantments were of no avail, decided that the sick man was inhabited by a devil, and immediately proceeded to that heroic action, the killing of Beelzebub. This was done outside the camp, for fear that the devil would choose to remain among them by entering the body of some other person. Thus it happened that Nantloola went outside the camp that August evening to visit the old sick man.

"In the morning they found her dead with a hole in her throat at the foot of that old rampike. It was not an old dead rampike then, but a vigorous pine tree, with great boughs aloft where a man could sit and smoke. It was from that basket of strong branches that the panther jumped when he killed our first Christian girl.

"The panther or catamount is the devil of the woods; stealthy, sly, and treacherous. The Indians fear him—no wonder white men call him Indian devil.

"Great was the sorrow of our people

for Nantloola; all but the sorcerers mourned for her. Yet some women shook their heads and said gravely, 'I told you so.' The chief aoutmoin openly boasted that the devil which he had chased from the body of the old man had in revenge killed the young girl. And because the sick man was actually getting better, people would have believed the sorcerer, had not the panther an evening or two afterward come near getting the aoutmoin himself at the same spot. Even when the medicine man had taken hurriedly to his canoe, the furious beast swam after him for some distance.

"The young men went out in search of the catamount and hunted far and near by daylight, but none would hunt at night. Because they only had bows and arrows and flint knives, being only youngsters and not men grown, they did not dare come to close fight with the devil of the woods at night. And Guescha, whose temper was like a pitch-pine knot, chided them and called them cowards; and then she sent a messenger to the Ouigouidi, that is the St. John River now, to her brother Malpooga, where he was spearing salmon with his father. For Malpooga was nearly a young man grown by this time, and fit to take part in expeditions.

"They buried Nantloola on Abedegasset, over there, and young and old threw a lump of clay or a green branch into the grave; for they all loved her and her father was a chief. And then the word went out from the old men that the children should not sleep by the waterside at night. Even the young men at last did all their hunting in canoes.

"When the tidings of Nantloola's death reached Malpooga, he hurried back with the messenger, leaving only a mark to inform his father whither he had gone. Guescha, accompanied by her bear, met him the third day as he drew near the lake. She was very angry and impatient, for the panther had the night before killed her beautiful fawn and would have attacked herself had she not had the bear, now grown to be a great animal, with her for protector. She did not tell Malpooga, however, that she had called the panther names to his face, and threatened him with the anger of her brother. Guescha was a chief's daughter and had a temper and tongue of her own.

"She now insisted on being her brother's companion when he should go out to slay the panther. Malpooga tried in vain to dissuade her from the undertaking, and represented to her how great the danger would be. Were it not for the steel knife which was given to him by a French officer, he would not entertain for a moment the idea of a hand-to-hand fight with this fierce devil of the woods. He was eager, however, to try his strange knife, and had great confidence in his own strength—and there was Nantloola to be avenged. And a great silence fell upon them, and Malpooga said nothing more until they reached the encampment. But before he entered his father's lodge Guescha drew up to him and with her arms around his neck told him that with Malpooga, her brother, and Macwin, her bear, to defend her, she feared no panther alive.

"It behooved them now to lose no time if they wished between them to slay the panther. The fierce animal, grown bolder because of the great terror he inspired, nightly besieged the encampment. Hardly did the sun go down before his screeches were heard in the thickets outside. He had already done to death the old couple in whose service Nantloola had lost her life, and that before they could be moved to the safety of the inner wigwams. Dogs he killed with one crunch of the backbone. Invariably his first visit every evening was to the fateful pine, and more than once some daring youngster in his canoe could discern the great eyes and tawny head as the wild beast, in the branches of the tree, watched for his prey. So great was the universal terror of his presence, that at the time of Malpooga's arrival the whole encampment was on the point of breaking up.

"Long and carefully brother and sister discussed their plans, sitting on the great log in which Macwin, the bear, had his den. Then Guescha went about her duties, while Malpooga paddled idly down the lake in his canoe.

"You have seen that big rock down there, with acres of water around it?"

Peol's digression from his direct narrative was so curt that I had only time to nod my head when he resumed.

"Long ago, before the English built the dam at the outlet of this lake, that rock was on the high ground and had many smaller rocks for companions. Now we call them Hen-and-Her-Chickens, though the old hen will never cluck her chickens nearer to her," and the old man laughed at his own simple pleasantry. "Amongst those rocks the porcupines had their homes. Only once on the Scoudic waters, when I was a boy, have I seen a caquaw equal to the porcupines of those days. I took him for a two-year-old bear, and should have shot him if my father had not stayed me. That porcupine was the father of porcupines, he said, their chief and head; and we, of all men, had the least reason to meddle with him.

"That evening between sunset and moonlight Guescha climbed the great pine, and Macwin, the bear, clambered clumsily after her. A shudder passed through her as she reached the cradle of great branches where the panther was accustomed to sit and watch, but she heeded not the stray bits of fur or the strong scent of his recent occupation of the spot. She carried no weapon, nothing but a long, wide furry thing attached to a stout stick. Seating herself without further ado in the panther's seat, she bade her companion lie down among the stronger branches below.

"The low murmur of the camps reached her; the warning call of mothers to their children, the tooting of bark horns to frighten away the fearsome panther, the hail of some belated canoeist. Sudden quiet settled over the shore and lake, as if in expectation, while the myriad sounds of the forest broke upon her to deepen the evening stillness.

"Suddenly from afar off a faint screech, like the cry of a baby, floated over the tree-tops and died away again. The bear moved uneasily, and the girl gentled him. A few minutes more of waiting and then that griding cry from the murk and darkness of the woods. Then silence, except for the re-awakened noises of the encampment and the nibbling of a porcupine in the underbrush. Again a wild, delirious screech, which rasped the ears of the cowering girl like the gride of the rough tongue of a cat on an open sore. She could hear the swift bounds of the approaching beast as it breasted the underbrush, undeterred by thought of danger. Suddenly it halted, with a low whine of surprise, and then in the moonlight Guescha caught a glimpse of a tawny form stealthily circling around the tree. In the silence that followed she could hear, all at the same time, her own heart-beat, the bear's grumble as he rose to his haunches below her, and the porcupine rustle loudly on a tree near her.

"The great cat was only reconnoitring. The mixed scent of human being, bear and porcupine, evidently annoyed him, for he halted and sniffed and twice made pretence of jumping into the tree before he actually lighted in its lowermost branches. This he did with a quick spring. Guescha's attention was now centred on the bear. At any other time she would have been amused at the queer contortion of the great animal as it strove to present the best fighting front to its adversary below and at the same time retain its position on the tree. The panther alternately snarled and purred, as if to let the bear know that it was peace or war between them, but the girl in the end. Only from the movements of Macwin's head could Guescha tell where her enemy was; for the panther crept from branch to branch, now near the trunk, now out, but all the time looking for an opening to spring past the bear. Once he made a quick bound sidewise and then upwards, but a heavy blow from the bear's paw sent him snarling down the tree. Quick as the flash on a pickerel's back he was again on the limb from which he had fallen and renewed the fight.

"Of the rest of that combat between bear and panther, Guescha could never afterward give rational account. The darkness below her was too intense for her to distinguish aught but the glaring eyes of the furious panther as he fought his uphill fight. She was beginning to hope that Macwin would repel the onset of his assailant, when the bear, losing his balance as he aimed a blow at his antagonist, fell headlong upon the latter, and both

tumbled snarling to the ground. Then for the first time the daring girl began to lose heart and incontinently gave the quick cry of an owl. She was immediately answered by the shrewish chatter of a porcupine from below.

"Meanwhile the panther having clawed himself free from the embrace of the bear, with a vicious screech projected himself again into the tree. From branch to branch he leaped, almost defeating his own purpose in the eagerness of his onset. But suddenly as he neared the top he was brought to a standstill by an unexpected obstacle. For there in the very heart of the deep gloom of the great boughs, effectually blocking his further ascent, was a giant caquaw, every spine of its back and sides bristling for defence. Its head projected beyond the trunk of the pine on the other side as if inviting attack. Now, of all the harmless and peaceable animals that make their home in the deep woods, the porcupine is the least dangerous if left alone, yet most harmful and deadly if attacked. Not a wildling of the woods but knows this and, best of all, those animals which live by blood.

"Yet here was this stupid, slow-moving porcupine blocking the way of the agile panther, furious with the expectation of blood. Twice the snarling brute essayed to pass the bristling porcupine, and twice the swing of that spiny tail met him as he came. The reach of that effective tail was something new in the experience of the woods. Only the protection of the darkness and the number of intervening branches saved the panther from being made a pincushion of spines. Yet he did not desist. On he came a third time, goaded perhaps to desperation by the very futility of his attempts to reach the girl. The porcupine's head and throat offered easy mark for his fangs, and this time the dangerous tail did not move. Bracing himself for the spring, he landed beneath the caquaw, and the next moment his teeth closed upon its yielding neck. At the same instant a human form slipped quickly from the bough, and a strong right arm drove a flashing knife deep into the heart of the devil of the woods. A yell of rage and pain from the defeated beast, a yell so loud and terrific as to bring the shrinking encampment to the doors, and then with a convulsive attempt to cling to the tree the dying panther slid to the ground.

"A word or two of quick assurance of victory from her brother, and then over the tree-tops floated to the astonished ears of the encampment Guescha's song of triumph. The story of her brother's daring deed she told there in the moonlight, little heeding whether any but himself heard her song. And then, when she had ended, the strong voice of the young man arose, also from the depths of the tree, telling the story of his sister's heroism, and he called her fit wife for the greatest chief and future mother of great warriors. For Guescha and Malpooga were still Pagans and spoke only after the manner of their race.

"Then they slid carefully down the tree, for they feared to step on the caquaw's skin which Malpooga had employed to disguise himself in; but they found it covering the dead panther's head at the foot of the tree. And Macwin, the bear, did not come out of his log for a day or two, being engaged nursing his wounds."

This was the story Peol told me that August night on Lake Baskahegan in eastern Maine, while the moonlight flooded and silvered the waters, and the old and giant tree of his tale towered above our camping place.

A Complete Rest

An Adventure on the Labrador Coast

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Hemming, the Adventurer"

THE doctor ticked off my symptoms on his fingers. "Irritability of temper. Lack of appetite. Disinclination to work."

I nodded my assent to his analysis.

"What you need," he said, "is a complete rest—months of quiet in the open air. But avoid the haunts of tourists and summer boarders. Avoid excitement."

"I have been reading an interesting article about Newfoundland and Labrador," I said. "How would a trip along those coasts do?"

"The very thing," replied the doctor. "The sea-winds, the quiet nights and days, the seclusion and peace will make a new man of you."

Two weeks later I set out for those peaceful solitudes.

My guide was Mitchell Tobin. He was full of information. What he did not claim to know of the Labrador coast, from Belle Isle to Nain, was what did not exist. His home was in Notre Dame Bay, but his ancestors had come from a verdant island that has given gaiety and raciness of speech to many parts of the globe.

Tobin and I landed from the coastal steamer at Battle Harbour, and there purchased a staunch skiff from one George Jackson, a store-keeper. I wanted to see the country (at least, the fringe of it) in a more leisurely manner than that allowed by the steamer. We were well supplied with provisions and fly-ointment. The season was August. For a whole week we had glorious weather, sailing close along the coast and among the numerous islands during the day, and camping ashore at night. After that a fog set in, and we spent two days under canvas, in the shelter of a grove of scraggy firs, or "vars." Mitchell cheered me with tales of death and disaster due to fog. The number of ships, schooner and skiff wrecks in which he had figured as sole survivor was amazing. On the third morning we awoke to find a clear sky and a visible sun. We lost little time in folding our tent and stowing everything in the skiff. Then we ran up our tan-coloured sail and continued our journey.

"If it be divarsion ye're looking for, to clane t'at fog out o' yer heart, I kin show ye some yonder," said Tobin.

He pointed to a narrow channel between two rocks—a "tickle," in the language of the country.

I looked my enquiry.

"Troutin'," he said; "finest along t'is shore."

"Can you run through?" I enquired.

"Sure," he replied. "I knows t'is coast like t'ey smilin' skippers knows Mother Canty's sheebeen i' St. John's. T'e brook be's bilin' wid trout."

"Good!" I exclaimed, "nothing would suit me better."

He headed the skiff for the narrow channel. She scudded along like a creature of life.

"I knows it like a book," remarked Tobin, complacently, as we darted between the great lumps of rock, and sighted the still water of the little cove, and the mouth of the brook. But his complacency was ill-timed, for the words had scarcely left his lips before the bottom of the skiff smashed against a submerged ledge. I was thrown violently against the tough mast, and the skilful pilot sprawled on top of me. By the time we had scrambled to our feet the wounded craft was half full of water and settling aft, preparatory to sliding off the ledge into the unknown depths.

"Howly Sint Patrick!" cried Tobin, "now ye've did it, ye divil's own lump of a rock."

"Save your breath to swim ashore with," said I.

"Swim, be it," he cried. "Begobs,

sor, ye'll have to learn me in a almighty hurry. T'e only way I kin swim be straight down."

The distance between the sinking skiff and the shore was not more than forty feet. I grabbed up my leather knapsack and hurled it toward the land-wash. It lit at the edge of the tide—the wet edge. Tobin heaved a bag of hard-bread after it. Then followed tins of meat, pots of jam, a fishing rod, and everything we could lift. Many of the articles dropped into the water not five yards from the skiff. Others landed well up the rocky beach (especially the pots of jam), and still others lit in shallow water. Then, after taking a firm grip on my guide's collar, and assuring him that I would drown him if he struggled, I slid into the water. Mitchell prayed fluently all the way, despite the fact that his face was under the water as often as above it.

Ten minutes later Mitchell Tobin sat up and looked at the spot on the placid surface of the cove where the skiff had gone down.

"Begobs," was the only appropriate sentiment he could give expression to. I did a trifle better than that; and then we gathered together the articles we had salvaged from the wreck. My companion tried to conciliate me by murmuring audible asides concerning my presence of mind in heaving the stuff ashore, and my prowess as a swimmer. But for fully a quarter of an hour I maintained a haughty and chilly demeanour.

"As you know the coast so well," I said, "please tell me how far we are from the nearest settlement?"

Mitchell seated himself on a convenient boulder and wrinkled his brows.

"T'ere be Dead Frenchman's Bight, about five mile an' twenty rod from here," he said, reflectively, "an' Nipper Drook about t'ree mile nort' o' t'at; and a mile beyand be's Penquin Rock, up Caribou Arm, where ol' Skipper Denis Malloney buil' a stage t'ree year ago, an' were all but kilt entirely by t'e fairies, an' —"

"Stow all that," I cried, "and tell me the name of the nearest harbour where we can get a boat."

"Sure, an' baint I tellin' ye."

"Can I hire a boat in Frenchman's Bight?"

"Sure," said Mitchell.

It took us just a shade over four hours to reach Dead Frenchman's Bight, in spite of the fact that Tobin had named the distance so exactly as five miles and twenty rods. We found that the place consisted of about a dozen huts and drying stages clustered around a narrow anchorage. The men were all out on the fishing-grounds, but the women made us welcome. They turned glances of wonder on the mixed condition of our outfit. I told them of the loss of our skiff, and explained our predicament. They shook their heads when I enquired of the likelihood of being able to replace the skiff, and told us that they were not "livyers," but were Conception Bay people, spending the summer on the Labrador for the fishing, and that they had barely enough boats to carry on their business with.

"Does the steamer put in here?" I asked.

"Sure," said Mitchell.

"No, sir," replied one of the women, a strapping damsel with red hair and gray eyes; "she kapes miles off shore hereabouts, because o' t'ey rocks."

She pointed to a string of barren islands several miles to seaward. They were beautiful, but not conducive to safe navigation. I vented my chagrin on Tobin.

We spent three days at Dead Frenchman's Bight, and I got some good fishing in a pond on the barren above the hamlet. Every night we had a dance in the fish store, to the music of a fiddle, an accordeon, and the shouts and whoops of the company. The tramp to Nipper Drook took up a whole morning.

"A long three miles," I remarked. Tobin eyed the landscape with a grieved and wondering regard.

"It do beat all," he said, as if the trail between the two harbours had played him a trick by stretching itself.

In Nipper Drook we found six families of "livyers," or permanent settlers, and a fore-and-aft schooner. The schooner proved to be on a trading cruise, and was northward bound. We boarded her, and

I was so charmed with the trader and his stories that I asked him to take me along as passenger, for a consideration. He agreed readily enough. So I paid Tobin his wages and something extra to get home on.

"Home," said he. "Begobs, sir, I'se going back to Dead Frenchman's Bight, to marry t'at girl wid t'e red hair." I gave him my blessing. So long as he went I did not care what he did. I felt that his society stood for an element of excitement unauthorised by my doctor.

The name of the skipper trader was Packer. He hailed from Harbour Grace. He had been in the trade for several years and was doing well at it. His crew consisted of a boy and a man. The boy did the cooking. As Packer always stood a trick himself, and the schooner seldom sailed at night, we were not so short-handed as it sounds. His stock consisted of everything from a barrel of "salt-horse" to a trowser-button, and from a grappling-anchor to a spool of thread. The articles which seemed to be in the greatest demand were oil-skin clothing, packages of tea, tobacco, ready-made boots, and hard-bread. We worked our way northward in a leisurely manner, steadily reducing our supply of groceries and dry-goods, and filling up with cured fish. In the northern bays many of our customers were half-breed and full-blooded Esquimaux. They brought furs and carved ivory for trade.

At Seldom Seen Harbour we gave a dance aboard the *Guardian Angel* (for thus had Packer's shabby little vessel been devoutly named). It was attended by all the youth, beauty and fashion of the place. The belle of the ball was Alice Twenty-Helps, a lady of mixed Micmac and Esquimaux blood. Her hyphenated surname had come to her by way of her Micmac father who had, years before, won fame on that coast by devouring twenty helpings of plum-duff at a missionary dinner. I stepped more than one measure with the fair Alice, much to the envy of Packer and the able seaman. As a mark of my appreciation I gave her a green tin box (it had once contained fifty cigarettes), a clay pipe, a patent-medicine almanac, and five pounds of tea—the last of Packer's stock. In return she presented me with a leather tobacco-bag, cleverly worked in beads and dyed porcupine quills. Next morning, amid the mournful farewells of the Seldom Seeners, we set sail on our return trip to Harbour Grace.

The weather held clear and Packer was familiar with the coast, so for a time we sailed night and day. I took my turn at the wheel and the lookout as regularly as the others. One night I was awakened by hearing Packer going up the companion-ladder. As it was not his watch on deck I dressed and followed him, to see what the matter was. The sails were flapping in just enough wind to puff them out and let them drop. The *Guardian Angel* was rolling lazily in the slow seas. The fog was down on us like a moist snow-drift. Packer was anxious.

"It's these here currents that bothers me," he said, as I joined him on the little forecastlehead.

"Why don't you heave the lead?" I suggested.

"Heave yer grandmother," he retorted. "Man, there aint no soundin's 'round here until you get right atop the rocks—an' then you know all you want to about everything but kingdom come."

"Have you logged her?" I enquired, unabashed.

"Yes, sir," he replied more affably, "an' she's making about three knots on her course. Don't know how fast she's going off it."

"Drifting?" I queried.

He nodded. "But I'm keepin' her nose fer clear water," he said.

Half an hour later the wind freshened a bit, but the fog still clung to us. As I was not on duty I sat down with my back against the harness-cask, just aft of the foremast. I fell asleep and dreamed that Mitchell Tobin and I were aboard a wooden wash-tub, steering for a narrow channel between two frowning rocks. Tobin's face wore an expression of lofty composure. He was steering with a cricket bat. "Can you make it?" I enquired, anxiously. "Sure," he replied, "don't I know every rock along t'is coast by bote names?" Then we struck, and I awoke to find myself sprawled on the trembling deck of the *Guardian Angel*. I scrambled to my

feet. Packer grabbed me by the arm. "We're sinking," he bawled. "Hump yoursel'."

I could see nothing, but the roar of surf was in my ears like unceasing thunder. The schooner bumped again, and took a sudden list to starboard. Packer and I were thrown against the rail, and nearly smothered by a great wave that dashed over us. When our heads got clear of the water we heard someone shouting that the dory had been carried away.

"We're aground, hard an' fast," exclaimed Packer. He made a line fast to a stanchion and passed it around both our waists. There we crouched, chilled to the bone and half-drowned, until morning broke gray through the fog. Peter and Mike Meehan were safe. They had tied themselves to the mainmast. The foremast was gone. Above our port bow loomed the cliff, close aboard. Spray flew above us like smoke. The seas that broke over our starboard counter had lost something of their violence. We cut our lashings and crawled forward. The roar of the surf was deafening—terrifying—the very slogan of disaster. I took a grip of Packer's belt with my left hand, not owing to physical weakness, but to a sudden feeling of terror. This passed, however, as quickly as it had come. We lay flat on the forecastlehead and looked over. The bowsprit had been carried away by the fall of the foremast. We could see that the schooner had been driven on to a submerged terrace of rock at the foot of the cliff, and that her bottom and the greater part of her starboard side had been sheered away. We looked aloft, and saw that a deep fissure zigzagged up the face of the rock.

Half an hour later we had a stout line stretched from the stump of the schooner's foremast to a jagged tooth of rock half way up the cliff. Packer had accomplished this after many throwings of the noosed rope. Now that it was securely fastened, Mike Meehan doffed his boots and oilskins and began the perilous climb. He held the rope with hands and knees, and wriggled along face up. At last he gained the rock and threw an arm about the jagged tooth. After resting thus for a minute or two, he pulled himself into the fissure. Then we cheered. He waved a hand and grinned down at us. After a good deal of work, and with the aid of more lines, we got such provisions as were undamaged safely to Meehan's resting place. They consisted of a bag of hard-bread, some tinned salmon, dried fish, and two small breakers of water. By this time the *Guardian Angel* was showing signs of breaking up that were not to be disregarded. We rushed our blankets across and quickly followed them. With two lines, one below the other, we made the passage much more quickly than Mike had done.

The ascent to the top of the cliff was accomplished safely. Sea-birds wheeled about us, flashing and vanishing in the fog, their cries piercing the tumult of the waves. We explored our haven cautiously, and found it to be nothing but a bare rock of about an acre in extent. We could find no wood for a fire, no cave for a shelter. Packer was in the depths of despondency over the loss of his schooner and his season's trade. Mike Meehan seemed content that he possessed tobacco, a pipe, and matches. His young brother, Peter, was clearly in a funk. The fear and distrust of the sea was in his blood. To me it seemed a picturesque and diverting adventure. My chest swelled at the thought of the yarns I would spin on my return to civilisation. Just then I did not count the chances of not returning. The day dragged through. We talked a little, and Mike treated us to a song. Twice we ate hard-bread and drank water. At last the shadow of night fell through the gray fog. We rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

Two days later the fog cleared away, and the sun shone on a world of blue and white waters, blue sky and ruddy rocks. Low down on the western horizon the mainland lay pink and purple. Here and there naked rock-islands like our own rose from the intervening water. We found that the *Guardian Angel* had gone to pieces, but that several fragments of wreckage had been washed into the lower levels of the fissure. We salvaged these, and spread them out to dry in the sun. They were soon fit for fuel.

"I guess these are the Strawberry

Rocks," said Packer. "The coastal boat 'ill be along in a few days. Her course lays about a mile to seaward."

"So we are sure to be picked up?" I exclaimed, with a note of relief in my voice. The fog had begun to dampen the picturesqueness of the adventure.

"Oh, *we're* safe enough, cookin' our grub an' makin' our signals with the ribs o' the old schooner," he replied, mournfully.

A month later I stepped into the doctor's consulting room. "Hullo!" he cried, "the rest *has* done you good, and no mistake. There's nothing like a few weeks' quiet when a man is run down."

"Nothing like it," I replied, heartily. "You should try it yourself, doctor."

Canadian Public Documents*

By JAMES BAIN, Librarian Toronto Public Library

THE ordinary Blue Books, as they are called, are to most readers the dryest and most repulsive of printed matter. Books they are, but books full of statistical matter and formal letters, poorly printed and apparently of no interest to any save the political economist and the journalist. So says the "Man of the street," whose acquaintance with them rarely goes beyond the Auditor-General's report or the list of unclaimed balances in the banks. It is difficult to discover from the Government returns the actual cost of printing the public documents, but it appears to be in the neighbourhood of half a million dollars, an enormous sum to waste if these reports are of little value. What then do they consist of? The Blue Books laid before Parliament embrace, among other things, the reports of the great departments which carry out the wishes of the Canadian people as laid down by legislative enactment. They show what progress or retrogression has taken place in agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, mining, lumbering, banking, and insurance, and what steps have been taken for the improvement of the means of communication and for the protection and well-being of the people of the Dominion. In those printed in 1903 are to be found 68 separate documents, the largest of which occupies 2,770 pages. They cover the reports of the following departments: Auditor-General, Insurance, Trade and Commerce, Inland Revenue, Public Works, Railways and Canals, Marine and Fisheries, Postmaster-General, Interior, Geological Survey, Indian Affairs, North-West Mounted Police, Secretary of State, Public Printing and Stationery, Minister of Justice, Militia and Defence, Labour, Unclaimed Bank Balances, Public Accounts, Trade and Navigation, Criminal Statistics, Archives. In addition to the smaller special reports and returns are to be found the volumes of the Census, and occasionally the detailed reports of the important Commissions, such as those on the Labour Question, Liquor Traffic, and Chinese Emigration.

At the end of each session these Blue Books are bound in a series of uniform volumes, each containing an alphabetical and numerical index to the series, including also the titles of all unprinted papers presented to Parliament. In 1903 the total number was 179, of which 111 were not printed, not being of general interest, but of which typewritten copies could no doubt be procured. There is also printed for Parliament the Journal of the House of Commons and the Senate, and the daily Hansard and Votes and Proceedings, of which copies collated and bound are supplied at the end of the session to the members.

In addition to these there are the separate publications of the departments

*Read before the Ontario Library Association, April, 1905

such as the Statistical Year Book, the Reports, Monographs, and Maps of the Geological Survey, the Survey Department and Mining Bureau.

Now it is evident that in any country, and especially in one so democratic as Canada, where every person is expected to know something of the details of administration, that all this collection of material should be placed within public reach, so that opportunity may be given to every citizen for inspection, if not for closer examination.

What are the actual conditions of distribution to-day? The Blue Books, Sessional Papers, Hansard and Journals, are distributed under the instructions of the Printing Committee of the House in a more or less haphazard fashion, which usually results in the neglect of the proper repositories, and in accumulations in places where they are comparatively useless. A request from a member that he would like to have them sent to any small library or private individual has always been granted as a matter of form. No restrictions apparently have been placed on the free distribution of the Blue Books, which seems quite right and proper. The regular list of copies to members, newspapers and officials, is freely added to while the edition lasts. In the case of small libraries, without proper accommodations, the Blue Books were received because the Board felt complimented by the thoughtfulness of their member, who on his part was glad to have found something which cost him nothing, and yet showed his desire to look after the interests of his constituents. At the same time the unexpressed feeling was that they were a nuisance. Nobody looked at them, they accumulated so quickly as to be in the way, and in many cases the wrappers were never torn off at the time when they were being carted away to be deposited in the cellar.

Even the larger libraries which received the papers regularly from the House or from members, found that they required so much shelf room which was necessary for new novels that they gave them the cold shoulder, and bundled them into out-of-the-way corners.

This has arisen largely from ignorance of their contents and form of publication. Last year the Printing Committee of the House seems to have some inkling of this, and peremptorily shut down on the supply of any parliamentary papers to public libraries. This was an extraordinary step. Because the Government publications were not read by everyone, therefore nobody should read them.

As an illustration of its folly, take the case of the Toronto Public Library, with which I am more familiar. This Library has, at considerable expense and trouble, completed its sets of Government publications from 1792 to 1903, both Provincial and Federal. I have no statistics of their use in the Library for any one year, but it can be readily understood that in a city where literature and politics command so much attention, that the number of inquiries for them is very considerable every month. These sets are free to every applicant; indices are provided, when unbound the volumes are bound at the expense of the Library, and everything done to make them of permanent value. One would naturally think that the official authorities would be anxious to assist in extending the advantages of this collection by seeing that it was kept up-to-date; but the contrary is the case. Last year everything was stopped and the Library was indebted to a friend for the Blue Books of the session.

The Librarian has asked for the Sessional Papers and Journals for 1904, and their regular continuance, but so far has received no answer. The Blue Books are, however, coming on along with the daily Hansard. But the Blue Books are useless for shelf purposes, and if the debates are placed on fyle in the reading-room, they speedily become unfit for binding at the end of the session. A second copy, collated ready for binding, was asked for with the same result.

The Library was indebted for some years to a private individual for a paper-covered copy of the Statistical Year Book. When application was made to the head of the Department which issues it, asking that it might be sent regularly on publication, a reply was received that a copy would be sent on application, but they would not send it regularly. As it was

sometimes several months before tidings of its publication was received, and as, when it did arrive, a month was required to bind it, you can readily understand that in the Toronto Public Library we require to look elsewhere for Canadian statistical information than to Ottawa.

Our sets of the Debates of the House of Commons and Senate are complete, thanks to the members of the House, but no librarian should be required to beg what surely is public property; and while it is true that a published price of $4 has been fixed by the King's Printer for the Sessional Hansard, it is equally unjust to tax public libraries for public property. I might enlarge upon other difficulties to show how completely the present system or non-system has failed. Now it is useless calling attention to a grievance without pointing out how an improvement can be made. There are at least two ways in existence worth considering.

First,—The Imperial method, by which all documents printed for the government are sold by the King's Printer at the bare cost of paper, so that reports may be obtained for a few pence.

Second,—The United States' system, which provides for the distribution of all public documents to officially appointed depositories. As the Canadian people have grown accustomed to the free distribution of government reports, the United States system seems best fitted to meet the requirements of the case, recognising, as it does, the value of the documents, the public right to have free and easy access to them, and the necessity for providing proper accommodation for their security and use. It is proposed, therefore, that in place of the irregular method now in use in distributing parliamentary papers, that the following be adopted and that the government be requested to put it in force:—

1st. (*a*) That the government shall select a limited number of public libraries (say 50) throughout the Dominion, to be called first-class depositories, to whom shall be supplied every printed document or map printed by authority of Parliament. or of the departments, conditional on the library undertaking to provide the proper accommodation and permit free use of them.

(*b*) The Hansard to be supplied daily and also a copy bound in cloth at the end of each session.

(*c*) The Year Book to be supplied in cloth.

(*d*) The King's Printer to be authorised to print the number required of all publications and maps (say 50) over and above the number ordered by Parliament or by the Departments and distribute them to each first-class depository.

2nd. That in like manner, smaller public libraries throughout the Dominion shall be chosen as second-class depositories to whom shall be sent, on their making application, the Blue Books in paper, and the Statistical Record, bound.

In this way a library of Canadian documents would be establisbed in every centre of the Dominion, in which every person might have confidence that he could obtain the fullest official information.

I have not spoken of the official publications of the Provinces, because they are comparatively few in number and have been distributed generously; but if the Federal Government were to establish these first-class depositories, I have no doubt all the Provinces would gladly contribute the required number of their documents, once they were assured of their being properly taken care of and freely used.

Public House Trusts

By RUSSELL E. MACNAGHTEN.

"Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee (but before
May'st rule it as thou list), and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee—upon the floor!
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round."

UCH is the inscription on the bronze plaque lent by Lord Grey to the "Delaval Arms" Trust House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is the object of this paper to give a brief but accurate account of the remarkable movement in the direction of Temperance Reform which was directly inaugurated by our newly-appointed Governor-General, and to show how appropriately a similar experiment might be tried on Canadian soil. At the very outset it is desirable to emphasise the fact that this is not a political movement in any sense of the term. It is all the more necessary that this should be clearly understood, because in Canada the Temperance question appears to some extent to have been made the shuttlecock of two political parties. So far is this from being the case in England, in regard to the Trust movement, that it has received the warmest support and encouragement from men of such different political views as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain and the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. On the other hand it may truly be said that this scheme of Temperance Reform has gained the sympathy and support of the leaders of the social and intellectual life of England to a most remarkable degree. Let me take two examples almost at random. The three trustees for the Worcestershire Public House Trust Company, Limited, are Viscount Cobham, Lord Windsor and Sir F. H. Lambert, while on the Council of the same Trust are Earl Beauchamp, Earl Dudley and the Rev. Sir H. F. Vernon, Bart. In Sussex the three trustees are the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.; the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and Lord Brassey, while the Council includes the chairmen of the East and West Sussex County Councils, and the officers commanding respectively the South-eastern District and the 35th Regimental District at Chichester. Amongst the many able men who are actively engaged in assisting the movement by their counsel and direction may be mentioned Lord Avebury (better known to the public as the distinguished scientist, Sir John Lubbock); Lord Farrer; Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent jurist; and the Right Hon. Charles Booth, whose monumental work, "Life and Labour in London," entitles him to rank as an indisputable authority on all questions affecting the social welfare of the masses of the people.

The genesis of the movement is interesting and instructive, illustrating as it does the natural law of progression on the lines of least resistance. For many years past there had been an endeavour to introduce the principle of the Gothenburg System, namely, "the elimination of private profit" into the scheme of the Licensing Laws in England. Unfortunately the unreasoning opposition of the extreme section of the teetotal party was for a long period successful in preventing the adoption of any such a measure. As early as 1877, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain brought before Parliament a resolution to the effect that it was "desirable to empower the Town Councils of Boroughs under the Municipal Corporations' Acts, to acquire compulsorily, on payment of fair compensation, the existing interests in the retail sale of intoxicating drinks within their respective districts; and thereafter, if they see fit, to carry on the trade for the convenience of the inhabitants, but *so that no individual shall have any interest in nor derive any profit from the sale.*"* The enforced abandonment of that proposal has put back the clock of

*The italics are my own.

OLD WHARF INN, NUNEATON
Under the People's Refreshment House Association

Temperance progress for nearly a quarter of a century; and the least reflection on the amount of avoidable misery and crime which has thereby been entailed on a whole generation of the population may well cause us to ask with Lady Henry Somerset, "are we to be regarded as 'having complicity' with a trade that when we cannot suppress it altogether, we desire so to change its form and character that we deprive it of three-fourths of its power to harm, but permit a fourth of that evil to continue for a time?" And is it not equally true that those who from ignorance and prejudice oppose all measures of reasonable reform, are themselves directly responsible for "the amount of harm which they could prevent, but allow to continue?"

But deplorable as was this purblind opposition to the introduction of the principle of the Gothenburg system, it was unfortunately only too effective in preventing statutory reform, and it was only four years ago that Earl Grey conceived the idea of applying personally for a license in a village in Northumberland, where the brewing interests had already given indications of making a similar attempt. The application was successful, and his lordship immediately handed over the license to a local Trust, and from this small beginning the movement so initiated spread to such an extent that in four years' time the number of houses under Trust management was 140, while during the year 1903 the houses that came under Trust management averaged nearly one a week. By the end of 1903 there were forty-two Trust companies formed and registered, namely, 29 for England, 11 for Scotland, and 1 each for Ireland and Wales; while, so far as the colonies are concerned, South Africa has set the example to both Canada and Australasia by the successful inauguration in Natal of the Durban Public House Trust Company, with a subscribed capital of £16,374. The Durban Trust has already secured three suitable houses, and out of the sur-

"HARE AND HOUNDS," BEENHAM, BERKSHIRE
Under the management of the People's Refreshment House Association

plus profits the directors have paid £400 to the trustees to be applied towards objects of public utility.

But before we consider in detail the successful operation of this remarkable movement, it is desirable that we should have a clear conception of the main principle of the Gothenburg System, on which the Trust system is undeniably based, and also that we should briefly consider what are the real and radical faults in the present system of licensing. The Gothenburg System owed its origin to a committee appointed at Gothenburg in the early sixties to enquire into the causes of the prevailing pauperism. That committee unanimously reported that "to brandy, and to brandy alone," was due most of the distress and misery so unfortunately prevalent in the city, and they proposed that the municipal authorities should avail themselves of the right accorded to them by an Act of 1855, and hand over all the licenses hitherto disposed of by public auction to a company, who should not derive any profit from the sale of brandy beyond the ordinary bank rate of interest. This was accordingly done and in 1865 the municipality handed over 61 licenses to the company, of which number the directors immediately voluntarily relinquished 18. The 43 which they retained (namely 27 appropriated for public-houses, and 16 for hotels, restaurants and clubs) gave an average of one to every 1,172 of the population. Owing to the report of the Committee the Company limited their operations to spirits (brandy); and there was and still is practically a system of free-trade in beer in Gothenburg; but to the extent of their operations the system has been an entire success, seeing that it has reduced the sale of brandy by nearly 50 per cent. It is of course a matter of regret that the system was not applied also to beer, and it is equally regrettable that the surplus profits in Gothenburg itself were applied to the relief of the rates. It is obvious, however, that *neither of these points is an inherent part of the system*, and as a matter of fact the system in Norway has since been

THE BAR, RAILWAY HOTEL, VENTNOR

Showing how food, tea, coffee and soft drinks are kept to the front and liquors to the rear. Under the Hampshire Public House Trust Co.

relieved of this latter blemish, and the surplus profits have been appropriated to objects of public utility not chargeable to the rates. These details do not in any case affect the essential principles of the system which is the "elimination of private profit" effected in the following way. In the licensed houses owned or controlled by the Company a manager is appointed at a fixed salary. *He gets no commission on the sale of intoxicants, but he does get a commission on the sale of all food and non-intoxicating beverages.* This principle indeed embodies the first practical attempt to deal with the liquor traffic in a scientific manner. It recognises the existence of the "law of commerce," by which every shop-keeper is impelled to endeavour to sell as much as he can of his own particular wares. It recognises its existence, and utilises it for the public benefit by making the publican an interested seller of non-alcoholic as opposed to alcoholic wares. In other words, it lays its hand on the inherent defect of the present system, and applies to it the only adequate remedy. *For the real and radical defect of the present system consists in the fact that the public-house is conducted as a shop.* Excepting that the number of these shops is limited by operation of law, the public-house has in all other respects been a shop, pure and simple, namely, a shop for the sale of alcoholic wares; and the difference just noted has only aggravated the evil, because it has made the public-house a shop with a partial and in some cases an absolute monopoly. To blame the publican for the result is illogical and absurd. He has been merely obeying the inexorable "law of commerce," and one might as well put a kettle of water on the fire and tell it not to boil, as expect the publican under the circumstances to refrain from pushing the sale of his own particular wares. But the system which has fostered such a necessary result is indeed blameworthy, and requires to be

EARL GREY
Honorary President Central Public House Trust

completely changed; for so long as the public-house continues a shop, so long must it be a menace to the public safety and welfare. The reason is surely obvious. In the case of the ordinary shop the more boots, carpets, chairs, or any other commodities that are sold, the better not only for the shop-keeper, but for the public at large (including the purchaser), because in all such cases no man of ordinary sanity will purchase more than he needs; and even if he did so, it would only be his pocket that would suffer. But the case of alcohol stands on a different plane. The successful pushing of alcoholic wares is notoriously prejudicial alike to the individual and the State, because it is from the abuse of alcohol (but not of course from the use) that a large proportion of the crime and misery of the world is clearly derivable. There can be then no real reform so long as the public-house remains a shop, and the obvious method of reform is to divert the shop-keeping instinct of the publican into legitimate channels, as is done by the Gothenburg System. The method has not only the merit of extreme simplicity, but of also always acting automatically; for under this system every time a customer enters a public-house, he by the mere fact of his entry immediately impels the publican to endeavour to sell him not alcohol (the sale of which is now a profitless occupation) but as much food and non-intoxicating liquor as he can be induced to purchase. There is indeed a further reason for this most necessary and desirable change. Under the present system the publican naturally "buys in the cheapest market." It is clearly to his advantage to purchase low-priced spirits, in order that he may be able to retail them at a greater profit. But cheap spirits necessarily mean unrectified spirits, because the process of maturing is a lengthy and therefore a costly process. This particular aspect of the case has been thoroughly treated by continental scientists, and the result of their labours has been to prove beyond doubt that the most dangerous and deadly forms of intoxication are invariably produced by the use of immatured alcohols. Thus in eliminating the element of private profit the Gothenburg System has doubly acted on scientific lines; first of all by removing the tendency to push the sale of alcoholic stimulants, and secondly and incidentally by doing away with the incentive to purchase low-priced (and therefore unrectified) spirits.

In both these respects the Trust system has been a worthy successor of its great original, but it has gone further, for it has avoided the mistake made by the founders of the Gothenburg System of confining its operations to distilled alcohols, and in the Trust houses the principle is applied to all alcoholic stimulants, whether distilled or fermented. But it has had to contend with a difficulty which the founders of the system at Gothenburg did not encounter. In that city the original Company was able to avail itself of statutory sanction to bring all the existing spirit licenses under its control; whereas, owing to the opposition already referred to, the Trust movement has had to confine itself within the limits of the existing law, and has therefore been able to act only in isolated instances. Even so its success has within those limits been rapid and

striking; and the plan adopted for securing and safeguarding the continuance of the "Trust" has been evolved with singular sagacity. The method of procedure is as follows: A company is formed in any county or district where it is deemed advisable to form a Trust, shares being issued to the amount found necessary for starting operations in that particular locality. A certain number of deferred shares (generally 20, with the mere nominal value of one shilling each) are vested in the Trustees, *and these deferred shares carry with them half the voting power of the Company*. As an example may be quoted the Suffolk Public House Trust Company, which was incorporated in January, 1904, with an authorised capital of £5,000, divided into 4,999 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 20 deferred shares of 1*s*. each. These deferred shares carry half the voting power of the company, and are vested in the two trustees (the Marquis of Bristol and Mr. Oliver Johnson). Moreover, as an additional precaution, the directors are usually empowered to refuse to sanction the transfer of shares at their sole discretion; so that the original purposes of the Trust are doubly secured, first of all by the trustees (who apart from their high character are of course legally responsible for any breach of trust) being able to control the voting power of the Company by virtue of the deferred shares; and secondly by the fact that the shares can be prevented from passing into the hands of undesirable persons. In other words there is no possibility of such a company being eventually dominated or controlled by the majority of the shares eventually passing into the hands of a brewing company or other allied institution. The maximum dividend payable in the United Kingdom is usually five (and in some cases four) per cent., and the whole of the surplus profits are devoted to objects of public utility. It is impossible, of course, in an article of this kind to expatiate at length on the admirable manner in which the surplus profits have been expended in various districts; but it should be noted that by providing

THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER
President of The People's Refreshment House Association; Vice-President of the Central Public House Trust Association

counter attractions they have done much to remove the tendency to intemperance which the system of licensing public-houses for profit necessarily fostered. Two examples will however serve as general illustrations of the possibilities afforded by the Trust system.

The Dunfermline Trust, with a capital of £2,000, purchased in 1901 the "Old Inn," Kirkgate, Dunfermline. The net profits for the year ending 31st December, 1903, were £389 2*s*. 5*d*. Payment of the maximum dividend of 5 per cent. absorbed £120 5*s*. 2*d*., leaving a surplus of £268 17*s*. 3*d*., which was appropriated in the following way, namely, £40 to the Dunfermline College Hospital; £10 to the Invalids' Benevolent Fund; £10 to the District Nursing Society; and £10 to the Female Beneficent Society; £150 was carried to a reserve fund for purchasing other premises, and the balance of £48 17*s*. 3*d*. was carried forward.

Even more instructive is the balance

RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, P.C., F.R.S.
(SIR JOHN LUBBOCK)
Councillor of the Kent and Middlesex Public House Trusts

sheet of the Cowdenbeath Trust, which has a subscribed capital of £3,278. The committee, in addition to writing £613 10*s.* off the purchase price of the premises, made the following grants in 1903:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Expenditure to date on Ambulance Waggon	120	10	0
Expenses of District Nurse to 31st December, 1903	76	3	4
Grants to—			
Cowdenbeath Orchestral Society	5	0	0
Lumphinnans Reading Room	5	0	0
Dunfermline Cottage Hospital	50	0	0
Cowdenbeath Salvation Army	5	0	0
Lumphinnans Annual Games	2	0	0
Cowdenbeath Literary Society	10	0	0
Cowdenbeath Public Brass Band	10	0	0
Cowdenbeath and Little Raith Annual Games	3	0	0
Lochore and Glencraig Fever Epidemic Relief Fund	20	0	0
Committee in charge of Saturday evening entertainments	50	0	0
Cowdenbeath Choral Union	5	0	0
New Year's Treat to Poorhouse Inmates	5	0	0
	£366	13	4

The general effect of bringing licensed houses under Trust management has already been a considerable decrease in the sale of intoxicants; together with a largely corresponding increase in the sale of food and non-alcoholic beverages. Thus the secretary of the People's Refreshment House Association reports on the 17th of January, 1904, to the following effect: "The thirteen houses which have been under management since 1900 show a considerable decrease in the sale of intoxicants. The years 1901 and 1902 showed about £500 lower than 1900; last year there was another large fall. There is no doubt that were the methods of the ordinary publican adopted, the sale of drink at most of our inns would go up with a bound."

Other evidence to the same effect may be quoted. Thus in reference to the "Trentham Hotel," Staffordshire, Colonel Crawford writes: "Before the installation of reformed management in March, 1903, the managers only cared to sell drink—a trade which gave less trouble and more profit. The non-alcoholic trade was at first only a few pence a day; now it often reaches £3 a day, exclusive of sales to the parties catered for." And in the report already quoted occurs the following passage: "'The Waterman's Arms,' Bank side, Southwark, has now been rebuilt by the City of London Electric Lighting Company, and was opened on the 14th January, 1904. On the ground floor there is a workman's dining hall, where cheap meals are served, and on the first floor (with a fine view of the river and St. Paul's) a dining-room for clerks and others. This, the first Trust public-house in London, should be a great convenience in a neighbourhood where it is difficult to obtain a good and well-served meal. About 120 meals were served on the day of opening, and 200 on the following day. No fewer than 30 breakfasts were served on the third day to workmen alone; but the chief demand will probably be for cheap dinners, which can be obtained for 6*d.* including cut from the joint, vegetable, bread and sweets. On the 15th January,

the first complete day, the sale of food and non intoxicants exceeded the sale of alcoholics by £1. This is a good beginning."

That the immense superiority of the Trust system is recognised by the people at large can perhaps best be illustrated by what actually occurred at Port Sunlight, the model township where Messrs. Lever Bros. have established their well-known soap works. At that time (1902) there was no licensed house in the place, and Mr. W. H. Lever, the head of the firm, recognised that this was eminently a case in which no license should be granted even to a Trust, if it were against the wishes of the inhabitants. Accordingly he directed that a poll should be taken, the wives of the householders having an equal vote with their husbands. The result was that it was found on opening the ballot boxes that 80 per cent. had voted in favour of the establishment of a Trust house. Of the signal success of that house (which bears the name of the "Bridge Inn"), I have not here room to speak in detail; but the following extract from the letter of a correspondent to the *Daily News* of the 14th of March, 1904, may be quoted as testifying to the influence for temperance of this and similar institutions. He writes: "Why do not all the temperance organisations in the land combine to support Earl Grey's Public House Trust scheme, the most rational of all temperance reforms? If they had seen the inns controlled by this Trust at Port Sunlight and elsewhere, they would realise that after all the ideal public house is so thoroughly human, so thoroughly English, that rightly used, it may become a power for good in our land. Has it ever occurred to such reformers that one of the most effective methods of promoting the great cause they have at heart is to endeavour to induce all publicans to become temperance workers also?"

As this correspondent implies, there has been a good deal of unreasoning opposition from the extreme teetotal section to the spread of the Trust movement, chiefly, no doubt, from the mistaken view that it will impede the realisation of their cherished ideal, Prohibition. As Sir Frederick Pollock states in reference to such opposition: "Any statement coming from that quarter must be received with great caution." At the same time it is worth noticing, that where the adherents of the extreme temperance platform have been brought into actual contact with the operations of the system, they are beginning to realise its merits in a practical way. Thus the manager of the "Delaval Arms" (the house adorned with the bronze plaque referred to at the commencement of this article), writes: "In other ways the house is beginning to take its place in the life of the district.....Several staunch teetotallers are beginning to see the advantage of such a public house, *and are wont to give coffee suppers there to fellow-abstainers at the week end.*"*

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART., LL.D.
Director of the Surrey Public House Trust

The words just quoted seem, indeed, to throw a new light on the direction which Temperance Reform must take,

* The italics are my own.

if it is to achieve a satisfactory and a permanent result. Prohibition can only eventually succeed, if it is assented to by the majority of the people. The experience of the past shows that legislation on the subject has in all centres of population proved a failure: in other words, statutory prohibition does not prohibit. But if the Trust principle be spread abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land, there is no reason why, in the words of the Bishop of Chester, one of the most enlightened and consistent champions of the movement, alcoholic liquors should not gradually be "deposed from their aggressive supremacy" to such an extent that it will more and more become the fashion for customers at Trust houses to ask for non-alcoholic rather than alcoholic refreshments. The reform must, of course, be gradual, but it will be none the less complete for that. On the extreme Prohibitionists themselves depends to a large extent how far that reform will go. If instead of offering the purblind and prejudiced opposition which they have shown in past years to all measures of constructive reform, they will imitate the wise example of their brethren at Newcastle, and endeavour to their utmost extent to convert the Trust house into a place for the supply of non-alcoholic refreshment, they will do much towards realising in a practical way that ideal of Prohibition which the mere parrot-cry for legislation can never accomplish.

Before I consider the possibility of applying the Trust system to Canada, it will be well to briefly review what it has accomplished in England, and to what extent it has proved superior to its great original, the Gothenburg System. Its main superiority in detail undoubtedly lies in the fact that it has applied the principle of "no profit to the seller" to all alcoholic liquors, whether distilled or fermented. In the second place, instead of applying the surplus profits to the relief of the rates (which is clearly a dangerous proceeding, inasmuch as there is always the possibility that the municipality may for financial reasons be tempted to encourage the sale of liquor), it has utilised them for objects of general convenience, and in particular, in various localities it has disbursed considerable sums on counter-active agencies. On the other hand (though for this the founders of the Trust system are in no way to blame), its weakness lies in the fact that it has only been applied in isolated instances; whereas it is clear that the full potentialities of the system can only be attained when it is applied to an entire district; or better still, to an entire county or country.

We are now in a better position to estimate the possibilities of its application to Canada or to some portion of it. The problem really is divided into two parts. On the one hand (particularly in the N.W. Territories), there are enormous areas which are at present practically unoccupied, but where a large population must inevitably be settled before many years are past. In many parts of these regions there are at present no vested interests created, though it is inevitable that unless action be immediately taken numerous licenses will be granted to private individuals in the not distant future. In all such districts surely the wise and businesslike method inaugurated by Mr. Lever at Port Sunlight might be imitated with advantage. Let no new license of any kind be granted except after a vote recorded in its favour by a majority of the inhabitants, and then only to a Trust Company with profits regulated by the current bank rate of interest.

In the older settled portions of the Dominion the problem is, of course, more difficult and complicated; but even here the difficulties are certainly not greater than those which confronted the pioneers of the Trust movement in England; and in view of the extreme importance of the system being tested in a thorough and impartial manner, the Government might reasonably consent to its being tried throughout some one district or township; so that in the event of its success it might be applied on a larger and more elaborate plan throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. It would not, of course, be necessary to secure a very large area of population for the first experiment (some locality like Farnham in the Eastern townships would be admir-

ably adapted for the purpose), *so long as the district in which the experiment was made was exclusively administered by the operations of the system.* In case of failure, nothing would be easier after a few years' trial than to return to the old system of private licensing; whereas in the case of success (which the experience of the past, both in England and Scandinavia, amply justifies us in anticipating), the fact of the original experiment having been made on a small (though still complete) scale, would facilitate its being extended to the whole of the Dominion on a large and enduring basis.

The Universities' Farewell to Her Graduates

BY J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

IT is time, alas, for starting,
Though it's hard to think of parting
In the glory of this golden afternoon;
When the lark above is singing,
And the very earth is ringing
With the knowledge of the Summer coming soon.
But you must not now be grieving
For the life that you are leaving;
You are ready for the life which lies beyond.
Live that life, whate'er befall you,
That when God Himself shall call you
You will fearlessly be able to respond.

You are going out—for ever—
But the bond shall never sever
Though you travel to the farthest ends of earth;
And we all shall hold communion
In that last and grand re-union
Which prepares us for our new and glorious birth.
May the God of Battles bless you,
And your mother-land caress you;
May you plentifully reap what you have sown;
And your names shall fill God's pages
Through unconquerable ages,
Till you stand with your accounts before His throne.

Forest Sounds

BY ALMA FRANCES M'COLLUM.

WHO, in the pines, may hear low voices raised
To chant in suppliant tone?
They who, in Sorrow's tranquil eyes, have gazed,
O'ercome, endured alone.

The joyous whispering of lesser trees,
Who can interpret this?
Awakened souls whose inmost sanctities
Know Love's revealing kiss.

And lowly vines, the tender clinging things
That dwell amid the sod?
For pillowed ear, a carillon ne'er rings,
Unless at peace with God.

HYDRAULIC BORING MACHINES AT WORK

Story of the Simplon Tunnel

The Fourth of the Artificial Highways Overcoming the Historic Mountain Barrier of Central Europe*

By ARTHUR TARBELL

IN the great book of engineering achievements, where truth is always stranger and more interesting than fiction, a new chapter has just been added. The boring of the Simplon tunnel through the Alpine barrier between Italy and Switzerland was completed on the morning of February 24. It is the longest tunnel in the world, is one of the most amazing conquests of nature, and is the finest tribute yet to the skill of the technician. If nothing unforeseen happens, it is to be thrown open to travel some time during the summer of 1905.

THE ROUTE AND THE PROBLEM

The Simplon plunges directly into the base of that Alpine giant, Monte Leone, at a point a short distance above Brigue, Switzerland, on the left bank of the Rhone; and daylight is not again seen until, after travelling twelve and a quarter miles, it emerges on the other side of the lofty Alps at Iselle in Italy. Since Roman times the Simplon pass has been the avenue of the trade of Milan with the Rhone valley, and along the same route have run the trains of the Jura-Simplon Railway. On the Swiss side of the frontier, however, the ruggedness of the rock formation compelled a long detour. Both the interested governments, accordingly —the Swiss and the Italian—joined in undertaking the boring of a tunnel. The

* Published in Canada by permission of *The Technical World*, Chicago.

first blast in the work of construction was fired in the fall of 1898. Work was carried on simultaneously at both the Swiss and the Italian ends, and the headings of the two holes met in a dead check, constituting a triumph in engineering science.

As distinguished from the other existing Alpine tunnels, which are single borings with double tracks, the Simplon is a two-tunnel affair, each with one track, thus permitting of traffic both ways at the same time. For the present, however, each extremity. From the north entrance —the Swiss end, which is 2,254 feet above sea-level—there is an ascending gradient of 1 in 500 for five and three-quarters miles, until the highest point in the tunnel is reached. This spot is 2,312 feet above sea-level, and lies about a mile and a half below the crest of the mountains between the Furggenbaumhorn and the Wasenhorn. It is here that the central station is located, the gallery having been excavated to double width in order that two

THE ENGINEERING PART OF TUNNEL CONSTRUCTION
Determining the Axis

but one tunnel is finished to the full size, the other being excavated only enough to serve for ventilating purposes and to hold a narrow-gauge line. These two corridors travel along about fifty feet apart, axis to axis, and are connected every 600 feet by transverse galleries. When a new cross-shaft is opened, the preceding one is hermetically closed, so as not to interfere with the ventilating scheme.

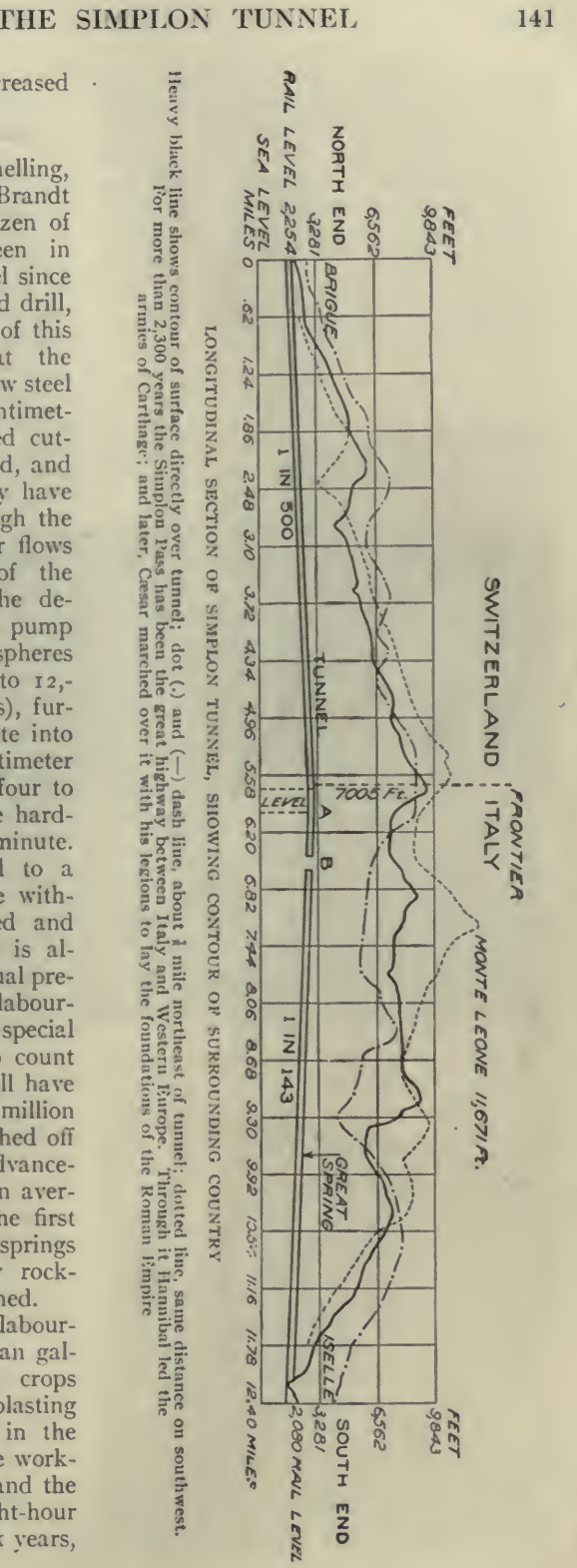
The tunnels are 18 feet high by 17 feet wide, and run in a straight line under the whole Alps, except for a slight curve at trains may pass each other. The tunnel then remains level for a quarter of a mile, after which it descends for six and a quarter miles at a gradient of 1 in 143, to the south entrance at Iselle, which is 2,080 feet above sea-level. These easy gradients were wisely planned by the engineers to effect a saving in the cost of transportation. The rise in the Simplon never becomes more than 1 in 150; while in the Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard tunnels it is sometimes as steep as 1 in 40, the cost of haulage—always a perpetual item of

expense—being considerably increased thereby.

HYDRAULIC PERFORATORS

In this tremendous piece of tunnelling, the honours belong largely to the Brandt hydraulic perforator. About a dozen of these boring machines have been in operation at each end of the tunnel since the start. The day of the diamond drill, once so universally used on tasks of this type, is apparently over. What the Simplon engineers employ is a hollow steel stem with a diameter of seven centimeters (2.75 inches). Three tempered cutting points are mounted at one end, and so severe is their service that they have to be frequently replaced. Through the hollow passage in the stem, water flows constantly, keeping the edges of the teeth cool, and washing away the debris. A hydraulic engine, with a pump pressure of from 80 to 120 atmospheres and an available force of 10,000 to 12,000 kilos (22,046 to 26,455 pounds), furnishes the power. These teeth bite into the rock at the rate of one centimeter (.39 inch) to each rotation, from four to eight revolutions, according to the hardness of the rock, occurring in a minute. When the drills have penetrated to a depth of about five feet, they are withdrawn and the dynamite inserted and fired. As this part of the work is always more or less dangerous, unusual precautions are taken to protect the labourers. For example, it is one man's special duty, when the mines go off, to count the reports, making certain that all have exploded. One and one-half million charges of powder have been touched off since the beginning. The daily advancement of the tunnel has been on an average seven yards, although, during the first three months of 1902, so many springs were encountered, and so many rock-slips, that only fifty feet was gained.

The men behind the drills, the labourers who excavated this subterranean gallery, were Italians. Herds and crops appeal more to the Swiss than blasting rocks and clearing away debris in the bowels of a mountain range. The working force numbered about 1,000, and the division of labour was on the eight-hour basis. Night and day for over six years,



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF SIMPLON TUNNEL, SHOWING CONTOUR OF SURROUNDING COUNTRY

Heavy black line shows contour of surface directly over tunnel; dot (.) and (—) dash line, about ½ mile northeast of tunnel; dotted line, same distance on southwest. For more than 2,300 years the Simplon Pass has been the great highway between Italy and Western Europe. Through it Hannibal led the armies of Carthage; and later, Cæsar marched over it with his legions to lay the foundations of the Roman Empire

work was practically never stopped, three shifts of men being employed. One shift worked from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m.; another, from 2 to 10 p.m.; and the third from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. This good-sized army of artisans live in well-arranged quarters erected across the river from the Swiss end of the tunnel. The Italian Government has temporarily stationed a consul at Brigue to look after the interests of these foreign workers.

HEALTHFUL PRECAUTIONS NECESSARY

In the construction of the St. Gothard tunnel but little attention was paid to the health of the men, and in consequence

BRANDT HYDRAULIC PERFORATOR USED IN BORING SIMPLON TUNNEL
The cutting teeth at end of stem are cooled by running water forced through hollow shaft

many succumbed. The Simplon management has profited by this experience. Uncommonly generous and efficient measures have been introduced to secure both good health and personal safety for the employees. A system of insurance is in force; if a man is injured, he gets a pension; if he dies, his family receives an indemnity. Near the entrance of the Swiss end is a splendid hospital, with exceptional facilities for taking care of emergency and contagious cases. When the miners come out from working in the hot tunnel, they are required to take a bath immediately, so that they shall not at once be exposed to the keen Alpine air. After their bath, they are further obliged to hang their damp tunnel clothes in a dryer, and to don another suit while off duty. To these two precautions, more than to anything else, is to be attributed the constant fitness that has characterised the men.

As the Simplon workers had to be fifty per cent. deeper below the earth's surface than men had ever before worked, it can well be fancied that the problem of heat was an important one, as heat and pressure increase with penetration and depth. At one point the Alps towered to a height of 7,005 feet (more than a mile and a quarter) above the tunnellers. A temperature rising frequently to 110° had to be coped with. A new process, used for the first time in carrying out this Simplon contract, was invented to do battle with these conditions of torridity. Cold water, brought from the outside, was run through pipes pierced with little holes, and was thus made to fall in a fine rain. Through this liquid curtain fresh air was forced, reaching the labourers so cooled as to be perfectly endurable.

From the very commencement, the ventilation feature of the enterprise has been successfully handled. The auxiliary tunnel has been used as an air-shaft, into which great blowers have driven the outside air at such a speed that at the tunnel's entrance one could barely stand up against it. Compressed and sent along at a low pressure, the air passes through the smaller boring until it reaches the last cross-section, going then into the bigger working where the men are located. It reaches them at the rate of 1,000 cubic feet a minute. The vitiated air is forced back and out through the main tunnel. A steady current is thus established, bringing in a new supply of oxygen and carrying off all injurious gases.

HOT SPRINGS ENCOUNTERED

The great Nemesis of Herr Hugo von Kager, the chief engineer of the project,

has been, not the hard strata of gneiss, gypsum, and dolomite, although these have been met with in plenty, but the continual occurrence of hot springs. Professor Schardt, official geologist of the tunnel, estimates that 1,000,000,000 cubic feet of water have poured out of the openings since the first spring was struck. In the fall of 1901, a boiling volume, discharging 8,000 gallons a minute, burst suddenly into the Italian workings, the two headings of the tunnel becoming at once

did it make the tunnel that work had to be suspended until the facilities for drainage and refrigeration could be doubled. Even when the men resumed operations, they had to be sprinkled constantly with ice water, otherwise they would have succumbed in this deadly portion of the cavern.

In the case of the minor springs, the very simple and ingenious plan has been to throw a stream of cold water into the fissure emitting the geyser, the flow thus

COMPRESSED-AIR LOCOMOTIVE IN TUNNEL
Used for forcing water through the hydraulic boring machines and for cooling purposes

veritable canals. It required three months to take care of this difficulty. The worst disaster of all, on the very eve of the tunnel's completion, was met last September, when a huge underground reservoir was accidentally tapped, and a par-boiling cataract of water, with a volume of 18,000 gallons a minute, rushed into the tunnel. An appalling tragedy was narrowly averted, for the inundation, fortunately, came just as a shift was being made. The few men, however, that happened to be on the spot had to flee for their lives, some not being able to make good their escape. The temperature of this torrent was 112°, and so unbearable

being cooled down to such a degree that the routine work suffered no interruption. As the centre of the tunnel is higher than either end, the descending gradients carry off the water to the outside. The channel in the floor of the tunnel which performs this drainage is covered with a non-conducting top to prevent the hot vapours from rising.

THE ITEM OF COST

When this herculean undertaking was started, the Swiss Government entrusted the work of construction to a company called the *Bangesellschaft für Simplontunnel Brandt Brandau und Co.*, extend-

MASONRY ARCHING IN TUNNEL
This form of support was necessary where the strata were found to be soft and rock-slips likely to occur

ing to it a credit of $14,000,000. The tunnel was to have been finished in May, 1904; but the Government, recognising the enormous obstacles that had confronted the engineers, granted an extension of time to April 30, 1905, and an additional payment of $1,600,000. As the tunnel is a little over twelve miles in length, this makes the cost about a million and a third a mile. The Italian Government, as already said, united with the Swiss in financing the undertaking.

OTHER ALPINE TUNNELS

The first Alpine tunnel in point of time —the Mont Cenis—cost $1,100 for every yard of its length, the total expenditure being about $15,000,000. It is eight miles long, took fourteen years to bore, and was finished in 1870. Next came the St. Gothard. This is nine and a quarter miles long, was constructed in nine and a half years, and was completed in 1880 at a cost of $710 a yard, or a total cost of $11,500,000. The third tunnel—the Arlberg—is six miles long, took three years to build, was opened in 1883, and cost $500 a yard, or a total of $6,000,000.

In the matter of approaches to the tunnel, the Simplon engineers have been more fortunate than the St. Gothard builders. In the latter case great artificial landing places had to be constructed at heavy expense, to afford an entrance to the tunnel; but the Simplon is naturally easy of access at both ends. The present Jura-Simplon railway, coming from Geneva, has a terminal only a short distance from the northern gate; while on the other side of the Alps, the Italian road at Domo d'Ossola can make a ready junction with the tunnel trains.

It is not yet announced what form of motive power will be used in driving trains through the tunnel; but the fact that the Swiss Government has ordered 160 cars for the line, to be built with closed platforms, would seem to indicate that steam, not electricity, was to be the motive power employed for the present.

With the completion of the Simplon, seven railroads reach Italy, four going under the mountains, two around, and one over. As far as traffic and travel are concerned, the Alps are now practically annihilated. No longer does this mighty, snow-capped barrier separate the north of Europe from the south.

THE BUILDERS

by Eric Bohn

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal.

CHAPTER XIX

HELEN'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"Montreal, Feb. .., 1814.

"ANOTHER week of hard driving and marching is over. Sometimes we had night quarters for the men, always for the officers and women. Still, I was so tired each night and there were so many little things to attend to, that my diary has been neglected. Now, however, we are comfortably quartered at the foot of the mountain; and, while Harold is away attending to matters of the regiment, I shall try to make up for lost time.

"I had a long talk with Sir George at the Commandant's on the night of the ball at Quebec, and was delighted at his ready consent to have Emmiline and her husband go with us to Penetang. When he said that she might be my own special servant, I offered to pay the expense of the journey for her.

"'That cannot be thought of,' was his reply. 'I always intended to secure another woman to take the place of the one who died, and I assure you I am more than pleased that you have found one to suit.'

"It was very kind of him. The next morning I told the good news to Bateese. In his exuberance of spirits he threw his hat up in the air.

"'By gar!' he exclaimed, 'such fonne to have ma femme. She no spik much Angleese, but teach soon, she quick—tree or four week she spik everyting goot as Bateese. She bonne scholare an' tak prize when leetle gal at seminare.'

"And so she came, and they made room for her in the sleigh with the other women. I was afraid that the soldiers' wives would

quarrel with the little woman, yet so far there is no inkling of war among them.

"Speaking of war, Montreal is the place for the signs of it. I was surprised to see so many troops in the city—more by far than there were either in Halifax or Quebec—regulars and colonials combined. They are a determined looking lot of men and well drilled, too.

"Harold tells me that everything on the frontier is still quiet, and so far, the American General Wilkinson has not renewed his attack. Both sides are making preparations for a final conflict; and it will be fight to the finish when the summer comes.

"Our rest here is to be very short, for we have a third of our land journey yet to cover. It is also over the roughest part of the road and will take the longest to accomplish. Many are the lakes and rivers we have yet to cross, and all must be done before the ice breaks up. Hence, although we arrived yesterday, we start again to-morrow.

"To-night, however, we are invited by the officers of the Montreal regiment to a toboggan slide at the mountain, with a supper and dance afterwards. It will be my first ride on one of these swift-running sledges. They look dangerous as they fly so quickly down the hills; but if safe for others they should be safe for me, and I am glad to have the opportunity to try the sport before we make our final parting from civilisation."

The next day. Diary continued.

"I must jot down the impressions of last evening, while fresh in my mind. The meet was at a place called 'The Cedars,' almost half way up the mountain; and from which there is an irregular decline down to the St. Lawrence. One of the attractions was that the toboggans by the long descent would be carried far out over the surface of the river.

"What a jolly lot of people they were! Twenty or thirty officers in uniform, a few civilians, and a bevy of Montreal's prettiest girls, chaperoned by officers' wives and matrons of the city.

"As an Englishwoman, I am loyal to my own land and people. Still, whether due to the atmosphere, to lighter living, or the freer life they lead, the young ladies you meet here seem to have more spirit, quicker movement and clearer complexions than the average English girls that I have known. But this is another digression, Mrs. Diary, and again I say, '*peccavi!*'

"We were lucky to have so good a night. The air was cold and still, and our position at the top of the slide gave a fine view of the lower city, with its myriads of lights from the houses and streets. Countless stars covered the sky, only slightly dulled in lustre by the pale half-moon; while on the hillsides, far and near, clumps of evergreens stood out clearly upon their background of snow.

"Introductions, buzz of voices, gay laughter, occupied some minutes, as we collected on the little plateau at the head of the slide before making a start. All were busy, too, getting their rigs in order. Toboggans are funny-looking things—flat bottomed, turned up in front like a South Sea Islander's war-canoe. But they are very comfortable when you have cushions to sit on and robes to put over you.

"Captain Thompson of the Montreal Rifles was our leader, and one would almost think he was marshalling his troops as he issued his orders.

"Quickly he had us going, and it was jolly enough, as soon as we got used to it. Off our toboggans sped one after another down the mountain, crackling and whistling over the snow, giving each and all a vivid pleasure in the swift, exhilarating ride. At first the grade was even and smooth in its descent—then undulating—then on a level for another hundred feet, finally down a little abyss and away for hundreds of yards over the icy surface of the river, between mighty ships on either sides, frozen at their anchorage for the winter.

"Here, carryalls for the riders and long sleighs for the toboggans awaited us, to take all back again to repeat the sport.

"Harold and I sat together on one of the sledges; and I must confess that when we started to descend the hill at almost lightning speed, I felt terribly frightened, and grasped him firmly around the waist. He only laughed while he whispered:

"'Don't be frightened, dear; you'll get used to it in another minute,' and so I did.

"We had a number of rides and were finishing our last one when an accident happened. It was on the toboggan in front of ours. Just as the people were getting off I saw a man fall.

"'Why, that is Captain Cummings,' I exclaimed, my heart making a tremendous leap.

"'Yes, it is,' returned Harold, 'what can have happened?' and he rushed over to give assistance.

"He was trying to rise to his feet, but could not.

"'It's that confounded leg of mine,' I heard him say. 'The ankle got twisted under the runner. I don't think its broken, though. What do you say about it, Beaumont?'

"And the Doctor was on his knees examining the joint, the Captain being propped up on his sled.

"'No bones broken,' was his comment. 'You must have had a terrible wrench though, the way the joint flaps about. Is it very painful?'

"'Excruciating,' returned Cummings. 'The joint has been weak ever since Vittoria. I got it twisted then.'

"'Well, we'll take you back to quarters and dress it. No dancing-hall for you to-night, that is certain. Don't know that it will be safe for you to travel with us to-morrow, even.'

"'In both of which I differ from you,' said the Captain, with a supreme effort at self-control, notwithstanding the pain. 'Take me back to the hotel and dress the joint. Then help me into the ball-room. I can watch the others even if I cannot waltz. As to going with the troop, why, certainly I'll go'; and for a moment he cast a sharp glance in my direction.

"I believe I actually shivered.

"Half an hour later nearly all our party were at the French hostlery, partaking of prairie chicken, oyster patties and singaree; and when we made our entry into the ball-room, there sat in state Captain Cummings. He had evidently preceded us. Of course he was the lion, and the ladies rivalled with each other to sit out the different dances with him. Harold told me I must do it too, so my turn came with the rest.

"'I don't know but I'm a lucky dog, after all,' he undertoned as he squeezed my hand.

"'It cannot be lucky to be lame,' I replied, as I sat down beside him.

"'A soldier takes his knocks as he gets them,' was his comment, 'but I had no expectation of taking Lieutenant Smith's place so soon.'

"'Perhaps you won't need to. A night's rest will do wonders; mayhap the injury is more imaginary than real.'

"'I know the effects too well to be deceived. The injury is too devilish to heal in a week or fortnight either,' said he, drily.

"'Why go with us at all, then?'

"'Because I'm wanted when I get there. I won't be in anybody's way, except for the riding instead of walking; and as yours is the most comfortable sleigh for an invalid—I fear, dear Madam, I must crave your indulgence—Say, Manning'—he exclaimed to Harold, who just then joined us. 'I was telling your wife that Smith gives such a capital report about your sleigh, that I feel like begging the privilege of occupying a part of it for the next two or three days at least.'

"Harold winced and flushed as well. Was he, too, getting suspicious?

"'I think that might be arranged satisfactorily, dearie,' he said to me in a somewhat constrained tone.

"'That depends upon the Captain's meaning,' I replied. 'It would be too much for me to give up your seat when it is your turn to ride. But for the rest of the time it is different.'

"'Thank you,' responded Cummings. 'That is exactly what I mean.'

"So in order to secure half a loaf he asked for a whole one, and got it without demur. How could I help it?"

CHAPTER XX

DREARY enough were the next few days for the adventurous troop, as they wended their way westward. The sky was heavily clouded, while a gusty wind blew the pellety snow into the faces of the men and women, as they walked or drove over their destined route. Drifts filled the sleigh tracks and the packing of the road by those who took the lead was a

weary business. Progress was slower than ever, accommodation along the line absent, and general camping again became a feature of the journey.

"What place have we here?" Sir George asked of his new driver on the evening of the fifth day from Montreal, as they called a halt in the vicinity of two or three little cabins.

"They call it Sparksville," was the reply. "After a fellow named Sparks. He lives in the village of Hull across the river. They say he bought it from the Government for a song and has made his money out of sales already."

"So these shantymen are the owners?" said the Colonel.

"No sirree, the lumbermen from Montreal bought from Sparks; these men only cut the lumber."

"And splendid stuff they've got, if these pines are samples."

"You bet your last pound," returned the man with the easy nonchalance of a westerner. "Montrealers wouldn't put their money into it if there wasn't a good chance of getting it out again. What's more, they say this is a splendid site for the building of a big city."

"Are these shanties the only buildings on this side of the river?" Sir George asked.

"Yes, 'cepting a little sawmill down in the hollow and a cabin beside it."

"Well, we'll camp here for to-night. They couldn't accommodate us in yonder village if we did cross."

And so the order was issued.

His men were by this time accustomed to the oft-repeated duty. Putting up tents, cutting down trees, trimming poles, building temporary huts, flooring them with boughs of cedar, arranging timber and evergreens to protect the inmates from prevailing winds, and gathering dry wood for necessary fires, were matters of detail, which they accomplished with alacrity. It was marvellous how neat and cosy a camp the two companies, assisted by the trained drivers, could build in an hour or two of twilight.

Sir George and the doctor, leaving Cummings in the rig, joined Harold, who was helping his wife out of their sleigh.

"You are not ill, Mrs. Manning, I hope," exclaimed Sir George, who had never before seen her require so much assistance to alight.

"Just stiff and cold after the long drive," was her answer, as with a sudden effort she straightened herself.

"Madame tired long tam, no let 'em spak," said Emmiline, who on Bateese's example was learning to speak "Angleese quick." She was already attached to her new mistress.

"It is lucky to find houses here, such as they are," said Harold as he folded her fur coat more closely around her, while he noticed that her teeth were chattering.

"We'll try this shanty," said the Doctor, approaching one. A large dog jumped out as the door opened, barking vociferously, and followed a moment later by a half-breed Indian. "Bonjour, Monsieur, comment vous portez-vous?"

"Très bien, merci," replied the Indian, with impassive face.

"We have a sick woman with us," said Harold, "and want to put her in your cabin for the night."

"No come ma shanty," replied the man, fixing himself squarely across the doorway. "Me trapper—live 'lone."

"Entre nous, mon ami, voilà une femme très malade," returned the Doctor in a more conciliatory tone, "et je vous donnerai cinq francs."

"Argent comptant porte medecine. Oui, oui, Monsieur. Entrez," returned the trapper slipping to one side and allowing him to enter.

A fire was burning on a rude hearth at one end of the floorless shack, and the ground was packed hard everywhere but around the sloppy doorway. A wooden settle covered with skins stood at one side, while a couple of rough benches together with a kettle or two completed the outfit.

By the time the Doctor had made a cursory survey, Harold and Helen followed by Emmiline had joined him.

"Will you let me have the whole shanty for to-night if I pay you for it?" Harold asked.

The cunning eyes of the half-breed glanced rapidly over the whole party. Then he answered with a drawl while he looked quizzically into the officer's face:

"Yah—pour say dix francs, si vous plait."

"Well, you shall have it."

"Pay me now."

"No," replied Harold. "I will give five now—the balance in the morning, if you tell us all we need to know."

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders but accepted the money and, after answering several questions, took his leave. Helen sat down on the bench by the fire, but her teeth still chattered, while her blue lips and contracted features indicated the severity of the chill.

"My dear, what can possibly be the matter?" Harold asked in much alarm.

"It is an attack of ague," said the Doctor in an aside. "Mon Dieu! it is too bad!"

"Can nothing be done?" he asked again.

"Yes, and we'll do it at once. Bark and brandy are our sheet-anchors."

So he prepared a dose of the powder, which she washed down with half a glass of brandy and water.

"Fortunately the hut is new and probably free from vermin," said the Doctor.

"It might be better for all the women to sleep here," said Harold. "There will be room enough and with the fire they can cook what is needed. What say you, Helen?"

"Divide the hut and stay with me. Then it will do," she replied. "We must have a man in the house, even though it is a shanty."

The medicine and brandy were taking effect. The chills soon stopped, and Helen felt warm again.

Later in the evening a cord was stretched across the long narrow room, and quilts thrown over it to form a partition. Harold and his wife took possession of the end near the fire, while the three women improvised a bed for themselves in the other.

"I hope we are not going to have a sick lady on our hands," said Sir George to the Doctor after the latter had made his final visit.

"I hope so, too," was the reply. "Ague is difficult to control when once established, but taken at the start it can often be broken. Fortunately this is her first attack, and the signs are hopeful. She will be all right to-morrow."

"Perhaps we had better leave her for a day or two to rest and recuperate. I will speak to Manning about it. What say you?"

"Why not let to-morrow's report decide?" said the Doctor. "I could tell better after seeing her again."

To this the Colonel assented.

The spot chosen for that night's camp was well protected, the temperature mild for February, and all slept soundly. The bugle sounded at break of day and the whole camp was astir. It was unusual for the officers to rise as early as the men, but the keynote of Helen's illness roused them, and the first question put by each was concerning the condition of the patient.

Captain Cummings hobbling about with a crutch insisted in swinging along with the Doctor to make inquiry.

The report was favourable. Helen had slept fairly. The other women were up and a good fire was burning.

"How is Madam now?" the Doctor asked of Harold.

"Her head is still aching. You had better see her."

So he led the way behind the screen.

"What about resuming the journey?" he asked, after looking closely into her face.

"By army rule all must travel—I have will enough to abide by it," she answered, wearily.

"There is no rule for you, unless you are well able to follow it," he returned with a smile.

"How could I possibly stay behind?" she asked, "and have all go on without me."

"You might rest for a time at Hull, across the river."

"That won't do," she exclaimed, the tears starting. "I am better now and can stand it very well. The worst is that my ears buzz and my head aches; but when out in the air again this will pass away."

"Don't be alarmed about the ears," said the Doctor, cheerily; "that comes from the medicine I gave to stop the chill."

Turning to Harold he had a brief conference with him.

"I have a plan that might answer," he suggested.

"Sir George will do anything that is necessary," returned Harold.

"Well it is this. The newest sled will hold four people comfortably. We can retain it here until noon with the best team of horses. Let Madam lie where she is until then. You and I and the driver will remain behind, and starting early in the afternoon overtake the troops by night."

"Will our separation from the men be safe?" Harold asked.

"Perfectly, Monsieur," was the reply. "We might meet a few Indians, but they are all our allies."

"How do you like the plan?" Harold asked of his wife.

"Very well, if you are sure we can overtake the men by night," was her answer, as she closed her eyes again.

"Madam, it shall be done," said the Doctor, as he went out to complete arrangements.

"I hope you have a good report," said Cummings, who was still waiting. Harold told him and then sought the Colonel.

"The idea is an excellent one," said the latter. "Some of our baggage sleighs will be delayed an hour or so, also, for I've given orders to purchase an extra supply of feed for the horses at Hull. This will be our last chance until we can raise it for ourselves at Penetang. Of course, during the summer the order is to obtain supplies by the boats on the lakes—all right if the war is over, or if we whip the Yankees—but the other way if they beat us."

Some of the officers seemed nonplussed. Soldier-like, not bearing responsibility, they had never given the matter a thought; and the suggestion opened up a new difficulty.

"Don't take the thing too seriously, my men," Sir George finally exclaimed with a laugh. "It will come out all right, but I want to take a look at the river from yonder crest for a minute or two, while we have time." As they neared it the vision widened.

"Well!" he exclaimed again, as he cast his eye upon the hamlet on the other side of the Ottawa. "This is the first time I ever marched *by a town* and camped outside."

"Why not change the name Sparksville to Bytown and give that as your reason," suggested Smith.

"Not so bad," replied the Colonel, briskly. "A fine town could be built here, with strong fortifications and this dashing river at our feet—providing the other side were in the hands of an enemy."

"Which can never be," put in the Doctor, "unless the French cut loose from the British with the Ottawa to divide them."

"In that case we'd build a citadel right here," said Captain Payne, "and change Smith's Bytown to "Out-away," as our command to the enemy."

"Which means," said Sir George, who was amused at the play upon words, "that we'd take the Hull of Ottawa."

"Sacre!" cried the Doctor with a flush. "That could never be. The lower province is stronger than the upper one and could beat it any day."

"Hoity, toity, man!" exclaimed the Colonel, elevating his eyebrows and smiling good-humouredly at the irate Anglo-Frenchman. "I should not think you would care exceedingly which way it went."

A general laugh followed, and the next moment the bugle sounded.

CHAPTER XXI

HELEN'S DIARY

"Rock Lake, Madawaska River,
March....., 1814.

"ONE hundred miles yet to face over this weary way! Oh, why did I come? Harold is well and strong and could have done without me; while I am a drag to him and the whole troop besides. It is two weeks since we left Sparksville, or Bytown, as Lieutenant Smith calls it; and I have had that miserable ague, in spite of the Doctor's medicine, every two days since we started. Sometimes I have a funny kind of delirium with it. While it lasts my head buzzes and whirls, and when I walk I feel as if travelling with tremendous speed, and keep looking over my shoulder to

see if some hideous object is not chasing me. The sensation is horrible, and the only relief is stillness. Even the motion of the sleigh affects me, no matter how quietly I sit. During those long drives along the Madawaska river the feeling was sometimes terrifying. I stood it while I could. At last Harold spoke to Sir George, and he promised if I could endure it till we arrived at Rock Lake, to have a shanty built for me, in which I could rest until able to finish the journey. The reason he chose Rock Lake was because we would there have the smooth surface of the ice for the heavier marching through the forest.

"It was very good of Sir George. He sent men on ahead to build the shanty, and now here we are; and a cozy cabin they have made of it, although isolated at least a hundred miles away from any other white man's dwelling. But I must jot down how it is built. To my surprise they put in a little window, and a heavy board door they were taking out for the new fort. The roof is of split logs laid flat and covered with pine branches; and as it won't thaw for a month there is no danger of the snow melting and running through. The chimney is built of slabs of green timber, put across one corner, leaving a hole in the roof; and the sides and back of the fireplace of sheet iron intended for the smithy. It may be crude, but we women folk—astonishing how clannish the life is making us—find it very comfortable, considering the long nights we have so often spent in the woods with a shelter not quarter so good.

"The journey from Bytown has been very weird to me, owing to my ague. Still I can remember the facts I think. After Harold, the Doctor and I started that first afternoon, we drove until nearly dark along the old Jesuit trail before we overtook the men. They were putting up the camp for the night, and had taken special care to provide for my comfort, so that next morning, notwithstanding another chill, I was ready to continue the journey. After that, for three whole days we were guided by Iroquois Indians, cutting our way through the woods to Calabogie Lake. These red men of the forest are not very picturesque. We saw nothing of their feathers and wampum and war paint. Perhaps that is because we are so far from the frontier, where all the battles are supposed to be fought. Their dress resembles that of the habitants, and they are proving themselves both friendly and trustworthy. Nearly every day they bring in fresh venison or bear meat for sale, and to-day we were astonished by a present from them of a huge moose.

"Strange, however, we rarely see the squaws. Perhaps it is because they know that our men are a body of warriors going through the country, who would take little notice of women.

"How our soldiers rejoiced on being ordered to march on the ice of the Madawaska! The river in some places is wide, winding in and out through a rugged and open country, but the ice is thick and the surface smooth and without drifts, save occasionally near a sudden bend. So, except where the rapids interfered we had steady marching and driving for days, over a road of our own make and not along the Jesuit trail. The great drawbacks are the depths of snow to be shovelled away or tramped down, and the wearisome windings of the river.

"Harold tells me that a hundred miles as the crow flies on the Madawaska would be two hundred by the windings of the stream.

"But my ague is coming back. I must stop my scribbling and will start it again to-morrow. It is so lonely out here in the woods that writing is like talking to an old friend. Oh, those wretched little imps! There they are again! You infernal buga-boos! You think you frighten me do you? Oh, I wish Harold was here, but he can't be until night! How my head aches and swims too! Still I hate to give in. There, Emmiline in the other end is singing. So I will put down what she says, if I can, in spite of the little fiends who have been chasing me ever since I left the Ottawa.

"Rock-a-bo babee, up de tree
Like vas de early morn,
And ve vill mak de feu de joie
And roast de Ingin corn.

"Rock-a-bo babee, airly an' lat
Ven sweet de birdies sing,
Petite garçon laugh an' ee grow fat
An' make de woods to ring.

"Rock-a-bo babee, Pater is com
From drivin' ever so far
Over de rivare, so glad he's home
To wife and child, by gar.

"What a mercurial nature! She feels well and can sing a child song notwithstanding all her sorrow."

Diary continued next day.

"My ague was not so bad yesterday, though I did see the little devils, and was disconsolate and blue all day—the bottom for a while being knocked out of everything. But the long rest helped me, and now that I feel better and have time, Mrs. Diary, I will have a good long chat with you. The men finished fixing the shanty this morning. The two women have a big kettle of water boiling outside and are doing some washing for the men. They say there is enough to keep them busy every day for a week. Emmiline—and, by-the-way, she sang that ditty very sweetly yestreen—is cooking over the fire at the other end of the room. She's as happy as a queen and is singing again, This time it's a habitant love song. How good-natured and volatile these French Canadians are! The loss of her two babies seems to be entirely forgotten in the joy of travelling out west with her husband. Outside, we can hear the axes of Bateese and another driver chopping firewood for our camp. Harold, as well as Bond and Hardman, are all away with the Colonel and his men cutting a roadway in and out among the granite boulders through the woods. They will be back to-night to remain with their wives until the morning. It seems an awfully funny arrangement—four married men with their wives, to sleep together in a single shanty. What a terrible thing it would be if any of them got mixed!

"Strange we never think of these things until they come upon us! And then we take them as a matter of course—simply I suppose because we have to. If I had known what lay before me, on leaving England, I am just as sure as——Still—I would have done a great deal for Harold—heaven knows I would—and perhaps, yes, perhaps—what's the use talking, anyway? Whatever is, had to be; and whatever lies before us, we must face, whether we will or no.

"Still these men are not a bit rude to me, and our long shanty is so arranged that our end is cut off from the rest, though what is said in ordinary talk can be heard all over the room. Then about our bed, I was going to tell how we make it, but I won't, even to you, Mrs. Diary.

"'Still keep somethin' to yoursel'
You'd scarcely tell to ony?"

"But I must say something more about our drive. For three or four days after leaving Bytown, Captain Cummings was with me the half of each day while Harold was marching—and I must say he seemed a different man—just as gentlemanly as he could be, and so kind and thoughtful—that I felt ashamed of having ever entertained suspicions. Then he was considerate, for on recovering the use of his ankle earlier than he expected, he suggested a return to the old rôle. I must say I was both glad and sorry to get some one else now and then in his place.

"Three days ago, too, one of my off days, in which I had no fever, he again drove with me the whole afternoon; and, as had occurred more than once before, I became interested in our talk. He has read and travelled so much that his talk is instructive; and before you know it you are thrown off your guard. You vow to yourself that it shall never occur again, and yet it does occur, even before you know it. That afternoon we commenced almost at once to talk about Penetang.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I have taken the trouble to learn a good deal about it. It is short for Penetanguishene, the name given to it by the Ojibway Indians, and is said to be very picturesque.'

"'Has the name a meaning?' I asked.

"'Yes, it signifies the rolling sands, or the shining shores, made by the gods of the fairies for lovers to bask upon.'

"'And do the Ojibways still live there?' I asked.

"'Oh, no. Governor Simcoe bought the section twenty years ago from the Matchedash Indians for garrison purposes; and it is only now by advice of the present Governor, Sir George Prevost, that the idea is being carried out.'

"'And so we are going there to build a fort,' was my response.

"'Don't you think we are an admirable body for the purpose?' he asked. 'A valiant knight of the cross with full compliment of officers and men to establish the quarters and put up the building; and a lady of quality to preside at our functions and be queen of our realm.'

"'But what will you do with her in the meantime?' I asked merrily. 'Put her on the rolling sands and shining shore, until the fort is built.'

"'That's just it,' he returned. 'Turn her into a sea nymph, and give her a tent to adorn until the building is finished.'

"'You are very kind. But how came it, Captain Cummings, as chief officer to be stationed, that you did not get married and bring your own wife to be queen and preside at your functions?'

"'I had very good reasons,' he blurted out. 'First, the lady to whom I was engaged flatly declined to come west when I hinted the matter to her. She was not so brave as you are. Second, she was a hothouse plant, and would have been out of place in a garrison settlement. Third, I did not love her enough to bother with her company, even if she had been willing.'

"'And did she break the engagement?'

"'I suppose so, and I am happy to say I'm a free lance again, ready to gather the luscious fruit whenever opportunity occurs.'

"'You don't believe then in the old adage: *Once in love always in love*?'

"'Lieutenant Manning does,' he replied.

"'And so does his wife,' was my answer.

"'Oh, of course, but I believe in friendship more than love; and you must count me your staunchest friend when we establish ourselves on the shining shores of Penetang.'

"I thanked him, of course, and again I say, what else could I do?"

TO BE CONTINUED

The May Fly

BY INGLIS MORSE

WITH wing so fairy-like and true,
Right merrily you move to-day:
The sunbeams on your bodies play
With pale and opalescent hue.

Here flitting by this rivulet,
Your life in span is but a day—
Spent where the trout is wont to play
Until the summer sun is set.

Your courtship and maternity
Are spent where dangers lurk unseen—
Between the Scylla of day's golden sheen
And gray Charybdis of the sky.

The Man Who Was Someone Else

A Detective Story

By ANDREW COLTISH SMITH

EVERYONE in Ontario, I presume, has heard of the famous Watkins case of the summer of 1898. So many eyes had not been turned upon the blushing little city of Woodstock since the well-known Birchall trial some eight years before. But, in spite of all the interviews and rumours and facts and stories brought to light by the industrious little band of newspaper reporters, I believe that no account of the inside history of that remarkable affair has hitherto been published. And yet, it presents by far the most interesting aspect of the case.

In many respects the affair is, I believe, unique in the annals of Canadian crime; and certainly no single case in this country has produced such enormous difficulties for the detectives, or presented so many points of extraordinary interest to the general public. And all this owing to the skill, amounting almost to genius, in one man who was enabled to interweave about his crime a network of facts so misleading that, but for one happy chance and the admirable skill of the detective who recognised the opportunity and acted upon it, no suspicion would have arisen that a crime had ever taken place.

J. Summerton Mills was the man who did it, and it made his reputation in one day. Before this time, he had been employed chiefly as a police detective in Toronto, in unimportant affairs where his ability had difficulty in asserting itself; but, either because the other men were elsewhere engaged, or possibly because Woodstock was his birthplace, and he would be aided by certain local knowledge, the entire investigation of the Watkins' affair was placed in his hands; and it is safe to say that had it been in those of any other, the startling denouement that one morning stared the country in the face from the front page of the newspapers, would never have taken place.

Mills and I were cousins. We had played together as children, and had studied together at school, and so it was with great satisfaction and delight that I noted the attention that this, the first of his great successes, aroused.

At that time I was a reporter on *The Mercury*, and the Woodstock correspondent of one of the big Toronto dailies, and it wasn't my fault if the public did not know who was conducting the investigation, or if they did not learn that every new and important fact that appeared was brought to light entirely through the energy and sagacity of J. Summerton Mills.

The whole affair centered about the incident recorded in the following report, which I sent to my paper on the morning of May 2nd, 1898, and which appeared in the issue of the following morning, under the heading, "Took His Own Life":

"The body of William Watkins, a prominent citizen of Woodstock, was found in a swamp on the Norwich road about a mile from this city at an early hour this morning. A bottle labelled 'Hydrocyanic Acid,' and a cup containing a little of the poison were found lying beside the body. Deceased left home in a buggy about half-past eleven last night, telling his housekeeper that he had business in Burgessville, and would not be back till morning. The horse and buggy were found half a mile up the road, whither the animal had strayed during the night. Mr. Watkins had lately been speculating heavily in wheat, and it is rumoured that he had sustained severe losses, and this may have furnished a motive for the suicide. He was forty-eight years of age, and had lived in Woodstock for a number of years, being engaged until latterly in the coal and wood business. A year or so ago, he inherited an independent fortune and retired. So far as can be ascertained he leaves no immediate relatives."

I wired further particulars during the day. As may be imagined, the event created some attention in Woodstock,

owing to the prominence of Mr. Watkins in the city, but it was only in the light of the startling subsequent events that the affair became particularly sensational.

The spot mentioned was a little way out of the city, where the Norwich road makes a short turn to the left to pass through a small swamp. Cedars and underbrush closely border the road, quite shutting out the view. It was here that the body was found lying under a small tree, not twenty feet from the roadway. But so dense was the shrubbery at this point that, but for one friendly little pencil of light that pierced the foliage and glittered on the watch-charm, the body might have lain undiscovered for days. When I visited the spot, in duty bound, late on the morning of the second of May, the branches were pushed back, the weeds trampled, and the ground and roadway deep cut with foot-prints and wheel tracks. The place was a perfect quagmire from the recent rains and, seeing nothing of interest, I soon returned to the city.

That same afternoon I met Mills walking up Wellington street from the station, grip in hand. "I have come down to hang somebody for this suicide of yours," he explained gaily.

This was my first intimation that anything was wrong, and I dare say my eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Surely there was nothing suspicious in the circumstances?" I exclaimed.

"Not in themselves, I admit," he replied, "but we have just received word that several checks for very large amounts, bearing the signature of William Watkins, were cashed this morning in Toronto. It may be nothing, of course, but it merits investigation."

"H'm; is that statement for publication?"

"No, not yet! I'll let you know if anything turns up. In the meanwhile, I wish to work quietly. It is a poor hunter who begins by alarming the game, you know. Besides, we must not forget that this is merely surmise, and the affair may be capable of a simple and innocent explanation. So please say nothing of the matter at present, and in return I promise that you will be the first to print the news if there be any."

The inquest brought out nothing sensational. After the house-keeper of the deceased and several others had identified the body, a farmer deposed to finding it as he was driving into town early Wednesday morning. The bottle of poison lay on the left side of the body, about a foot distant from it. The cork was lying on the ground. The cup was on the other side as though it had been dropped from his right hand.

Mr. Jamieson, husband of the housekeeper, and general servant of the deceased, was next called. He identified the cup as one of a set in use at the house. He also proved that the poison had been procured from a druggist in the east end of the city with whom the deceased had been in the habit of dealing. Witness had bought it himself, bearing a written order from his master. This had been about a week before. Deceased had not given him any explanation of the use to which he intended putting so powerful a poison. Witness had not observed any change in his master's appearance or behaviour. Deceased had not complained of being unwell at all, and had not been under medical treatment. He was a temperate man. He lived very quietly. Rarely went out, and seldom had visitors. So far as witness knew, no one had been at the house Tuesday except Mr. Johnston, the broker. Witness had gone out with his wife about eight o'clock to visit a friend. They reached home at twenty-five minutes past ten. They had just entered the house when the deceased drove around from the stable to the front of the house. Witness and his wife both went to the door. Deceased said that he was leaving for Burgessville and might not be back until tomorrow noon. Gave witness special injunctions to post two letters that were on the hall table, and to tell Mr. Bateman (a local cattle dealer) that he would be in to see him during the afternoon. Did not notice to whom the letters were addressed. Deceased had never before to his knowledge made any attempt upon his life.

The keeper of the toll-gate just out of town on the Norwich road testified to having seen the deceased pass through the gate at about quarter to eleven on Tuesday night. He was alone at the time and had

made some remarks about the fog, and said that he had to go through to Burgessville. Only one rig had gone through afterwards until the early morning. In it was a young man named Stebbins who had driven in the same direction as the deceased, a little after midnight. Would be quite possible for anyone to pass without being noticed if they were walking.

The young farmer just mentioned, admitted passing south along the Norwich road about midnight. Had seen a horse and buggy standing near a farm gate just beyond the swamp. Had supposed it belonged to someone in the nearby farmhouse. Having viewed the buggy of the deceased, said the two were undoubtedly the same. This completed the evidence and the jury almost immediately returned a verdict of suicide.

Mills was not present at the inquest, nor was anything said there about the checks. This appeared to me very strange. When the Crown were in possession of evidence of sufficient importance to bring a detective down from Toronto, why was it suppressed? And why did Mills ignore so important an event as the inquest? Was it reasonable to suppose that he could there learn nothing that would help him in uncovering the events of Tuesday night? Or would he have some other weightier evidence that he had not confided to me, and that was sufficient in itself to establish the proof of murder?

I searched for him that afternoon in vain. He was staying at a small hotel in the east end of the city, but had gone out at noon and had not returned at eight o'clock in the evening. However, I found him two hours later, sitting in his little upstairs bedroom. He was in a characteristic attitude, his feet on the bed, and his chair tilted back against the wall. In his hands was the evening paper; about him floated the savoury incense of a fragrant weed.

"You were not at the inquest to-day?" I observed.

"Why should I have been?" he returned.

"To learn all the facts there brought out that had a bearing in the case."

"Pooh; I knew them yesterday, and some others besides."

"Do you concur with the verdict of the jury?"

"Certainly not."

"You believe Watkins was murdered?" I asked incredulously.

"I do," replied my friend, bringing his feet to the floor and assuming a judicial attitude. "Consider the matter yourself. How many theories do you think could explain this man's sudden death?"

"I can conceive of but three. Either he met with an accident, or he committed suicide, or he was murdered."

"Exactly. Let us take them in turn. You will admit, of course, that the first is out of the question, for it is obviously impossible for a man to walk into a swamp at midnight and take a drink of poison by accident?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied. "But the second?"

"Can you imagine anyone who meditates suicide going to the trouble of hitching up a horse on a disagreeable night and driving two or three miles from home to commit the deed, when he could have accomplished the same result with a great deal less trouble in his own bedroom?"

"H'm—He may have been influenced by reasons of which we are unaware. He may have been suffering from a fit of temporary insanity, for instance."

Mills smiled.

"Possibly," he said. "I am willing to admit that he *might* have had some reason for so strange a proceeding. But I have another point that I wish to call your attention to. Did you view the body?"

"In the undertaker's rooms, yes."

"Did you notice the shoes?"

"I paid no particular attention to them."

"Nor did the doctors, nor the police, nor the jury, nor any person that had anything to do with the case. And yet, on them is unmistakable evidence that this man did not take his own life."

"You amaze me."

"Yes. Although, as you are aware, the swamp was swimming in mud and water the other night, *his shoes were perfectly clean*. I could not go to the spot in daylight without getting myself in a terrible mess, and yet they would tell us this man managed to do it in the middle of a dark night. Is not that curious?"

"It is indeed," I replied, marvelling much how my friend had in two minutes changed the whole aspect of the case.

"And yet—and yet," continued Mills, pacing up and down the room in increasing agitation. "How thus can we reconcile such conflicting facts? From the toll-gate keeper's evidence, Watkins passed through the gate about eleven forty-five. The young farmer saw the horse and buggy nearly half a mile past the swamp at midnight. Now in order for the horse to have strayed that far, Watkins must have met his death shortly after he was last seen at the toll-gate. How did his assailant happen to meet him just at that time? Did he know of this journey to Burgessville? Or did Watkins go to meet a friend? Was he induced to swallow the poison by being offered a drink? If he had an appointment just past the toll-gate why did he say he had business in Burgessville? What was this business? Who was this friend? Which way did he go after committing the murder? What was his motive? It couldn't have been robbery, for as far as we can make out, Watkins had no money on his person at the time, nor was he in the habit of carrying large sums of money about with him.

"I should like very much to know what this business matter was that was important enough to make a man drive ten miles on such a disagreeable night when he could have got a train the first thing in the morning. Well, well, we shall see, I suppose! You, who are a great whist player, know that when you are puzzled how to proceed, you play a little trump. That is the way with me. When I am in difficulty, I look into a man's past history. That is a last resource, and frequently a most fruitful one. It is our only source at present."

The next morning at Mill's request I took the train for Burgessville. I interviewed about half the population, and succeeded in creating a very considerable sensation in the village, but I was forced to return on the afternoon train without the vestige of a clue. Watkins was apparently quiet unknown in the place.

I met Mills on the street soon after I returned to town, and reported my ill success. He appeared worried and ill at ease, and I doubted if his search had been much more profitable. However, he said little about it until he repaired to his bedroom. He lit a cigar and, puffing quickly at it, threw himself into a chair beside the wash-stand on which he tapped rapidly with his fingers. Presently, throwing down his cigar in disgust, he plunged into a detailed account of his adventures.

"I can do nothing, it seems," he exclaimed. "As far as I can make out, Watkins never had a past. His was one of the most common, every-day lives that consist of eating three square meals a day and going to bed again. Mrs. and Mr. Jamieson, who have been with him only since he retired from business, know of nothing in his life that can throw a ray of light upon our case—no particular friendships, no enmities, not so much as a love affair. He had a couple of cousins, I believe, sons of a dead aunt, but he never had anything to do with them. I understand there was a family quarrel over the aunt's marriage, and that was why his uncle's money came to Watkins, while the two cousins were cut off without a cent. One of them lives in Brantford, and is more or less of a blackguard from what I can make out. He came to Woodstock yesterday to see if any money was left from the wreck, being as he imagined the next of kin. I saw him this afternoon—an iron-gray, steely-eyed, old sinner. He could tells us something, I am sure, if he would. He insisted that he knew nothing whatever of his brother's affairs. I think his reticence a trifle suspicious."

"Could he have had a hand in the affair?"

"I have no reason to believe so. He had a brother in Detroit, a well-to-do merchant, I think that is he now," he continued, as a knock was heard at the door. "I heard that he would be in town to-night, and left word for him to come here immediately."

There entered a stout, well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentleman, unmistakably from the city. He seemed to bring an echo of the hoof-clattered pavements, and the clanging rush of trolley cars with him.

After he had shaken hands with both of us, Mr. Williamson—so he introduced himself—proceeded to business.

"A note was handed to me at the Oxford

requesting me to call at your rooms without delay. I understand you have a communication to make in regard to the death of my uncle."

"Not exactly that," replied Mills. "There is some very important information with which, I think, you can supply me."

"About what?"

"In the first place, Mr. Williamson, I think it is only right that you should know that we are of the opinion that your cousin's death was not due to accident."

"What—you can't—you don't surely imagine—"

"Just so. We think that your cousin—that there was a murder committed on the night of the first of May."

Our visitor appeared greatly shocked.

"Dear me; dear me; this is terrible, gentlemen! I wasn't very well acquainted with my cousin, and what little intercourse we had was not such as to induce me to increase it, but to think that the poor fellow was murdered—upon my word, it's shocking."

"It is, indeed," replied my friend. "And now, Mr. Williamson, I can count upon your co-operation in this affair."

"Undoubtedly, sir. To the utmost extent in my power. But I am afraid I can be of little assistance."

"I think you may be of the greatest help to me. You know, I believe, something of your cousin's early life. Would you mind telling us whatever you can recollect of it?"

"Why, let me see. He was rather older than I. He was born, I think, at New Sarum, some fifty years ago. His mother died when he was very young, and he and his brother went to the village school at first, and afterwards worked on a farm near by. That was when I first saw either of them.

"My mother had married a young man of the name of Charles Williamson. He was very wild, and not too well off at that time, and her family were very much opposed to the match; so much so, indeed, that the young people were forced to make it a runaway affair, and the rest of the family never forgave her, nor had much to do with her afterwards. It is only common justice to my father to tell you that he reformed after his marriage, bought a small farm, educated both my brother and myself, and at his death left my mother comfortably off.

"However, we had never seen much of our cousins; but we lived only a few miles apart, and I learned of some of their affairs. Some time after this, I heard that Cousin William was paying very earnest attentions to a young lady near at hand of the name of Alice Morton. At least some said it was William she was going with, and some asserted that it was Thomas; others again were equally certain that it was both of them. For I think, I forgot to tell you that the two brothers were twins, and so exactly alike that it used to puzzle their own parents to distinguish between them."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mills, suddenly springing to his feet.

"They were exactly alike you say? Stop a moment. Let us consider this."

And he strode up and down the room for a few minutes, like a caged tiger, Williamson staring at him in very pardonable amazement.

"They were exactly alike," repeated Mills, at length, stopping before his visitor. "They were both after this girl, Alice Morton?"

"I am not certain of that. People said so."

"Where is the brother now?"

"He died some years ago."

"What? Where?"

"In Mexico."

"Where is Alice Morton?"

"She was married to Cousin Thomas."

"She was, eh? Is she living?"

"I believe so. She is in Mexico. She never returned home."

"William knew all this of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

Mills sank into his chair again and covered his face with his hands. "Pray continue your interesting story," he said.

"Well, people said both brothers were anxious to marry Alice Morton, and report said she didn't know which one to accept, and couldn't tell one from the other. The peculiarity of the affair gave rise to a number of rumours and reports, mostly exaggerated, no doubt, and many untrue. Finally, however, she accepted Thomas, and at the time of the wedding people say there was a terrible quarrel. As to that

I can't say. But, at any rate, Thomas and his wife went to Mexico, and William came to Woodstock to work for his Uncle Henry. This was the one who left him the fortune. I went to Detroit about the same time, and more or less lost track of the others, since. I heard that William did very well in the coal and wood business here."

"This Uncle Henry left all his money to William Watkins?"

"To him and Thomas. He never believed in Tom's death. My brother and myself, of course, were separated from the rest of the family."

"Was there any official record of Thomas' death?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I heard that he was dead."

"The money, I understand, was left jointly to the two brothers, the whole to go to the survivor if one died?"

"I never heard the exact terms of the will, but I believe it was something like that."

"And believing Thomas dead, you and your brother would be next of kin, and heirs to the money?"

"Yes. But I'm afraid there is very little left."

"You don't know your Cousin Thomas' former address?"

"No."

"Nor where I could find it?"

"No. None of his relations knew where he was."

"Thank you, Mr. Williamson! Your information has, I think, put me upon the very track that I was seeking."

For an hour after our visitor had gone, Mills paced slowly up and down the room, with his hands behind his back and his brows knitted in deep thought. Then his face cleared and he turned to me.

"I think our work on the Watkins' case is over for many a day," he said. "You can saunter down to the office in the morning with a free mind."

"I don't understand," I answered.

"We can do nothing now, until we find this brother's Mexican address. And if I mistake not, that will be some time from now. He is still living, of that I am confident."

"But what is the situation? Whom do you suspect?"

"Oh it is idle to speculate now. I'll let you know all about it in good time, never fear."

And so ended the first chapter of the official investigation.

. . . . . .

The next week Mills took a trip to Mexico. He was not too sanguine of success. To find a man, with only his name to start on, among ten million people, and they foreigners, and speaking a strange language, it is not a commission to be undertaken with a light heart. But a great deal of determination, some confidence, and a little luck, as well as the invariable oversight that every criminal makes sooner or later, thereby providing his pursuer with the very clue he needs, were all factors that my friend might count on.

But when he reached the city of Mexico and found into what a totally different world he had dropped he was almost in despair. His ideas of the country's laws were vague; his knowledge of its customs nil; he did not know in what province the man he sought resided; he knew not what his occupation might be; he simply knew that his name was Watkins, and that he lived, or did formerly live, in Mexico.

In his own country Mills would have experienced no great difficulty. He would have had resource to the directories, to advertising, or to the police. But here, he doubted if there were directories, even if he had known how to ask for them; and as for the police, Mills cherished the most decided conviction of their inefficiency, quite erroneously, as the event proved.

The sight of the policeman who stood in front of the hotel did not tend to remove this impression. With his hooded garment, and his wide-brimmed hat he looked, too, like a brigand.

But at any rate, Mills reflected, he had come to the very spot where he could keep his fingers upon the pulse of the whole country's social and commercial life.

So he set resolutely to work. The bell boy at the hotel became a valuable and well-paid ally. Through him my friend found that no person of the name of Watkins at that time resided at the capital, although, as the boy pointed out, he might very frequently be in the city, for all that. Indeed, after much research, the names of both Mr.

and Mrs. Watkins were found in the register of the Jardin, of a date some four years before, but no address was given and no one at the hotel could recollect the circumstance. Even so small an incident as this raised Mills' hopes for the time being, but no other success, however insignificant, repaid their utmost efforts. For over a week he and the bell boy with the aid of everyone else they could enroll in the cause worked steadily overtime in vain. They obtained a list—probably incomplete, of the owners of ranches and estates in that part of the country. They paid men on all the principal railroads out of the city to make enquiries all along the route; they interrogated travellers, commercial and otherwise, who might be in a position to hear of such a person in their journeys; they searched the columns of every paper in the country for the chance mention of their names; they had the hotel registers examined in all the nearby cities; in fact, they tried every artifice that their ingenuity could devise, but fate seemed to be against them.

Finally, seeing that nearly fourteen precious days had escaped him and, in despair of ever being able to accomplish anything by himself, he poured his history with the aid of the bell boy into the ears of the magnificent officer who occupied the position of chief of police. That gentleman received him cordially and bade him be of good cheer, and in a little less than two days called at Mills' room in the hotel and, with a bow to the floor and a grand sweep of the sombrero, announced that "the man Signor seeks, is found."

"Eh! What? You've got him?" exclaimed my friend in amazement. "Where is he, in the city?"

"He has a hacienda near Morelia, Signor. The Signora is living there with her two daughters. The Signor has been away in the United States, but will return to-night."

"To-night! Are you certain?"

"Quite certain, Signor."

"And you are sure this is the man I seek?"

"Quite, Signor. He came to Mexico from Canada sixteen years ago. His name is Thomas Watkins."

"We must be at Morelia ahead of him. When can we get a train?"

"I will enquire," said the official, and spoke to an officer in the hall, who went off somewhere to find out, and presently returned with the information that the last train that day left in three minutes.

Mills sprang to his feet and seized his hat.

"Come on," he exclaimed. "We'll have to make a run for it."

The officer regarded him with mild surprise.

"There are more trains in the morning, Signor," he protested, "and the man suspects nothing."

"But we must go to-night I tell you. There will be murder done. To-morrow will be too late."

That apparently made a difference, so they made a run for it, with little dignity. But they missed the train, nevertheless, and Mills fretted and worried all the rest of the day and a good part of the night. The next morning he was up at daybreak, and accompanied by a couple of sleepy policemen, made for the early train. There he was met by the chief who, having become interested in the affair, chose to see it through.

At Morelia they hired a carriage and drove out to the hacienda.

An air of confusion was noticeable about the place as they approached. No work was being done outside, the men standing about in groups speaking in low tones. The house servants moved about quietly with white, scared faces. A young girl came to the door.

"Is the Signor at home?" asked Mills, through the inspector.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, addressing my friend in excellent English. "But I am afraid you cannot see him. We are in such trouble. The Signora is very ill."

"Ha! Is it a sudden illness?"

"Very sudden. Only since last night. She went out of her mind and shrieked and raved dreadfully. Now she is unconscious."

Mills' face was pale and anxious.

"When did the Signor come home?"

"Last night."

"And the Signora became ill afterwards?

"Yes."

"Can you tell me just what happened? It is important that I should know."

"He arrived at dusk; the Signoras met him in the garden and walked back to the house with him. The Signora ran to the door when they approached, but staggered back at sight of him as though she had been struck."

"'Who is this man?'—she gasped.

"'Why mother!' exclaimed the girls, together.

"The Signor was deadly pale. He looked to me very strange.

"'Alice,' he said, 'don't you know me?'

"'Know you? Yes, yes! I do know you, and you shall never set foot in this house. Why do you come here like this? Why did you write to me in Tom's name? There is something wrong. You have no right here. I want to know what it means. Where is my husband? I tell you that I will know,' and her voice rose to a shriek.

"'*William Watkins, where is my husband?*'

"The Signor's face was absolutely ghastly. He held up his hands as though to ward her off, and staggered like a drunken man. The Signora fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

"They carried her to her room. The Signor said she was insane, and indeed we all thought so. During the night she became very ill, and was seized with terrible pains and vomitings. She continually cursed the Signor, calling him William, and accusing him of murdering her husband and of poisoning her. So violent did she become that he finally had to leave the room. Swoon after swoon followed. The doctor from Morelia could do nothing. This morning she is unconscious. She cannot last long."

"And the Signor?"

"You would not know him. He is suffering dreadfully."

Mills said nothing; he was thinking rapidly. His face bore a look of shuddering horror.

"I must speak to the Signor at once," he said presently.

"I will tell him, but I am afraid he will not see you."

"He must see me. Do not announce us. We will accompany you."

"Oh, but I can't let you, really."

Mills drew her aside and spoke earnestly to her in a low tone. Her face became very pale, but she turned and led them into the house without a word.

She paused before a door upstairs. Footsteps could be heard inside the room. Someone was walking to and fro, quickly, as though much excited.

"He is in here," she faltered.

"Is there another door to this room?"

"Two others; one leading into his bedroom, and the other to the south wing of the house."

"Signor," said Mills, turning to the officer, "this man is a dangerous criminal. He must be arrested at once. Two men must guard that other door, and two must see that he does not escape through the bedroom window."

Orders were quickly given, and the girl led the men away.

Then the two waited until she should say that all was ready.

Five minutes passed, and they were such as neither man ever forgot. Up and down, up and down, up and down, the footsteps went inside the room, and the listeners would imagine the awful anxiety that produced such restlessness—punishment enough, surely, for even such crimes as this man had committed.

Then the girl returned and nodded to them. She could not speak.

Swiftly Mills opened the door, and both men stepped inside.

The other stopped and turned. His face was absolutely livid.

"Who are you?" he cried. "What do you want here?"

"William Watkins, I arrest you for the murder of your brother Thomas in Woodstock."

"It's a lie," he shrieked. "I did not kill him. You had better not touch me."

With a bound he was at the other door, but the officers barred the way and, after a short, sharp struggle, he was overcome and handcuffed. Then he broke down completely and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child.

An hour afterwards they were driving with the prisoner to Morelia, and marvelling at the suffering caused by one man's misdeeds.

The Signora passed away during the afternoon without once recovering consciousness.

That same week I sent down to my paper two such big exclusive stories as seldom form a reporter's luck. The first began something like this:

"That William Watkins of this city, who was supposed to have committed suicide by drinking hydrocyanic acid on the first of May last, is alive and well, is the startling news just disclosed by J. Summerton Mills, the Toronto detective, who has been working on the case ever since. Mr. Mills was convinced at the time that the body found on the Norwich road was not that of William Watkins, and from evidence now in possession of the Crown it is known that this unknown man was foully murdered. Sensational developments are reported hourly, etc., etc."

It was a thrilling scoop, but nothing compared to the one of the following day, which was columns long, embellished with drawings, photographs and scare heads, the whole forming a magnificent advertisement for Mills.

"William Watkins was arrested Wednesday evening for the murder of his twin brother, Thomas, in this city on the first of May. The arrest was made at the instigation of J. Summerton Mills, at Morelia, Mexico. Mr. Mills is in possession of the most complete evidence of guilt, and can trace every movement of the prisoner and his victim up to and on the night in question.

"The trial bids fair to be the most sensational ever heard in this country. It appears that the body found in the swamp three weeks ago was that of Thomas Watkins, who was supposed to have died in Mexico some years ago. He returned to Woodstock on the night of April 30th, and it is alleged that a quarrel ensued between the two brothers and that Thomas was killed. Then the similarity of their appearances suggested to the murderer that he palm off his victim's body as his own. So, after dressing the corpse in some of his own clothes, he drove out the Norwich road and placed it in the swamp, arranging the bottle of poison and cup so as to suggest the idea that he had committed suicide. During the night he disappeared.

"Suspicion was first aroused by his proceeding to Toronto on the morning following the crime and cashing several large cheques, made payable to J. B. Johnston or bearer, and signed by himself.

"He was arrested at his brother's house in Morelia, Mexico, where Mrs. Thomas Watkins has just died under very suspicious circumstances."

It is unnecessary to recall the famous trial, the trouble that was found in the selection of a jury, the conviction, the sensational incident that marked the execution, or the controversy as to whether the prisoner ever confessed or not. These are facts well remembered by nearly every person in Ontario.

Sea-Chimes

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE dull chimes of the sea
I oft have heard at night,
Like the voice of a bird in flight
Borne far along the lea.
The grating shingle forward swings,
Then backward to the deep again:
While the Sea-muse rising from the Main
Its mystic song forever sings.

The Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia

By A. MACMECHAN

SEVEN Provinces, seven high contracting parties, make up the Dominion of Canada; and seven is a mystical number, a perfect number. If the great Northwest is carved into two more the spell will not be broken, for nine is also a mystical number, a perfect number. To the Canadian, Canada spells perfection.

Each Province has a character of its own; the older, the more character, the richer individuality. The newer ones are still in the process of making; but the older ones are made. Quebec is a peasant French community clinging to its mother speech and the stately, picturesque, old church, with a small, cultivated upper class deeply interested in literature and art. Quebec is ever mindful of her storied past, and dreams impossible dreams of the future. It is the one community with a folk lore and a folk poetry of its own. The songs of the people are really songs of the people and have a poignant sweetness unmatched except in the minstrelsy of Scotland and the *volklieder* of Germany. Their own name for the Province is not the official name on the map, but New France, with pathetic reference to the corrupt, tottering, feudal old France, which abandoned them to their fate a century and a half ago. The France they look to to-day is also a new France, republican, Voltairean, materialistic, busied in removing from the national life every sign, symbol and trace of religion. Ontario is a fiercely democratic, English-speaking state, mundane, practical, intent on agriculture, manufacture, trade, buying and selling and getting gain. Inequalities in wealth and rank are not yet glaring. Its virtues and vices are alike inconspicuous, as of commonplace people who pay their debts and go to church on Sunday. Its civilisation is distinctly puritanic. It devotes much time, labour and money to education and obtains results; its intellectual interests are religion and politics. Underneath is a strong capacity for enthusiasm, manifesting itself in a quixotic, Jacobitish attachment to a sovereign whom not one in ten thousand of the people ever saw, in celebrations of the Dominion's birthday, and a curious readiness to answer the call to arms. Ontario's deepest conviction is that it is Canada.

But the Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia is a very different thing from the Quebecacity of Quebec, or the Ontariosity of Ontario. The peninsula province has a flag, a flower and a nickname all its own. These possessions betoken history.

New France flies the tri-colour of the republic, instead of the golden lilies. From the deck of a steamer on the memorable 26th of June, 1896, I saw it hoisted on the beautiful Island of Orleans *above* the English flag, whatever may have been the omen. If there are two flags on one staff, one must be uppermost. The other Provinces must content themselves with the old red ensign, the symbol of Britain's world-wide commerce. The ugly conglomerate splotch of arms in the "fly" has apparently no official recognition. Only Nova Scotia has a Provincial flag, not English, not French, but all its own. It is a white flag with a blue St. Andrew's Cross (saltier), dividing the "field" in four. In the centre is the double-tressured lion of Scotland, the ruddy lion ramping in gold. You recognise, of course, the arms of Sir William Alexander, still borne in part by the baronets of Nova Scotia, that order to which Sir Arthur Wardour was so proud to belong. Sir William was a Scot, a poet, and a favourite of that kindly Scot, King James I of England. He burned to found a kingdom in the new world and was granted the Province of Acadie, just taken from the French. The King himself, as became the pupil of Buchanan, may well have stood sponsor for the Latin name. This was to be a new Scotland, to match new England, new Spain, new Holland, new France. It was to be parcelled out into baronies, and, by a legal fiction, was supposed to be part of the county of Edinburgh. The baronets were to be "invested" on Castle Hill of the Good Town. This "flag of a trading

company," as it has been called in contempt, flies over government buildings here on high days and holidays. It represents three centuries of history. Indian, Frenchman, Acadian, Gael, Scot, Englishman, German, Catholic, Huguenot, explorer, fur-trader, privateer, fisherman, pirate, loyalist, land-grabber, settler, farmer, miner, sailor, have wrought to make that history. Buried cities, national heroes, fleets and armies, great wars, revolutions, princes of the blood, tribunes of the people, have borne their part in it. The tale is long and fascinating, but can be only hinted here.

One of the chief surprises Nova Scotia holds for those who think it another Nova Zembla is the number and variety of its wild-flowers. A great Harvard professor, amateur of roses, once said he would settle in the Province if his favourite flowers could be persuaded to grow there. They would grow. All along "The Valley," the happy valley, you will find the white rose blooming beside the doorway of every farmhouse. But the sweetest scented native flower, and richest in colour, is the Mayflower, the trailing arbutus. In Ontario it is a rarity you go miles to find. Here whole parties visit the spring woods to gather them, and return from their quest bearing their sheaves with them. You see ladies in the trams and ferry-boats with great handfuls of them. The country-folk make them an article of merchandise, bound in stiff little bundles in the Green Market. The negro women hawk them from door to door. The business-man wears them in his button-hole, and has them on his office desk. They scent Haligonian drawing-rooms. Nova Scotians love the little flower; they celebrate it in verse; and they have defined their right to it as a national emblem by legal enactment against the wiles of the adjacent state of Massachusetts. The Pilgrim Fathers would fain deprive us of our treasure, but "An Act respecting the Floral Emblem of Nova Scotia," *Edward Sept.* I, cap. X, will ever stand an insurmountable barrier to their encroachments. From the fact that the Mayflower is the very firstling of the spring, we derive our poetic and significant motto, "We bloom amid the snow."

We have also a nickname, flung at us as a reproach, and adopted proudly and worn as a badge of honour, like "Whig" and "Tory." Our nickname is "Bluenose." Its origin is wrapped in mystery. Some time early in the last century it was used to designate our people and our potatoes. It conveys a sneer at the pinched, cold faces of our provincials, residing in a land of everlasting ice. It is like that most mistaken curse, "Go to Halifax!" Whoever utters *that* is like Balaam, the son of Balak, he desires to curse but he blesses against his will. I am not prepared to make any general statement regarding the hue of Nova Scotian noses, but I will go into court and swear to the colour in Nova Scotian cheeks. Traverse the Province from end to end, watch the groups at the railway stations, and your chief impression will be of sturdy men, comely women and chubby children, with the good red blood showing through the clear skin. The cosmetic is fog, perhaps, and sea air. The face of the Nova Scotian girl is like the face of the wild Nova Scotian rose.

Local pride is strong, and who shall blame it? As a country, *pays*, our Province has a varied beauty all its own. The Atlantic coast is a granite wall, indented by uncounted bays, and creeks and harbours, and fiords and inlets, with long and wonderful beaches stretching from headland to headland, with endless islands of every shape and size filling the great bights, with quaint, white old-world fishing villages nestling in the clefts of the rock, each with its legend of storm, or wreck, or buried treasure, or privateer, or Indian raid. On the "Fundy side" the enormous tides that Howe advised us to brag about when we could brag of nothing else, make another kind of landscape—broad alluvial plains, cut through by strange, unresting rivers of loops and basins. With the ebb-tide they empty and become wide red gashes in the earth, with a mere trickle at the bottom. With the flood tide from the sea they fill swiftly from bank to bank, the current boiling, or the "bore" sweeping along a wall of turbulent roaring water. Outlining their banks, run low earthworks, the "dykes" which peasants from Normandy began or built three centuries ago. At certain seasons gaps are made in them

to let in the fertilising sea water. These fields have been cropped for three centuries and are as rich as ever. On the "Fundy side" is the lovely Annapolis Valley, running the length of the Province between the North and South mountains, a sheltered land of wealthy farms and thriving orchards. "New England idealised," a Yale professor called it; in the spring it is "a hundred miles of apple-blossoms," in the memorable phrase of Grant.

But Cape Breton is the chief paradise of the searcher after the picturesque. Walpole's Duke of Newcastle was surprised and delighted to discover that it was an island, and still the tourist feels the freshness of this geographical fact. It is an extraordinary island, reversing the schoolbook definition, for it is land almost surrounding a quantity of water. The lake of the Golden Arm almost cleaves it into two islands. This gives unending combinations of hill, crag, forest, islet, water, which those who have seen both compare with the highlands of Scotland. The settlers are largely Highland and "have the Gaelic." There is a famous Gaelic communion service held every year in the cathedral of Nature, "under the wide and open sky." It is a land of bards; native poets compose songs as they did in the days of Ossian. You can hear still the pathetic "Fhir a bhata" that Black celebrates in his novels, and in some farmhouse you may chance on a rusty dirk or claymore used at Culloden.

The riches of the mine so rarely found together, coal, iron, gold, are ours, the wealth of the orchard and the harvest of the sea. But our chief possession is in men. A sea-faring people, a race living by the ocean must have advantages over a land-locked people. The man who builds and sails a ship to far-off climes, who trades with far countries, who battles with storm and wreck for his livelihood, must, of necessity, have a stronger soul, a wider outlook on life and nature, than the man who keeps a shop or tills the peaceful inland fields. Nova Scotia is proud of the men she has bred. She has good reason to be proud of her living sons; but she holds even dearer the memory of her dead. Every town, every county, cherishes traditions of its old families, its first settlers; of the pioneer missionary, the minister who gave half his scanty income to redeem the slave; the adventurous sea captain whose life reads like one of Smollett's novels, the man who settled half a county, the evangelist who stirred the souls of men, the founder of the first academy, the man who first resisted the insolence of office, the loyalist who lost all for the flag. Nova Scotia has a hero, and a hero-worship. His effigy in bronze stands beside the Province building in which many of his triumphs were won; but he hardly needs such a monument. You will meet many an old man whose eye will brighten and his face light up when he tells you that he once saw "Joe Howe" and held his horse for him. No man born in British America ever won such affection as this great tribune of the Plebs, our faulty, great-hearted, magnetic, far-sighted, eloquent statesman. The very sons of those who stoned him built his sepulchre. Nova Scotia has also given one far-known name to literature, Haliburton; he remains our only humorist. De Mille, a New Brunswicker, wrote all his novels here. The first man to bridge the Atlantic with a line of steamers was a Halifax merchant, Samuel Cunard. A great fleet still bears his name. One single county, Pictou, has given Canada five college presidents: Dawson to McGill, Grant and Gordon to Queen's, and Ross and Forrest to Dalhousie. Can any other county in Canada make such a boast? Is it an accident that the present Minister of Finance and the Leader of the Opposition are both Nova Scotians? Count the leaders in our political life since Confederation, the honours won by Nova Scotians in academic life, and you will not contest the claim of the little seaboard Province to be considered the brain of Canada.

Can the United States Hold South America?

From the London (England) *Outlook*

BEHIND President Castro's antics and the abortive receivership of San Domingo, behind each and every South American "complication," "Can the United States Hold South America?" that and nothing less, is the ultimate question propounded. The Americans themselves answer it perhaps too confidently. With them the Monroe doctrine is less a policy than a religion. It has come down to them with all the binding sanctity of a tradition in a country where traditions are few and therefore devoutly held. They subscribe to it with that passionate fanaticism which men and nations reserve not for their convictions but for their instincts. That in itself is a danger. There is always some risk when a formula becomes a fetish and a political proposition is transmuted into a national prepossession; and the risk is all the greater in a country like America, where the educated classes have more or less surrendered their functions of criticism and leadership; where middle-class opinion, left pretty much to its own devices, is the operative political force, and where minorities monastically hold their peace. In such a country it is not difficult for a policy to take rank as a revealed dogma whose foundations it becomes almost impious to examine. Such, in effect, has been the case with the Monroe doctrine, and its transference from the sphere of politics to that of faith lies near the root of its indefiniteness and of the want of clear thinking which is displayed by its defenders. Only a few years ago, for instance, Americans spoke and thought of the Monroe doctrine as a protection against "the burden of militarism"; they regarded it as a sort of self-acting barrier against European "aggression"; the idea had hardly occurred to them that they might one day be called upon to fight for it. Now, however, they are realising that their determination to enforce it must ultimately affect the Americas as the retention of Alsace-Lorraine has affected Europe; and, realising it, they at once and with remarkable intensity begin the building of a powerful fleet. That, to be sure, is only common-sense. Americans cannot issue what is essentially a challenge to all Europe without the force, if necessary, to oppose all Europe.

The broadest definition of the Monroe doctrine is that no European power shall be permitted to colonise North or South America, that the present foreign holdings on and around the continent shall neither be increased nor transferred, and that any punishment inflicted upon a South American republic must be such as the United States approves, and must never take the form of permanent seizure of the offending State's territory. There are two points connected with all this that Americans have yet to decide. First of all, are they prepared to maintain order and "decency" throughout the regions from which they exclude Europe? Hitherto they have admitted no liability whatever for the outrages, disorders and financial crookedness of the half-caste republics under their patronage. Mr. Roosevelt is aware that if any European power were to claim a similar irresponsible suzerainty over even the most worthless portion of Africa, it would be instantaneously challenged, and it offends his sense of dignity and justice that the United States should be playing in South America the part of the dog in the manger. But he has not so far succeeded in winning over the Senate to his way of thinking, and the immensely vital question of whether the Monroe doctrine implies duties as well as confers privileges has still to be answered. And even when this is disposed of, there will remain unsolved a yet graver problem. How far does the Monroe doctrine extend? Do the Americans intend it to be operative from the Rio

Grande to Cape Horn? Would a European settlement of Patagonia be considered by them just as much a cause for war as a European settlement of Mexico? Has the Monroe doctrine, in short, any limitations, or does it apply indiscriminately to the whole of that vast continent of which the Americans occupy but a fraction?

If the Americans answer, as we suspect they will, that the Monroe doctrine includes the whole of both the Americas and their adjacent islands, and if they deny that it carries with it any responsibilities, we can only hope, by way of reply, that they understand what they are about. For what is South America? It is something more than "a land of revolutions." It is almost the only part of the world's surface that has escaped the modern rage for colonisation. It is the last and most tempting field for the reception of overcrowded Europe—colossal, sparsely populated, much of it almost unexplored, inhabitable by Caucasians, its interior easily accessible by water, its soil of seemingly exhaustless fertility, its mineral wealth barely tapped. Such is the prize that is dangled before a world whose ceaseless endeavour it is to lower the social pressure by emigration and secure for her traders easy access to fres and, above all, exclusive markets. To us it seems part of the inevitable evolution of things that a congested Europe should one day fling itself upon South America as it already has upon Africa and China. On the one side put the implacable loyalty of Americans to their famous policy, and on the other put the ever-growing necessity for European expansion, the military spirit of the continent, the extraordinary inducements offered by South America, and the unrest that broods over the country from Patagonia to Panama—and you have a situation which it will take a miracle to preserve intact for another twenty years. Moreover, it is a situation that has taken on a new intensity since the American plunge into Imperialism. While demanding the open door in China the Americans are closing it in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico; and the final economic menace of the Monroe doctrine is its foreshadowing of a preferential position throughout South America. Equality in the old world and monopoly in the new is perhaps too abrupt a summary of the American ambition, but it accurately indicates the direction in which that ambition is tending. We are not quite sure that the Americans comprehend the dangers that confront or may confront them. They are shielded from realities by their geographical, and still more by their intellectual isolation, by a self-sufficiency of ultra-British comprehensiveness, by their ecstatic devotion to the Monroe doctrine, and by a belief in American invincibility for which they hold their past to be sufficient warrant.

Natural History Notes in Northern British Columbia

By REV. J. H. KEEN.

A GOOD deal of attention is just now being directed to Northern British Columbia in connection with the new transcontinental railway. The following notes, therefore, made during last year, may have an interest for others besides students of natural history. The notes all refer to the immediate neighbourhood of Metlakatla—an Indian village situated on the sea coast at the southern end of the Tsimshian Peninsula—where the writer resides.

January 18th, 1904.—Ground frozen hard and covered with snow. Oregon robins (residents) frequent along beach. Also black-headed Turnstones. Ducks of various kinds common in harbour.

January 23rd.—Counted over thirty Or-

egon robins along beach. Probably driven from woods by severe weather.

March 5th.—Ground still frozen hard. Ducks numerous. No trace of vegetable growth yet, except of grass in very sheltered places.

March 13th.—Snow in woods still somewhat deep. On hills very deep. Oolachans reported to have appeared in the Naas River. Also herrings at Japs' Point, five miles distant. Hard frost every night; slight thaw of surface during day. An eagle was seen to kill a gull on the beach to-day. No spring birds yet.

March 18th.—Hard night frosts continue. Days sunny. A few Lapland longspurs on the village green. Indians away gathering and drying herring spawn. No vegetable growth yet.

March 19th.—First arrival of common robins.

March 25th.—Ground continues frozen, only grass and gooseberry bushes showing signs of growth.

March 29th.—First thaw and rain after eight weeks' continuous frost.

April 2nd.—Six inches of snow fell last night. Saw first bumble-bee. No ducks in harbour. All attracted by the herring spawn outside. Common robins quite numerous now.

April 11th.—Grass faintly green. Gooseberries in tiny leaf. Rhubarb two inches high. Cow parsnip beginning to show.

April 13th.—First butterfly of season—a small tortoise-shell.

April 14th.—First flock of sandpipers. Also first humming bird of season. Two swans shot on Salt Lake last night. First dandelion blossom observed.

April 15th.—First swallow (white-bellied).

April 16th.—First frogs active. Vegetation has made rapid strides during last few days. Grass now green, though short. Berry bushes in small leaf.

April 18th.—Indians fishing with spoon bait for spring salmon. Only a few caught. Weather mild and pleasant.

April 19th.—Savanna sparrows appear in flocks.

April 22nd.—Surprised two young deer whilst walking on hill at back of village.

April 26th.—Village green now studded with dandelion blossoms. Gooseberry bushes in blossom and frequented by numerous humming birds. Indians busy preparing their gardens for potatoes.

April 29th.—Pulled first rhubarb of season to-day. Two humming birds picked up dying—possibly with cold. Frequent hailstorms lately, with sunshine between them. Cold winds.

May 2nd.—First golden-crowned sparrows appeared.

May 4th.—First orange-crowned warbler.

May 7th.—Newts and leeches active in pond. First flock of sandhill cranes seen passing overhead.

May 10th.—First osprey appeared.

May 17th.—Cherry trees in small leaf. Nights still cold.

May 21st.—Slight fall of snow on hills last night—none near sea level.

May 22nd.—Summer warbler and black-capped warbler first observed.

June 24th.—Very wet and chilly of late. Fire needed in house all day to-day. Raspberry canes showing but few leaves as yet. Salmon fishing should have begun on River Skeena a week ago, but season is very late.

June 29th.—Vegetation about at its best. Salmon run has begun on Skeena River, but no fishing, as Indians are on strike.

July 5th.—Snow still remaining on even low hills. Saw goatsucker skimming over village—the first observed in this region during a residence of fifteen years.

July 27th.—Young birds appearing. Shoals of small fish (smelts?) appear in harbour. The children scoop them up in buckets. Weather very unsettled—only an occasional warm day.

August 1st.—Not a butterfly to be seen. Humming birds still here. Live bat brought to me to-day.

August 5th.—Some small blue butterflies observed. Also four species of dragon fly.

August 6th.—Wolves reported common of late.

August 17th.—Weather fine and warm with occasional tendency to fog. Elderberries turning red. Frogs of all sizes very numerous at night.

August 27th.—Water and shore birds beginning to return from their breeding

haunts. A single humming bird seen to-day—most having left for the south. Snow still visible on highest mountains.

September 9th.—Weather of late very wet with only an occasional fine day. Several flocks of wild geese passing south. Raspberries now at their best, but crop poor.

September 20th.—A snow-white diver seen in harbour during last few days. Large flocks of sandhill cranes passing southwards.

October 1st.—Flushed twelve snipe (Wilson's) from one spot in marsh to-day. Saw one specimen of a mourning dove. Golden plover and other shore birds numerous.

October 7th.—Slight white frosts of late at night; warm, sunny days. Indians now busy harvesting their potatoes.

October 21st.—Leaves falling. Vegetation looking brown and weather-beaten. Almost constant rain lately, with gales.

November 3rd.—Fresh falls of snow on all the higher hills. None at a lower level yet. A coot shot in harbour to-day.

November 13th.—Snow has all disappeared except from highest hills.

December 9th—Weather still quite mild. Kingfishers still here. Gnome owl shot here to-day. Ducks and grebes still numerous in harbour. Also snipe in marsh.

June Morning

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

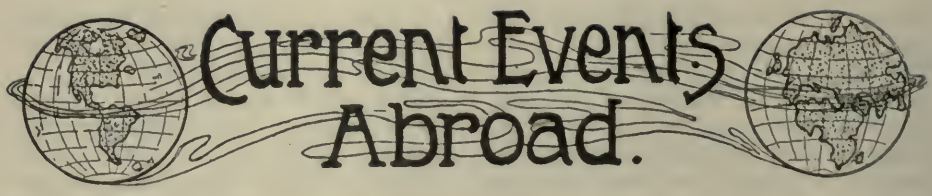
THE white throat sings in the pointed fir,
In the orchard branches the robins stir.
The whip-poor-will, by the hidden spring,
Volleys his 'plaint where the shadows cling.

Across the pastures the first lights sweep,
Driving the mists like dreamland sheep;
Over the twisted fence, and away,
They huddle and stream to the gates of day.

From the farm-house windows the blinds are drawn.
The hives gleam white on the shaded lawn.
The chimney, red in the golden air,
Offers its breath like an azure prayer.

The mare in the paddock trots to the gate.
The blue cock-pigeon coos to his mate.
Under the eaves, with tremulous wing,
The martins flitter, and dart, and cling.

The mild cows nose at the laggard bars.
The dew-wet clover tops flash like stars.
A door unlatches and, dainty and fair,
Marjorie sniffs at the morning air.



EARLY in May a phase of the war that became gravely acute was the question of international neutrality. The use made by Admiral Rojestvensky of the ports of the French possessions in Indo-China occasioned intense resentment in Japan. Here was an enemy contemplating hostile operations against Japanese territory and using neighbouring ports of another supposedly neutral country in order to facilitate his purpose. What it truly means may be more easily appreciated by reversing the shield. Had a Japanese fleet made its way round the world for the purpose of attacking France, let us say, what would the French people think and say if it had been helped and cheered at every British port of call and, finally, was permitted to use ports in the British Isles in order to prepare for its attack on the shores of France?

Frenchmen in such a case would regard Britain's neutrality as a somewhat dubious thing to say the least of it. Yet, this is precisely what has been done by France in favour of Russia and against Japan, whether wilfully or not makes very little difference so far as practical results are concerned. It may be admitted that Russia's ally has been placed in a difficult position. It does appear that the Russian admiral received something stronger than hints that his room was preferable to his company. But he appears to be a law unto himself. As an English seaman said, there are three parties to this war, Russia, Japan and Rojestvensky. If we are to believe St. Petersburg he paid no more attention to telegrams from there than intimations from the Governor of Indo-China. It was a case similar to that depicted in *Punch* some years ago, where the little policeman sternly asks the husky, six-foot suspect to move on, and when the loafer refuses to do so the bobby philosophically responds, "Well, stay where you are." The French authorities in the East have been unwilling to bring *force majeure* to bear on their sorely-beset ally, and yet by not doing so they have entailed dangers of a peculiarly grave kind.

That Japan is bound to be the ruling power of the East and mistress of the Pacific scarcely admits of question. The quality of seamanship her officers and men have shown are a guarantee of her predominance sooner or later on the eastern shores of Asia. French interests in that quarter are not inconsiderable. Indo-China alone comprises 120,000 square miles of territory, and whatever material value it may have for France it is highly prized. Avowed hostility on the part of Japan would make it very difficult to hold it, even if France could maintain the command of the sea. The northern boundary of Assam is China, and it may be taken for granted that Japanese influence will be powerful henceforth throughout the whole of the Middle Kingdom. Three or four regiments of Japanese troops operating from Chinese territory could march to the sea almost without opposition. It is unquestionably bad policy, therefore, for France to offend Japan.

The situation was complex in more respects than one. If it could be shown that France was aiding and abetting Russia it would be an act of war, and Japan would be justified in calling upon her ally, Great Britain, to implement her treaty obligations. The London *Times* warned France in a friendly, but firm way, of the risks and dangers involved in a hesitating, half-hearted enforcement of her neutrality obligations. The situation was critical enough for a few days to affect the barometer of the stock market, but the

final departure of the Russian admiral outside French territorial waters relieved the strain.

There will be a number of questions of international law clamouring for settlement when peace comes. The duties of neutrals will be one of them, and another will be the legitimacy of the practice of sowing the sea with floating mines to the danger of navigators generally. A fixed mine is a known quantity. Its position can be set down on a map. When the necessity for its menace disappears it can be removed. A mine, however, which is cast into the sea at the mercy of wind and wave may occasion damage and the sacrifice of innocent lives many miles from the forbidden areas and scenes of conflict. It is to be hoped that some frightful catastrophe will not call the attention of the civilised world to the deviltry of this form of warfare, which both combatants have practised.

ON TOUR
(Tangier, March 31)

KAISER WILHELM (as the Moor of Potsdam) sings:—
"'UNTER DEN LINDEN'—ALWAYS AT HOME,
'UNDER THE LIME-LIGHT' WHEREVER I ROAM!"

Bernard Partridge, one of *Punch's* clever cartoonists, has thus hit off the Kaiser's characteristic method of keeping himself well to the front in the world's politics.

At the time of writing the two Russian admirals have joined forces and their combined fleets form a quite imposing and formidable armada. It is being pointed out that it overtops any force that Admiral Togo may bring to bear against it. Are we sure that we know the full extent of the Japanese fleet? There has been a significant silence as to what became of the Russian ships sunk in the harbour of Port Arthur. Will the Russians find a number of the vessels which were formerly their pride and a part of their naval pomp arrayed in the blazing battle line of their enemies? Another thing of no small meaning is the activity displayed by Japan since the war began in the building of torpedo boats. The first crippling blow administered to Russia at the very dawn of the conflict was inflicted by the Japanese torpedo boats. The experience of their deadly effectiveness set the Japanese navy yards feverishly to work to construct more. It is understood that twenty-five were thus constructed, vessels with over 30 knots speed and capable of discharging their torpedo against an objective at a distance of over half a mile. Twenty-five of these vessels filled with crews which regard self-immolation as the fine flower of patriotism, would be a source of fearful danger to the best flotilla that ever breasted the waves. We are on the eve of the most destructive sea-battle the world has ever seen.

CHURCH AND WEALTH

WOULDN'T IT BE EMBARRASSING TO SOME OF OUR PROMINENT CITIZENS?

"Wait a Minute! How Did You Make that Dollar?"

—Chicago *Tribune*

The relations between Sweden and Norway do not improve. There is, indeed, a steady drifting apart which is ominous. There is, indeed, no organic connection between them except that supplied by the monarchy. Each has its own legislature, and Norway claims that each should have the right of saying what its foreign relations shall be. Union and divergent foreign policies seem to be utterly inconsistent, although in 1903 a plan was proposed and adopted which professed to solve the insoluble. Sweden desired, however, that the Foreign Minister should possess a veto over the consular appointments of the Norwegian Parliament. The Norwegians repudiate such authority, and if they go on and appoint consuls who do not recognise the Foreign Minister of the united kingdoms a very serious situation will be created. The famous Norwegian novelist, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, has warned his countrymen of the possible effects of disunion. He reminds them that Russia, having failed to get perennial access to the ocean in the Far East, will again turn her attention to European projects having that end in view. She has before now cast envious eyes at the Norwegian coast with its numerous harbours, and will be all the more inclined to do so again should she find Norway weakened either by mere isolation or by war with her yoke-mate in the Scandinavian union. The English-speaking peoples have a real admiration for both these northern peoples. They are a fine, wholesome, hardy, courageous, industrious northern race, making the most out of their somewhat unpromising heritage. The Nansen expedition towards the pole showed what splendid stuff the Norwegian is made of, and the feeling of everyone who read that story of daring persistence and true brotherhood was that the Viking spirit still lives, and that such a race is capable of great things. This estimate is sustained in the story of the Swedish and Norwegian immigrants who come to America.

In South Africa a measure of self-government has been conceded. It is true that it is not extensive, but it is doubtless the beginning of the granting of full powers. So far as can be learned from the press the wounds of the late war are healing rapidly. The number of British troops in the whole of South Africa six months ago was given as less than 53,000, and the number is said to be steadily diminishing. Sir Alfred Milner has resigned his post but his work and policy are being firmly and wisely carried on.

Lord Cromer's annual report is a revelation in the art of resuscitating dead nations. What more convincing proof could we have of the triumph of civil government than the statement that from Alexandria or Cairo to Fashoda the trav-

eller can proceed with perfect safety, unarmed and unaccompanied! That means that peace, order, and unhindered and unvexed industry prevails in a region which for hundreds of years has been the scene of unrepressed violence and lawlessness. The public revenues of the Soudan, he tells us, have risen from the £35,000 that it was in 1898, to £576,000 last year. Lord Cromer is engaged in a work that, when the history of Egypt is considered, may well kindle the imagination.

The general election in Great Britain is not far off. The Government would probably have finished its second term comfortably, but Mr. Chamberlain's agitation administered a mortal wound. Those who take the view that he was merely looking for something to freshen the party programme will have difficulty in reconciling it with the facts of the case. There can be little doubt he is thoroughly convinced that the tie between the mother country and the colonies needs strengthening, and that the interlacing of commercial interests is the surest and most enduring way of accomplishing that purpose. Whether he is right or wrong it is hardly fair to question his motives, and whatever may become of his projects he will be remembered in the future as having first called attention to the need of a greater solidarity of the Empire.

John A. Ewan.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN

IT IS

Count Cassini says that "Russia's position in the Far East must be recognised."—New York *Evening Mail*

Simplicity

BY W. SHERWOOD FOX

THOU seekest me in the lily's argent bell,
Which, gently swung by rocking zephyrs, tolls
The short white life away—a knell to souls
Of calmer ear than thine. Not there I dwell!

Thou seek'st me in the clear dew-tear that fell
From Night's grieved eyes when Day declined and died;
Or in the artless sunbeam-motes that hide
When shades approach. Not here, nor there, my cell!

Serene I live within a maiden's breast
Unheaved for cares without her little sphere.
Her placid brow's the lily of thy quest;
The lucid dew, her unaffected tear;
The motes, her eyes bedimmed with sad unrest
Should ill invade. O Seeker, find me here!

WOMAN'S SPHERE

THE BRIDE

"'MID breath of orange flowers
And shimmer of satin and lace
With June sun or April showers,
Or winter's kiss on her face.
She comes! let the wide world greet her,
And wish her long days, and fair,
For there's nothing we know that's
sweeter
Nor lovelier anywhere.
Ring out the bells in triumph,
Sing, white-robed singers, in tune,
For the bride who weds in December,
For the bride who weds in June,
Fling open the rose-hung portal,
Set the gate of happiness wide,
If the whole world loves the lover
It kisses the feet of the bride."

—*Lady Gay.*

THE MONTH OF CONFETTI

GOLF may flourish in the Autumn and hockey may be the nation's pride during January and February; but June is reserved for the bride, and man is expected to retire gallantly to the background and appear only as usher or as a wholly insignificant bridegroom. The newspapers of the land, from the metropolitan daily to the country weekly, blossom as the rose with paragraphs of duchesse satin, shower bouquets carried by the bride and her fair attendants, while pearl sunbursts gleam in every column. The gray crepe de chine of the bride's mother rivals in rustling splendour the black peau de soie with touches of heliotrope worn by "his" maternal parent. Such is "woman's sphere" in the bridal month of June, and every good wish attend the Canadian maidens who, in 1905, elect to change their names at the season when "if ever come perfect days."

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE next annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada will be held in Charlottetown, P.E.I., from June 28th to July 5th, when it is expected a large number of delegates will be present. Hospitality is offered to all duly elected delegates, and special rates at hotels and boarding-houses have been arranged for any others who attend. The programme is varied and interesting, and as usual a number of social functions have been arranged.

The Local Councils in British Columbia have been given charge of the Women's Department of the coming Dominion Exhibition, and committees are at work preparing the prize list, and making other arrangements.

Her Excellency the Countess Grey in her reply to the address of welcome presented to her by the Toronto Local Council expressed her warm appreciation of the National Council, and her faith in the great possibility for national good that is contained in this federation of women's societies. Lady Grey has ac-

cepted the Honorary Presidency, and in her reply she spoke of her willingness to help the Council in its work in any way she could.

Three other societies have applied for federation with the Toronto Local Council lately, which will bring up the number of societies in that Council to 31. These three societies are the Needlework Guild, the Girls' Home, and the Ontario Nurses' Association.

The President, Mrs. Thomson, of St. John, N.B., and the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, have lately been the guests of the National Council of Women of the United States in Washington for the week of their triennial meetings. As the National Council of Women of Holland was holding its annual meetings in Amsterdam at the same time, a cablegram of greeting was sent in the name of Canada and the United States to the sister Council of Holland.

The Countess of Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, has lately been visiting several of the National Council in Europe, all of which she found engaged in much good work. One of the latest, that of Hungary, has already a large membership. The Councils in France and Norway are making strong efforts to suppress the awful White Slave Traffic.

MORE FRENZIED FINANCE

IT really makes one's head ache to read the artless prattle about economy in certain articles for the benefit of the housekeeping sex. In "Nancy's First Housekeeping," a modern magazine writer tells just how she and "Jim" began to lead the simple life in their own little home. In a playful fashion this grown-up writer declares—"and we did have such warm arguments." But the following item of information is, perhaps, the gem of the collection:

"As the cool weather came on a bare floor was chilly in the morning, so we collected green and white rags from all our friends, and had a rag rug woven, which cost us four dollars and a half, and was very pretty and effective, and wore well."

Think of the pure bliss of collecting green and white rags from your friends, and thereby having a bedroom carpet for less than five dollars! Some of us may feel a little shy about asking the members of our social circle for rags of any hue, but Nancy was a lady of courage and resource.

It is a relief to be informed that when this worthy couple entertained, the adjective "simple" might still be applied. Nancy confidingly remarks, "We never invited more than two people at the same time to dinner, and there was very little extra expense. Saving became a hobby with us, and we enjoyed planning how to save five cents here or a penny there more than any extravagance....I was always scheming for economical ways of doing things and hunting for cheap dishes." Great is economy, and it should prevail! But in the meantime it would be pleasant to have occasionally more than two guests for dinner. However, if they only pinch and save for a score of years, after Nancy and Jim have passed the Osler line they may be rewarded by feeling free to invite as many as four dear friends to share the roast. Hunting for cheap dishes sounds like an exciting business, but the reader is conscious of a thrill of sympathy for Jim. Cakes without eggs, and bread crumb puddings flavoured with warm water and vanilla fell to his lot, no doubt, and one is left to hope that he was sometimes asked to dine at the club, even if Nancy were obliged to spend a lonely evening given up to the contemplation of further economy.

THE AMBASSADRESS

IN the May number of Sir George Newnes' latest journalistic venture, "The Grand Magazine," there is an interesting article on "The American Ambassador," by Mr. David Hales, in the course of which he pays a graceful tribute to the wife of the representative at St. James. To those who imagine that such a position is one of luxurious ease the following paragraphs may prove surprising:—

"No mention of our diplomatic corps would be complete without some reference

to the loyal work done by women in furthering the amity of nations. The real Ambassador to a foreign country is often the wife, who carries through on her broad shoulders the laborious social functions necessary at all foreign courts. They are more than mere wives, they are helpmeets in the labours of their husbands. Many a rough edge has been smoothed, many a momentary friction soothed, by feminine touch. Gallantry hardly allows us to recall a few facts to prove that this has not always been the case. The training now obtained by our representatives at various courts through promotion from secretaryships upwards has helped the wife as much as it has helped the husband, and one no longer hears stories of the *gaucheries* of Ministers' wives, which were very frequent some years ago. Rumour has it that one American Ambassadress made an undying reputation for herself by asking a Princess 'Who made your teeth?' in the presence of a few hangers-on of the court. These kindly friends were not slow, of course, to give currency to such a delicious bit of gossip, and it was not long before the Ambassador sought another post. Perhaps it was only rumour and had no basis in fact. We can take it for what it is worth.

"The social duties of an Ambassadress are what she wishes them to be. That is to say, she can limit them or extend them, after the regulation functions have been attended to. The whole matter depends upon the purse, and, since the wife usually holds the purse-strings, it is left to her to decide whether 'dash' is justified on economic grounds. If her husband happens to be sent to a court where the previous diplomat's wife has been the recognised social leader, nothing remains except to uphold tradition, which means lavish expenditure and incursions upon capital. In such a case the limitation of entertainment breeds unpopularity—a bugbear in the lives of Ambassador and wife."

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER

IN "A Knight Errant of the Intellectual Life," Mr. William James, of Harvard University, gives an interesting analysis of Professor Thomas Davidson, a great Scottish-American who spent most of his life in a cottage in the Adirondacks. The "maxims" of the eccentric philosopher are worth reading, especially this group:

"Associate with the noblest people you can find; read the best books; live with the mighty. But learn to be happy alone."

A WIZARD IN THE GARDEN

THE world of science, the advanced students of horticulture, and just the plain, everyday gardeners have been greatly aroused by the discoveries and inventions of Mr. Burbank, who seems to be able to work all manner of magic with fruits and flowers. Here are a few of his wonderful achievements, according to "The Century":—

"Perhaps the most important is that which makes it possible to reclaim deserts, not by irrigation but by means of the desert itself—the desert and its cactus, its heat and its sun. For a period of over ten years he has worked with the utmost persistence and skill until at last he has developed a cactus plant which will convert the desert into a garden. He has made the cactus thornless. . . More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvellous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil. But this is not all of the marvel. He has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast—until, in his estimation, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, it will afford food for twice the people now upon the earth. The flavour of its fruit is something quite unknown to the tongue before—a combination of the flavours of half a dozen fruits, suggesting to some a pineapple, to some a melon, to some a peach, to some an apricot, but still wholly without definition or identification. It is full of nutrients too. Mr. Burbank has also freed roses, blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries from thorns by the same process of selection. On the Gulf of Mexico, where fruit trees start into growth early and are subjected to late

spring frosts, the peach, nectarine, and plum, became problematical crops. Mr. Burbank determined to breed the fruit to fit the climate, not only sturdy and prolific, but frost-resisting. Now, after years have elapsed, he has produced fruit trees of these types that will withstand absolute freezing in bud and flower. The foliage and petals may be stiff with ice, yet when the warm sun has come again the leaves show no sign of the deadly blight of the frost. How shall we estimate, even in dollars, what such a feat as this means to the world? Some of his experiments with poppies have been very successful. He turned yellow ones into bright scarlet ones; he produced a new race of poppies, and developed wholly new forms, having enormous size, greatly enhanced beauty of colour, improved lasting qualities, and perpetual blooming powers. He has so far transformed the ordinary poppy that it measures fully ten inches across. The plumcot, a combination of the common American wild plum, a Japanese plum, and the common apricot, produced a fruit unknown to the world before, with a delicious flavour unlike either of its ancestors."

MISS VIOLA ALLEN
A famous actress who was educated in Canada

Mr. Burbank certainly seems to have gone far towards restoring the Garden of Eden when he has freed roses from thorns and has produced fruit trees that will defy the frost, although covered with ice. The story of what he has done reads more like a fairy tale than any sober twentieth century experiments. Of course, the ultra-conservative people who are given to weeding in the old-fashioned garden will begin to wonder if the rose without a thorn will smell as sweet as its prickly predecessor. They may even sympathise with the California clergyman who invited Mr. Burbank to attend church that he might listen to a sermon on the new scientific experiments. He accepted the invitation, and was forced to "listen to an address violently denouncing him as a foe to God and man, one who was interrupting the well-ordered course of plant life, destroying forces and functions long established and sacred, reducing the vegetable life of the world to a condition at once unnatural and abnormal." The unfortunate floral reformer as he listened to the discourse must have realised that not all the science in the world can destroy the briers of a community slow to recognise its benefactors.

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MILLIONAIRES' GIFTS

SLOWLY but surely there is arising a feeling against the economic system which produces millionaires. It is stated that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given away about $150,000,000, and still has $300,000,000 left. There must be something radically wrong in a civilisation which allows a man to accumulate in less than one lifetime, the enormous amount of wealth represented by the figures $450,000,000. There must be something inequitable and unjust in a state of industrialism which allows men like Carnegie, Rockefeller, Strathcona, and Macdonald to amass millions when a large percentage of the population of this continent is in actual want.

That these men make good use of their money after having obtained it, is no answer to the charge against the system. It should not be necessary to have the universities dependent for their creation and maintenance upon the whim of a Rockefeller. It should not be necessary that the growth of public libraries in America should be dependent upon the caprices of a Carnegie. It should not be necessary that the educational reforms and advancements of Canada should be the results of the fad (however excellent) of a tobacco manufacturer. The ideal of civilisation should be equality, must be equality, of opportunity, of enjoyment and of progress.

It is pleasant to note that some university professors doubt the advisability of accepting the doles to aged professors for which Mr. Carnegie has just set aside $10,000,000. It is encouraging to see that some cities have refused Mr. Carnegie's gift of a public library building for each. It is delightful to watch the discussion which has arisen over the $100,000 donation of John D. Rockefeller to the American Board of Foreign Missions. It will be a happy day for social progress when the people refuse to touch the gifts of the millionaires. Most of these men have earned their money by illegal methods. Andrew Carnegie is the modern representative of the buccaneers of the middle ages. John D. Rockefeller has been one of the most pernicious influences of the present generation. They are the grand moguls of modern stock gambling.

All millionaires have not been buccaneers and corruptionists. There are rich men who have made their wealth slowly and fairly. These, however, are not a very numerous class. The man who starts out in life without capital and amasses several millions has usually either employed unjust methods or has unduly profited by an economic system which is supported by corruption, intrigue, and special legislation. The wealthy manufacturer who has never put his ownership into a joint stock company, the wealthy retailer who has built up a business which is national, the fortunate inventor of an article which comes into general use, the shrewd buyer and seller of real estate—these are examples of rich men who may also be honest and fair. All those who manipulate stocks, bonds, franchises and those whose wealth is created by special legislation or tariffs are in the other class. If they are not guilty as individuals, they are guilty as citizens. When the public ceases to pay them honour and praise, when it refuses to receive their conscience-salving gifts, when it frowns sternly upon all the precedent injustice which is necessary to create such men—when this occurs, there will be greater hope in the minds of those who have set themselves to study the diseases of modern industrialism.

DOLLAR CONVERSATION

AT a meeting of university men in Toronto not long ago, a gentleman advanced as a reason for forming a

university club that he was anxious to meet his fellowmen in some place where the conversation would not be confined entirely to "The Almighty Dollar." The art of polite conversation seems to have degenerated among men to a discussion of the ways and means of making money. The thousands which John Smith made out of a railway charter, the millions made by a land company organised by friends of a cabinet minister, the vast profits made from a monopoly at the expense of the public, these are the topics discussed whenever men of wealth and ambition gather. Every second man in the larger centres has a scheme—and too often it is a scheme to get money from the public without giving honest value in return.

"IT REVOLTS ME, BUT I DO IT"—*Life*

In a young country such as Canada it is manifestly necessary that there should be considerable discussion of new enterprises. New railways, new lines of manufacture, new public services of one kind and another are being created in large numbers. The wealth of the country is not yet turned into capital; it is an undeveloped wealth. Moreover, the population is growing by immigration, and wherever there is a country which is in such a state of development, there is bound to be great commercial and industrial activity.

It may not be unwise, however, to point out that there are other things in life even in Canada which require discussion. There are moral, social, and educational features of our civilisation which require careful consideration at the hands of thinking citizens. These features are apt to be overlooked if men allow themselves to be engrossed in the pursuit of wealth. Further, the effect on the individual is not beneficial. The best citizen of a country is not the most successful gatherer of wealth; but rather the man who takes an interest in commerce, in art, in literature, in government, and in all the social activities of his time. Commercialism if pursued selfishly and narrowly must warp the individual as a citizen. It destroys that broad sympathy for the uplifting of the race, the nation and mankind which distinguishes the realist from the materialist.

There are men who neglect their own affairs to discuss public affairs. This is not necessary, and is seldom praiseworthy. A man owes something to himself and his family and something to the material progress of his community. He must not neglect his own share of the national production. He must not be a drone. Occasionally a man is called to public service as an educationist, a judge, or as a parliamentarian, and obliged to devote the major portion of his time to the public service. If he is especially fitted for some public work of this kind, he should cheerfully sacrifice his personal commercial ambitions. Such a call does not come to many. Most men are called to live the life of a successful but unknown citizen—performing our duties as best we can in a quiet, unostentatious manner, but never sacrificing principle or culture in a mad rush after the mere material comforts of life.

LIFE INSURANCE INVESTMENTS

THE revelations in connection with the Equitable Life in New York, bring home to Canadians the necessity of exercising great care in the selection of a company. The Equitable Life has a very large amount of assets, and it was but

L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.
Managing Director North American Life, Toronto

natural that men interested in large flotations should seek to control the investments of the company. For example, a certain group of capitalists are desirous of floating the stock and bonds of a new company to the extent of twenty-five million dollars. If through their influence on the board of such a company as the Equitable, they could have that company take five or ten millions of the stock, it would be of considerable benefit to them. This kind of struggle for the control of large institutions is proceeding all the time.

Another danger in the management of large companies such as this is that the company is so wealthy, that extravagant expenditures seem to be of little moment. It is said that one of the directors of the Equitable gave a dinner to the French Minister to the United States, and spent nearly a quarter of a million on the event. This was charged up to advertising. Even in Canada there are one or two companies which are extravagantly managed, if the criticism of their competitors is well founded.

The general lesson of the recent revelations is that Canadians will find it advantageous to patronise home life insurance companies. Our laws and regulations are stricter, and our managers are less likely to be found plunging into doubtful investments. Last year, of the twenty million dollars of new business written in Canada, six and a half millions were written by United States companies. It is said that there are in this country nearly eleven thousand Equitable Life policyholders, with twenty-two million dollars of policies. These holders are, in a measure, safeguarded by deposits with the Canadian Government, but, after all, this is a comparatively small asset. The common practice among Canadian companies with regard to investments is less daring than that in vogue in the United States, and this is the greater safeguard. The conservatism, capacity and integrity of Canadian boards and

DAVID DEXTER
President and Managing Director of the Federal Life
Hamilton

managers is the greatest security which policyholders can have.

Life insurance should not be taken blindly. Every man holding a policy should carefully study the insurance reports and scrutinise so far as he can the relation between the premium income and the expenses of administration. If he asks a few questions occasionally of the head office it may not be amiss. These companies should be kept aware of the interest which their policyholders are taking in the records. If the policyholders become careless and indifferent, abuses and extravagance may creep in. At the close of 1904, the various "old line" companies had in force 656,891 policies, amounting to $587,873,767. The annual premiums amounted to $20,000,000. The business is enormous and the public has a great stake in the matter. It behooves all public-minded citizens to see that no practices grow up which will jeopardise the safety of life insurance securities. Any inclination towards speculation should meet with stern public disapproval.

J. K. MACDONALD
Managing Director Confederation Life, Toronto

It is a question whether the fraternal societies will continue to divide the field with the "line" companies. At one time it looked as if these societies would be swept away because of incompetent management and inadequate rates. The latter have been raised, and the former improved, and such fraternal societies as have pulled through are temporarily improved. They can only continue by the sympathy and activity of their present members. If these keep up the supply of new members without cost, these societies will continue to hold their own. The "line" companies pay a high percentage to agents for services which the societies secure free, or almost so. This is an advantage, but the question of permanency of the system is an important one. Perhaps in the end, the societies will give a small commission and the "line" companies will reduce their present costly percentages. Some of the latter are keeping this percentage well within bounds; others again pay as high as fifty and seventy-five per cent. of the first premium.

John A. Cooper.

ROBERT MELVIN
President Mutual Life, Waterloo

PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM*

IN the introductory chapter to his condensed life of Chatham, Frederic Harrison states that in eight centuries Britain has known but four creative statesmen. "William the Conqueror made all England an organic nation. Edward the First conceived and founded Great Britain. Cromwell made the United Kingdom and founded our Sea Power. Chatham made the Colonial System and was the founder of the Empire."

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, may be truly regarded as the first Imperialist, and as the founder of a British Canada. His policy, when he first became a minister, was to destroy the colonies of France and "to plant on their ruins a still vaster British Empire." To accomplish this he set himself to crush the French naval power and the French naval bases. The conquest of Canada and the occupation of the Mississippi valley made him the father of both the United States and Canada. "This is the part of his policy which produced the greatest and most abiding effects upon the face of the world. He saw from the first the vast possibilities of the American continent." In 1759 and 1760 he accomplished his purpose, and transferred the northern half of the American continent from the French to the English crown. "The hand that did the deed was the hand of Wolfe. But the voice that bade it be done—the eye that saw its future possibilities—the brain which conceived it, was the voice, the eye, the brain of Pitt."

Because of these things, no student of Canadian history may neglect the study of Chatham's career. He was the eighteenth century prototype of Disraeli and Rhodes and Chamberlain. He felt that "colonies meant exclusive commerce, and the monopoly of trade meant wealth, and commercial wealth meant national strength." He was a Protectionist, and believed in Preferential duties within the Empire—and at this point he parted company with Edmund Burke, who was a Free Trader.

Goldwin Smith speaks somewhat sarcastically of this in his political history, "The United Kingdom." He says: "His grand aim was to humble France, strip her of her colonies, and destroy her commerce, thereby, as he and the traders of that day believed, making British commerce flourish." And again: "Pitt, his city worshippers said, had made commerce flourish by war. To create a fictitious prosperity by the destruction of a rival marine and by war expenditure was possible. To create permanent prosperity by the destruction of wealth was not. England and France were the natural customers of each other."

Of the man himself, much may be said in praise and much in blame. He was a combination of weakness and strength and, in his later years, the weakness predominated. He was, perhaps, the greatest orator that has ever trod the floors of Parliament. His art was somewhat overdone. A wit declared that he was "the Cicero and the Roscius of his age in one." His enemy, Horace Walpole, said that he was equal to Garrick. Macaulay says that "on the stage he would have been the finest Brutus or Corialanus ever seen." He was passionate, thrilling, impressive. Lord Waldegrave stated: "He has an eye as significant as his words." His latest biographer believes that all contemporary evidence bears out the decisive judgment of Charles Butler that, quite apart from his eloquence there was in the speeches of Chatham that which made men feel there was

*"Chatham," by Frederic Harrison. English Statesmen Series. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Morang & Co.

"something in him finer than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator." The man's moral power dominated his hearers. Moreover, his speeches in Parliament were actions rather than orations—the words of a master of statecraft rather than those of a mere literary rhetorician. "It was not parliamentary eloquence, such as was that of his son, of his son's rivals, of Fox, or Sheridan, or Burke. From the first, the words of William Pitt were the strokes of a man of action, of the fighting man, of the leader of men, of the statesman. We need no longer regret that the words have not been recorded. It was the man, not the words, which mastered the nation."

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD
From "Historic Sites and Scenes of England"

The finishing of his career is such as to induce to tears. Worn out by continual attacks of gout which had troubled him from youth, he broke down. His arrogance became unbearable; his fits of dejection and debility deprived him of the power to fight his enemies. He thundered only in fits and starts. He ceased to be a ruler and was unable to withstand the encroachments of George III. Just before the end, his spirit and brain rallied. America was being oppressed. The greatest blunder in British history was about to be committed. Chatham stood forth alone, without a party or a group to support him, and faced the prejudice of the ruling class, the insolence of unscrupulous ministers and the arrogance of a bigoted king. In May, 1774, when war was breaking out in New England, he again appeared in Parliament and made an impassioned protest against the taxation of the colonist. Three years later he came again, wrapped in flannels, and supported upon crutches, and he cried, "You may ravage—you cannot conquer; it is impossible, you cannot conquer the Americans." He made an address which must ever be memorable. In the following year, after Yorktown, he again appeared to protest against the dismemberment of the Empire—and fell to rise no more.

Mr. Harrison has done his work well. He has given little praise and little blame. He has painted the man as he is able to picture him, looking back over the pages of the past, and has not neglected a single spot or blemish. What the man was, what the man did, are great enough to permit his biographer to marshal all his mistakes and weaknesses. However numerous, these cannot extinguish the eternal greatness of him who was the first great exponent of the Empire.

THE LABRADOR PEOPLE

A GREAT interest is now being taken in the people of the Labrador coast, and much has been done recently to improve their position. Mr. Norman Duncan's novel, "Dr. Luke of the Lab-

BURIAL PLACE OF WILLIAM PENN, CHALFONT ST. GILES
From "Historic Sites and Scenes of England"

rador," gives a thrilling picture of the simple life of these deep-sea fisher folk, and it is a wonderfully dramatic tale.

Since its appearance, three new books have been issued, giving further information. In "The Harvest of the Sea,"* Dr. W. T. Grenfell, who has spent twenty years in medical missionary work among these people, tells the story of the fisherman. It is in two parts, the autobiographies of a North Sea and a Newfoundland fisherman. Through these two men, Dr. Grenfell tells the experiences through which he has passed, or which he has seen. The horrible conditions which prevailed before the coming of the mission and hospital ships are graphically described, and the gradual improvements that have been made are indicated in a plain, straightforward manner. The illustrations are delightful.

"Dr. Grenfell's Parish,"† by Norman Duncan, tells nearly the same story from a different standpoint. Of this book, the author says: "Its purpose is to spread the knowledge of the work of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, at work on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; and to describe the character and condition of the folk whom he seeks to help. . . . Other men have been moved to heroic deeds by the same high motive, but the professional round, I fancy, is quite out of the common; indeed, it may be that in all the world there is not another of the sort. No one can read this sympathetic account of a great work without feeling that he would like to aid it, following the lead of such philanthropists as Lord Strathcona. It is pleasant to know that, though these people are not citizens of this country, a Canadian has used his brilliant pen to assist in the glorious work. Norman Duncan is not without the splendid unselfishness which distinguishes Dr. Grenfell.

"The Lure of the Labrador Wild,"‡ by Dillon Wallace, is the story of the exploring expedition conducted by the courageous but unfortunate Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. This young man desired to explore almost the only unexplored portion of the continent, to get into a really wild country and have some of the experiences of the men who explored and opened up America. When a lad on a Michigan farm he had been entranced by the tales of such men as Boone and Crockett. Later, when he became a magazine writer, he visited the Hudson's Bay and Lake St. John regions. His desire was then to visit Eastern Labrador in the region of Hamilton Inlet, where no man

*The Harvest of the Sea by Wilfred T. Grenfell. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00; illustrated.

†Dr. Grenfell's Parish, by Norman Duncan. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00; illustrated.

‡The Lure of the Labrador Wild, by Dillon Wallace. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co Illustrated.

had been before him. He desired to visit the Nenonot or Nascaupee Indians, and the haunts of the caribou. Hubbard and his party, of whom the author was one, left New York in June, 1903, and sailed north from St. John's a few days later on the mail steamer sent out by the Newfoundland government. They landed at Indian Harbour on July 7th, and from there proceeded to Rigolet, where there is a Hudson's Bay Co. post. But the story is a long one, and pathetic. When they got to using pieces of blanket for moccasins, and to eating boiled caribou hide picked up in deserted camps, the tale becomes sad, even ghastly. When the author was rescued late in a bitter October, he was clad in drawers and stocking feet, with the remnants of a pair of trousers about his hips and without a hat. Assistance reached Hubbard too late—the wilds had claimed him. This book—the latest contribution to the geography of Labrador—was bought with a price; but it is always so, what is worth while, demands a part or the whole of some one's life, perhaps the lives of many.

HISTORIC ENGLAND

ANY Canadian traveller visiting England should obtain from the Great Western Railway Company their illustrated book on the Historic Sites and Scenes of England. The descriptive matter is delightful, and the information is valuable. In fact, it is a model railway guide book which has been especially prepared for American visitors. It contains a good map and an adequate hotel list.

BOOK NOTES

E. W. Hornung has gone to Australia for the original of his new book "Stingaree," which will be ready soon. Stingaree is a man of mystery and a bush-ranger of many and fascinating accomplishments. His urbanity, his steely nerve, his unfailing resource, his passion for music, his attention to dress, his keen sense of humour, his appreciation of the dramatic situation, combine to make him an outlaw of a highly original kind.

ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG
Author of "Stingaree"

"Rose of the World" is the title of a new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico," etc. Mr. Castle comes from a family in which, on both sides, there are traditions of literary and philosophical pursuits. Mrs. Castle, on the other hand, knows of no writers among her ancestors, though in her own generation she can find two, and of distinction. Her sister, Mrs. Francis Blundell (under the nom de plume "M. E. Francis"), is the author of many novels, and a little play by her and Mr. Sydney Valentine, The Widow Woos, based on one of her short stories, was acted recently at the Haymarket. Another sister, Miss Elinor Sweetman, has already published some notable books of verse. Mrs. Egerton Castle passed her childhood in an Irish country house. After a few years spent abroad with her family for the cultivation of art and languages, she was married on the threshold of her first season. Mr. Castle, on the contrary, an only son, spent all his first youth (albeit he comes from purely English stock) in Paris. Returning to England at the age of sixteen, he began hard work at science, first at Glasgow Uni-

EGERTON AND AGNES CASTLE

versity and later at Trinity, Cambridge. After taking his degree, a sudden change of tastes took him to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, whence, being over the regulation age, he had to pass into a West India regiment. This he accepted in the hope of a transfer, a hope which the cast-iron rules of the War Office concerning age limits never permitted to be realised. Then, out of conceit of the army as a profession, no doubt also in view of his coming marriage, he threw up his commission, and in the course of time found his true vocation to be that of a man of letters. For many years he was on the staff of the old *Saturday Review*, but he gradually relinquished journalistic occupation for the novel and the romance.

Annie H. Woodruff, a Canadian living in Chicago, began her literary experiences with some verses published in the *Presbyterian Review*. She was born and, until 1899, lived at St. David's, Ont. She has written a number of short stories and sketches, and last year Stokes, of New York, issued a child's story from her pen under the title "Betty and Bob." It is a wholesome tale, and fit to place in the hands of any child, teaching as it does nobility, truthfulness and unselfishness. It is also full of the love of the country—trees, wild flowers, insects, birds and animals. It is marred in a few places by unnecessarily large words and heavy phrases, but otherwise is commendable. The photographs used as illustrations were taken by the author herself in the Niagara peninsula.

Any student of Canadian history who desires to know what articles, pamphlets, and volumes have been issued during 1904, and so to discover what he has missed, should examine the "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada for the year 1904." This is the ninth year of publication and the editors, Professor Wrong and Librarian Langton, are to be congratulated. There is no more valuable single volume published in this country, and it is doubtful if there are any to compare with it in regard to the time and ability spent upon its production. This year it is issued in cloth only, price $1.50, by Morang & Co., Toronto, for the University of Toronto.

"Children of the Earth," by Annie Robertson MacFarlane, is not mentioned in "A Bibliography of Canadian Fiction." Yet it is a Nova Scotian story written by a Canadian, and published in 1886 by Henry Holt & Co., New York. At the time of its publication this lady was doing regular literary work in New York. She has since married and taken up her residence in Montreal. The women in the story are very much like the women in "Return," just published the other day. They are bright, clever, frank, unconventional—a pair of self-contained, self-satisfied mortals. The men are strong characters also. The theme is the question whether a woman should marry the imperfect man she loves, or the more perfect man whom she trusts and respects.

ANNIE HELENA WOODRUFF
Author of "Betty and Bob"
Photograph by Poole, St. Catharines

Idle Moments.

TRODDEN HARD

Three thousand years or more ago
King Solomon, both sage and bard,
Observed a fact he noted thus:
"The way of the transgressor's hard."

The question why is oft discussed,
But this solution seems complete:
The sinner's way is hard because
It's trodden by so many feet.

—*Father Tabb, in Smart Set.*

HOW I GREW OLD IN A DAY

UNTIL that day I had looked upon myself as a young man. It is true I was not adolescent. But it is just as true that not a grey hair could be found mingled with my sunset glow. I arose in the morning a young man of the 20th century, I crept to rest at night bearing the sorrows of six thousand years.

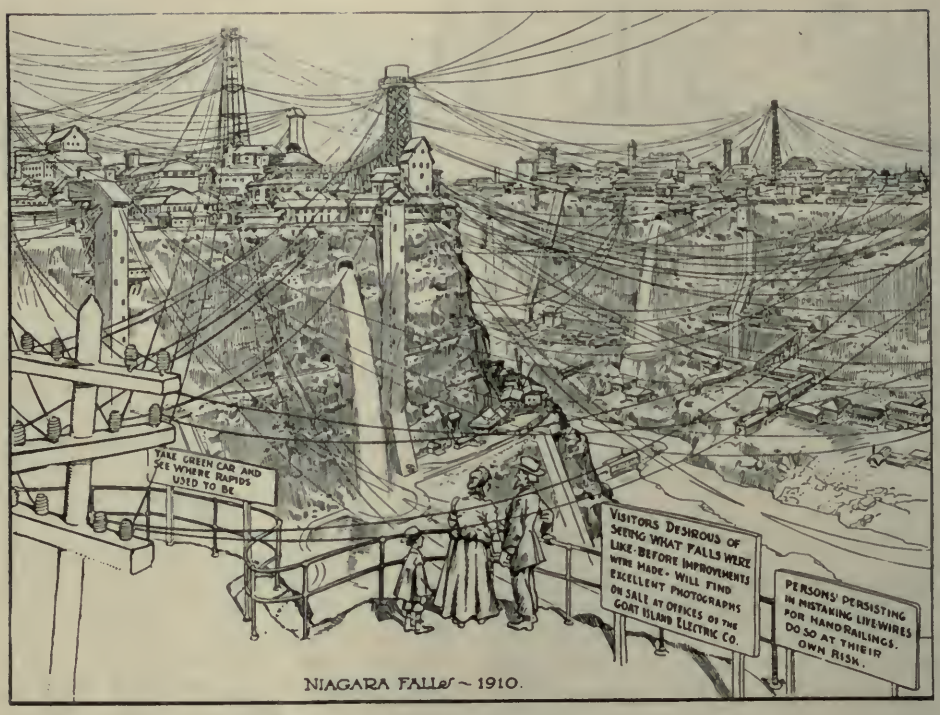
In the morning I met an aged man who had a tale to tell about another man to me unknown. I asked him how many winters the other man had watched the "Great Orion sinking slowly to the West," or words to that effect. He of the hoary locks looked me over and slowly said:—"Well, he is a man in middle life—about your age."

There in a twinkling I was passed from youth to middle life. My step at once began to lose its spring, and the glow to fade from the auburn.

Shortly after luncheon a very young man called to ask for work as a salesman. He told me of another man in his native

A MATTER OF HABIT

LADY (engaging new cook)—"One thing more. I always like my servants to dress quietly." APPLICANT—"Oh, there won't be any trouble about that, Ma'm. I've got a quiet taste myself."—*Punch.*


TAKE GREEN CAR AND SEE WHERE RAPIDS USED TO BE
VISITORS DESIROUS OF SEEING WHAT FALLS WERE LIKE BEFORE IMPROVEMENTS WERE MADE WILL FIND EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHS ON SALE AT OFFICES OF THE GOAT ISLAND ELECTRIC CO.
PERSONS PERSISTING IN MISTAKING LIVE WIRES FOR HAND RAILINGS DO SO AT THEIR OWN RISK.
NIAGARA FALLS ~ 1910.

NIAGARA FALLS IN 1910—*New York Life*

The utilisation of Niagara Falls for electric purposes is proceeding so fast that it would seem that all the natural beauty of the historic spot will be destroyed if further work proceeds.

town who could do better work than he could, "but," he said by way of explanation, "he is an old man, thirty-five years at least."

And there, before I had comfortably settled down to middle life I was jostled into old age. My step lost its spring, and the glow died out of the auburn, giving place to the silvery sheen.

But it was reserved for a little five-year-old maiden that evening to pass me on from old age into that proud and coveted post of the oldest inhabitant.

"Father, who came next after Adam and Eve?"

"Cain and Abel."

"Yes, that is right. And who came next?"

"Seth, I suppose."

"And who came after Seth?"

"Oh, a whole lot of people. I do not remember their names."

"Well, I will tell you, father. Adam and Eve came first, then Cain and Abel, then Seth, and then—I suppose you came."

C. B. Keenleyside.

IN THE SPRING

"Can't I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—*Life.*

THE MILL CREEK PHILOSOPHER

The summer girl is known by the number of resorts she haunts.

It is human to be unreasonable. It is folly to attempt to give a reason for it.

It is a strenuous and a popular statesman who wins a victory over his forgettery of promises.

Worth makes the man, but not always his success.

True charity never cools because of its constant activity.—*Selected.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

"THE WILLOWS"

EVEN in these days of wireless telegraphy and submarine cables, it is a far cry from Saint Helena in the South Atlantic to Brockville on the Saint Lawrence. Yet, more than half a century ago, long before these modern developments of science, the cry passed from one Saint to the other, and the message was about none other than the famous and unsaintly Napoleon. And this was how it came about.

Brockville nestles at the foot of the Thousand Islands of the Saint Lawrence —the most beautiful river in the world. No skies more blue! No air more sweet! No foliage more green! No waters more clear and smiling! Little wonder, then, that many gentry from the old land came to make their homes on its banks in the long ago, as our wealthy cousins to the south of us are doing in such numbers to-day.

A retired officer of the East India Company—James Sabine by name—came from London with his family in the early forties, and settled on the bank of the river about two miles above the then small village of Brockville. The spot was a picturesque one, known as the "swift water,"

X

THE WILLOWS NEAR BROCKVILLE

These grew from sprouts taken from beside Napoleon's St. Helena grave

and has lost none of its brilliant charm during the fading years. Mr. Sabine built a home on the main road a few hundred yards away. But on the river bank he erected a low, wide-spreading structure in which he established a small brewery, and gave it the sounding name of Highbury.

Brewers, however, are unlike poets in that they are made, not born. And, a gentleman and judge of good ale is not necessarily a good brewer of it. So the business was not a success, and there was no trust at hand to take over the plant and do with water what the projector had expected to do with malt.

At this juncture of events the homestead went up in smoke one night—also no doubt, as the business did, from lack of water—and Mr. Sabine moved his worms and coppers out of Highbury, and put his family and silver in. Adapting the building to residential purposes by the addition of roomy verandahs, he transformed the erstwhile brewery into an ideal river home, which it might still be to-day but for the ravages of time.

Now, it is well known, and need not be recounted here, how Napoleon was taken to his exile at Saint Helena on his Majesty's good ship *Bellerophon* in 1815, and the various events of the illustrious Frenchman's sojourn until his death occurred on the far-away island. But it might be well for this bit of history, that we recall the fact that he was buried in " the valley near the spring shaded by the willow trees," as he himself had directed.

When the *Bellerophon* bore the vanquished Eagle to his eyry of exile, amongst the gentlemen midshipmen serving on His Majesty's ship was young Sabine, a brother of the lad in the East India service. Naturally, the mission of his ship and the attending circumstances made a deep impression upon the boy. It is, therefore, no great wonder that, when he had risen to the rank of a commissioned officer, and his ship touched at Saint Helena when returning from the far East about the year 1850, Lieutenant Sabine should have visited the tomb, now empty, but still shaded by the over-arching trees. Cutting several slips from the tree as mementos of the place, and preserving their vitality by immersion of an end in water, our former midshipmite came at the voyage-end to his home in England. Retiring on a pension, he determined to visit his brother in Canada, and brought with him, amongst other impedimenta, some of his willow slips cut at Saint Helena. These the brothers planted in the sandy beach in front of Highbury, where they took root and grew into mighty trees. To such a size have they grown, and such a feature of the landscape have they become, that they have not only overshadowed the old house, but have quite blotted out even its ancient name by their insistent presence. The place is known, and has been for a generation past, as "The Willows." It is the local Mecca for artistic colourists and kodak snappers, as the most picturesque "bit" hereabouts. The accompanying picture gives a fair idea of the place. But it must be seen in our glorious summer-time standing out against the background of dark pines, and with the brilliant Canadian sun bringing out the masses and details of colour and light and shade, to appreciate the romantic beauty of the spot.

And in the moonlight, the silvery sheen of the wonderful river is rippled by the dip of many a paddle, as canoes linger under the drooping limbs, arching far over the stream. And evening breezes of the Saint Lawrence whisper to the rustling leaves the same messages that are perchance being sighed through the willow branches beside the spring at Saint Helena.

William Frederick Jackson.

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT

A LADY, who recently returned from London, England, furnishes this unique specimen of accounts. This was handed to her by a cabby whom she employed:

Arfada	2s. 6d.
Agetinovemomeagin	2s. 6d.
A	6d.
	5s. 6d.

Being translated this means:

Half a day	2s. 6d.
Getting of them home again	2s. 6d.
Hay	6d.
	5s. 6d

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

THE C.P.R. ROUTE

A CORRESPONDENT commenting upon the article "Canadian *vs.* United States Engineers," in the April CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the accompanying chart, says:

"In the article on the Railway Engineering and Survey of the C.P.R. and G.T.R. there is a profile sketch of the route surveyed by the Canadian, as compared with that of the American engineers, showing a much more level line for the former.

A few years ago I chanced on a confirmation of this, as well as the reason for the change of route; although at the time I did not know that two sets of engineers had been employed.

When in British Columbia in 1897, I met one of the linemen employed on the C.P.R. survey through the mountainous section, who in the course of a very interesting account of the difficulties met with and overcome, stated that they could all have been avoided just as well as not.

It seems the American engineers had the map of the first survey, and when they went over the Crow's Nest Pass route, it was unhesitatingly condemned. Why? Because it was too easy; there was not enough work for them in this route. So they hunted up the Kicking Horse Pass, got all the work they wanted, and we fools of Canadians paid the bills."

It has generally been understood that the Crow's Nest Pass Route was rejected by the Government because of its proximity to the International Boundary. Perhaps another correspondent can give proof of this.

THE COPPER BOUNTY

LAST month, there was published in this department a defence of the British Columbia request for a bounty on copper ore. It is interesting to note that such a leading class journal as *The Canadian Mining Review* declares against a bounty on any kind of ore production. In its April issue it has an article on the lead ore situation, and in its remarks this sentence appears:

"The *Review* is also insistent in taking the ground that any industry dependent for its existence upon the supply of Government aid, either in the shape of bounties or duties, had better be left to die a natural death, inasmuch as its prolonged existence is at the expense of the rest of the community, and inasmuch also as no amount of artificial feeding can make the infant strong and lusty."

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

IN a recent address to the Young Men's League in Montreal, Mr. C. M. Hays, First Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Pacific, stated that it would take 500 men three years, if they worked all the time, to produce enough cross ties to lay the new transcontinental railway, and that when it is completed it will require 20,000 men to operate and maintain it.

"The problem you must determine is how Canada may enjoy those benefits which increased transportation will bring," remarked Mr. Hays, "and yet so enact laws that you will retain the good-will of railway corporations, and also the good-will of investors. The good-will of investors must be held so that they will not be reluctant to place their capital in railroad enterprises. This is a problem with which England and the United States are wrestling. I leave it to you for consideration, but it is well to remember that railroads, like all other great commercial enterprises, must be allowed in all countries the privileges of earning a reasonable return on the money invested in them. It is well to remember, also, that out of every dollar received from traffic, both passenger and freight, seventy cents are paid back to the country in wages, cost of maintenance and other expenses. This must be paid back

before a company can pay dividends to shareholders."

In reference to finances, Mr. Hays said: "We must look to England for our additional facilities. Investors in Great Britain must view railroad possibilities in Canada with favour if we are to get further securities for the construction of new roads and branches."

THE B.C. GOLD MINES

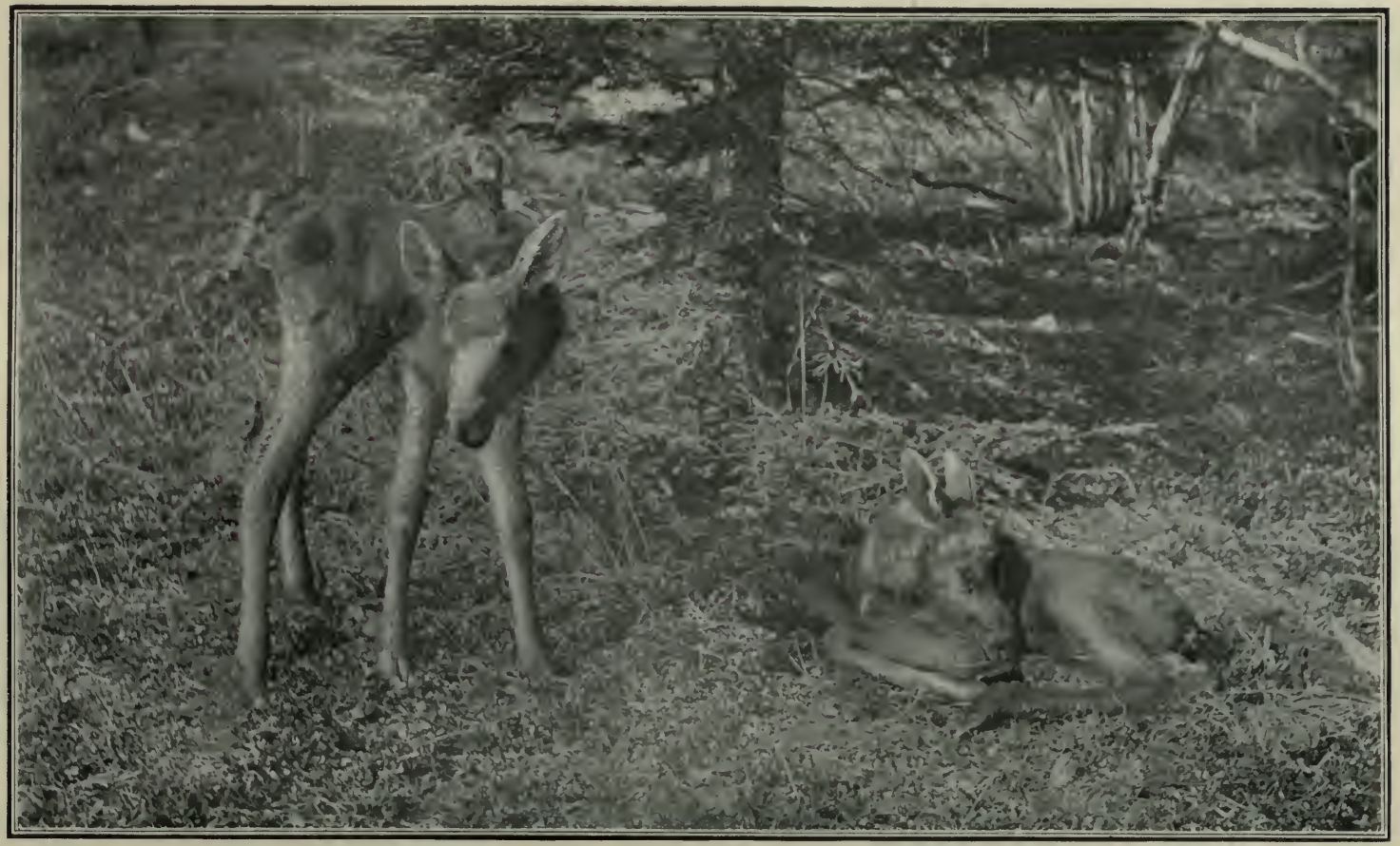
THE mining situation in British Columbia is slowly improving. At one time Rossland stood to be abandoned. Ore paying less than $20 a ton could not be profitably treated with the methods then in vogue, and it was found that the average Kootenay gold ore carried less than that amount of metal per ton. Only the rich ore paid its way. Then improvements in production and treatment were made, and $12 ore came to be profitable. Further improvements followed and now $9 ore is successfully handled. It is hoped that within ten years $6 ore will be made to pay, and then permanent prosperity will be assured.

In the meantime an agitation is being carried on for the reduction or abolition of the two per cent. provincial tax. British Columbia as a Province has been under great expense and every available means of taxation had to be used. It was necessary to tax the mines as much as they would stand. The result, however, has been disastrous and the Province will have to consider whether the maintenance of this impost is not detrimental to its best interests.

RAILWAY DISCRIMINATION

EVERY discussion of railway rates reveals the existence of a policy of systematic discrimination, says the *Toronto Globe* (May 1st). There is no evidence of corporate discrimination such as gave the Standard Oil Company its monopoly in the United States, but there is a complete disregard of ordinary business rules in an effort to secure all the traffic will bear. Freight is classified and rates are adjusted with this end in view. In every schedule of freight classification there are a few items in which the different charges are sustained and justified on commercial grounds. The goods on which higher rates are levied are more bulky, or otherwise entail greater outlay on the part of the carrying corporation. These occasional and almost isolated instances are always cited by railway experts when attacks are made on their rates and classifications. In the recent discussion at Ottawa it was shown that Michigan farmers were shipping cattle to the seaboard for twenty-two cents per cwt., while Canadian farmers between Windsor and London were paying twenty-five cents per cwt. for the shorter haul over the same line. Similar discriminations were said to exist with regard to apples and other commodities. The contrast is made all the more striking by the fact that the Canadians are heavily taxed for bonuses to these lines, while the people of Michigan pay them nothing but the freight and passenger rates. The evil is further aggravated by the heavy taxation of railways in Michigan and the comparatively light imposts in Canada.

Other discriminations were cited in the debate. It costs three and one-half cents per cwt. more to ship cattle one hundred miles in Ontario than to ship them two hundred and ninety miles in Michigan. Grain rates to the seaboard are from two to five cents higher from Canadian points than from American points. Farmers at Morrisburg and other points along the St. Lawrence pay eight and one-quarter cents on wheat to Montreal, the same rate as from Detroit. An interesting contrast is the import rate of twenty-six cents per cwt. on first-class freight at Toronto, and the export rate of forty cents. Evidently our import tariff lessens the bearing power of the traffic. If we had an equally stiff export tariff there would not be so much left for the railways. . . . . A strong commission, with liberal authority, and not hampered by the courts, might work some improvement. But it would be over-sanguine to expect extensive improvements from any plan less drastic than the assumption of public control over highways. This is a change far too radical for the present standards of public spirit and the existing state of popular opinion.



TWO MOOSE BABIES

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN LAST YEAR ON MARSHALL CREEK IN THE ALSEK GOLD FIELDS, YUKON TERRITORY, BY J. DOODY

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Homes and Haunts of Joseph Howe

By EMILY P. WEAVER

JOSEPH HOWE was, *par excellence*, a Halifax man. Turn where one may in the old garrison city by the sea one comes constantly on the footprints of the great Nova Scotian. His first home was a cottage (long ago burned down) standing on that high ground from which Pine Hill Presbyterian College now overlooks the North-West Arm. Of this home Joseph Howe retained throughout his life the tenderest recollections, and in his poems we have many allusions to the "Arm's enchanted ground" and to

"The dear old place, so quaint and queer,
Our home for many a pleasant year,
By pine groves from the world shut out."

In those days the Arm had not become, as it is now, the summer play-ground of all Halifax, but the boy Howe took full advantage of the endless opportunities it offers for sport, and was inspired by its beauties with a deep and lasting love of Nature, for which he very early sought expression in verse.

"The rod, the gun, the spear, the oar
I plied by lake and sea—
Happy to swim from shore to shore,
Or rove the woodlands free.
To skim the pond in winter time,
To pluck the flowers of spring,
'Twas then I first began to rhyme,
And verses crude to string."

A hundred years ago Pine Hill seemed far out of the town—the nearest school, for instance, was two miles away, but it is within the limits of the modern city. This is not the only change that the passing century has brought to the scenes amid which Joseph Howe spent his boyhood. The grey Martello Tower, despite its delusive air of hoar antiquity, was not in existence at the time of his

HOWE'S OLD HOUSE, BEDFORD ROAD, NEAR DARTMOUTH

MELVILLE ISLAND, NORTH-WEST ARM, HALIFAX

birth, and we can fancy the sturdy little fellow, in his eighth or ninth year, watching with eager interest the slow rising of its massive walls. The park then, and for thirty-five years later, was in a state of nature, while the modern defences of the point between Arm and harbour were represented by a battery at Point Pleasant, and an earthwork a little below the Howes' cottage. From this rude fort, the remains of which have been dubbed the Seven Bunkers, a great chain was stretched to the opposite shore to secure the upper reaches of the Arm from invasion by a hostile fleet.

The Haligonian of to-day, having grown up secure from war's alarms, hardly takes seriously the elaborate fortifications with which the Imperial Government has surrounded his beloved city, but when Howe was young the strength of chain and tower, the efficiency of garrison and battery were matters of immediate practical interest to all the citizens. During the first ten years of the boy's life, Napoleon's wars raged almost incessantly, and many a naval combat occurred off our coasts between French and English vessels. Nor was this all. In Joe's fourth year it was rumoured that our American neighbours were preparing to join the fight, and John Howe, the father of our hero, was sent into the States to investigate the grounds for this disquieting rumour. Four years later the long-threatened storm broke, and war with the people of the other half of our own continent gave fresh importance to the question of defence.

During these years many French and American prizes were taken at sea, and their crews were confined on Melville Island, which lies in a peaceful little cove half a mile from the head of the Arm. The presence of these captives gave to the pretty islet a romantic and mysterious interest in the eyes of Joe, and half a dozen years after the proclamation of peace had set the prisoners free he published a poem on "Melville Island," which attracted a good deal of attention in Halifax. Even the governor, Lord Dalhousie, condescended to compliment the boy poet, and the encouragement he received doubtless inclined him to continue to use his pen in verse and prose. Melville Island—it may be said in passing—is again, after years of disuse, a military prison, not now for foreign enemies, but for offenders belonging to the garrison.

Four years before Joe's successful excursion into literature, he and his par-

MCNAB'S ISLAND, FROM THE CITADEL—WHERE HOWE WENT COURTING

ents had left his first home, and had moved into Halifax. Young as he was, the lad was sent to learn printing in his father's office, where the *Gazette* was published. This place of business stood on the site of the present post-office building. It was a large, old wooden erection, finally destroyed by fire, after several narrow escapes from that fate, a few years before Confederation. There, and in the Post Office, then on Barrington Street, Howe spent ten years of his youth, learning printing and finding time to do something towards the improvement of his rather neglected education.

From this apprenticeship his next step was to the editing and publishing of a newspaper in which he had a half share. A few months later he became sole editor and proprietor of the *Nova Scotian*. His office in these days was at the head of Bedford Row, a street now chiefly remarkable, to strangers at least, for its quaint appearance on market days. There and on other sides of the post-office building, country-folk with chickens and flowers, Indian basket makers and coloured vendors of ferns and wild berries, spread out their wares along the sidewalk, and sit down, with stolid patience, in rain, shine, frost or snow, to wait for customers.

In his early manhood, another island near Halifax acquired for Howe a romantic charm. In his sight the large, well-wooded island which divides the entrance of Halifax harbour into two passages of unequal width and depth became "yon fairy isle," for there dwelt one who seemed to him the fulfilment of his boyish ideals of "maiden loveliness." This lady belonged to the family from which "McNab's Island" takes its name, and in that quiet

HOUSE AT POPLAR GROVE, HALIFAX, ONCE OCCUPIED BY JOSEPH HOWE

PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX
These are as extensive and as beautiful as any in Canada and owe their origin to Howe's agitation of 1836

little world she passed the days of her girlhood. But we have it on the authority of his own poems, that the young printer and editor often found time, amidst his manifold occupations, to cross the dividing waters and spend his evening hours in the sea-girt home of his princess.

In 1828 these frequent journeys ended with the marriage of Joseph Howe and Miss McNab, and the sequel of their love story may be summed up in the time-honoured phrase, that they "lived happily ever after," so far, at least, as their happiness depended on each other. In Howe's later, as in his earlier, poems many an eloquent, though sometimes unpolished line, sets forth the virtues and the graces of his wife. On his fifty-ninth birthday, in a simple little poem from which we have already quoted, he writes:

"And now that I am growing old,
My lyre but loosely strung,
For God's best gift my thanks be told,
I loved while I was young.

For five-and-thirty years that love
My varied life has cheer'd,
Through all its mazes deftly wove,
The light by which I steered."

OLD MASONIC HALL, HALIFAX
Where Howe made many of his famous orations

After his marriage Howe often changed his place of abode, but it is not now an easy task to trace these

MARKET SQUARE AND FERRY DOCKS, HALIFAX, 1840

changes with precision. At one time he lived in Granville Street, opposite the Province Building, where the office of the *Recorder* newspaper now stands. Here he was said to have been dwelling during that exciting period of his life when he severed his connection with the Coalition Government.

In the spring of 1845 he left Halifax and went to live near Upper Musquodoboit. With his family of growing boys and girls around him he spent, in that

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HALIFAX, 1840

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX, WHERE JOSEPH HOWE DIED

quiet country place, "two of the happiest years" of his life. He worked his body and rested his brains, ploughing, mowing, reaping, and for recreation reading the poets and the *Edinburgh Review*. But politics were not forgotten. In the summer time he addressed numerous meetings in the villages and country towns of Nova Scotia, especially in the months preceding the general election of August, 1847.

The Reformers gained a majority, and a few months later Howe again took office, but this time all his colleagues belonged to his own party.

He now returned to Halifax and, as far as I can gather, at this date occupied a roomy frame house (still standing) in Poplar Grove, a quaint-looking "no thoroughfare" off Jacob Street. It is easy to imagine that the situation may once have been pleasant, but time has dealt hardly with this bit of old Halifax, and all the buildings that give upon the Grove are now more or less dilapidated. Howe's old house looks a little less tumbledown than many of its neighbours, but, behind it, shutting out light and air from its eastern windows, has risen a huge clothing factory.

At the time when Confederation was under discussion, Howe lived in a very different place. He had again retired to the country, but his new home on the Bedford Road some little distance out of Dartmouth was easily accessible from Halifax. This low, irregularly built dwelling stands in the midst of a green pasture field, and commands a pleasant view of the harbour and the city. Rows of trees, planted on two sides of the lot, at a respectful distance from the house, must once have given the place a cosy and homelike air, but it is now uninhabited, and looks as desolate and melancholy as a neglected grave. Bricks are falling from the chimneys and glass from the windows. The porch door swings open but the grass grows rank and thick to the very steps. A balcony, from which Joe Howe, with his keen love of beauty in nature, must often have watched the sun going down behind the hills of Halifax, is boarded up with rough planks. At

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, HALIFAX—OPENED IN 1819

the back of the house masses of ruinous stonework half embedded in a bank of earth mark the spot from which the barn has recently been torn down, and prophesy the fate soon to overtake the house itself.

But, though the dwellings which from time to time Howe called by the beloved name of "Home," are thus fast disappearing from the face of the earth, the associations connecting him with Halifax are by no means limited to private houses and printing offices. The Public Gardens (generally acknowledged to be amongst the most beautiful on this continent) are a noble memorial of Howe, for in a series of articles published in the *Nova Scotian* in 1836, he gave the first impulse to their creation.

Beginning his public work as a writer, Howe soon came to close quarters with his political opponents, and the old Masonic Hall on Barrington Street was the scene of some lively encounters. There sixty-four years ago Howe and his great Conservative rival, Johnston, met on the same platform for the first time. The occasion was the refusal of Sir Colin Campbell to act upon Lord John Russell's despatches of October, 1839. In the same building, Howe and Annand, elected after a lengthy struggle to represent Halifax in the Assembly of 1840, were entertained by their supporters at a public dinner; and Howe, not dreaming of the bitter strife still before the advocates of Responsible Government, declared his intention to "be done with excitement," and urged his followers "to give Lord Falkland a generous, manly support." In the same place, eleven years later, he made a great speech on railways and colonisation, apropos of the promise of an Imperial guarantee for the interest of a large sum to be expended in constructing intercolonial railways, and there he uttered a daring prophecy, which many years ago was to

a large extent fulfilled, "I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days."

But even Howe (born fighter though he was) was not always leading the strenuous life of political contest or agitation. We have it on the best authority that that same old hall was associated with his lighter moments, for once he thus "drops into poetry":

> "Oh, were you at the Fancy Ball,
> Or did the pastime see, man—
> The stately old Masonic Hall
> Lit up with life and glee, man?"

The old building has undergone many vicissitudes. On a June day in the year 1800 its corner-stone was laid, with much pomp and ceremony, by the Duke of Kent. After that it was for many a long year one of the centres of the life of Halifax, but it is now almost as dilapidated as Howe's Dartmouth house. Of late years its front windows have displayed an assortment of pumps, lead pipes and kitchen sinks, but at the time of the last Dominion Elections it had regained something (in use, at least), of former dignity, and was adorned with huge posters informing the public that it was the "Liberal Headquarters." It is likely soon to be removed to make way for a handsome modern structure.

A little north and east of the old Masons' Hall, in the centre of the town as first planned, is the Province Building, a stately stone edifice finished in 1819. This building, of all in Halifax, witnessed the greatest triumphs of Joseph Howe. In the library, once the room where the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia held its sittings, he stood his trial for libel, and put to confusion the self-seeking and corrupt magistrates of Halifax County. In the Assembly Room he made many a powerful speech, fought with dogged persistence in the cause of liberty, and presided for three sessions as Speaker. The internal arrangements of this chamber have, however, been considerably altered since the days when Howe was the most imposing figure in the Assembly. The "red benches" have given place to rows of arm chairs and desks, and the Speaker's chair occupies a different position. From the walls, to right and left of this seat, portraits of the old rivals, Howe and Johnston, look down upon the calm of the one-sided deliberation which has succeeded the eager contests of their day.

At the opposite end of the building, towards the south, is the Legislative Council Chamber, where Howe with his fellow-members of the Assembly attended many a time to listen to the speeches of the Queen's representatives in Nova Scotia; and where, as a worn-out old man, broken down with the toils and strife of his political life he himself was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of his native province.

Thus it came about that Government House, that fine old stone building begun the year after Howe's birth, has a very special association with the great Reformer's last days. Of course, in earlier years he had frequently been present at the social functions held there, but now for three brief weeks it was to be his home. They were weeks of pain and feebleness, but the end came suddenly. He passed the night of suffering before his death in his study with his wife and son beside him. At dawn he moved to his bedchamber, and a few minutes later entered into rest.

For two days he lay in state in the large room in the north wing of Government House, then he was carried to his grave in Camp Hill Cemetery. Sailors, soldiers and militiamen lined the streets and minute guns boomed solemnly from the citadel while the funeral procession (the greatest till then ever seen in Halifax) passed from Government House to the burial ground. An obelisk marks the spot where the old Reformer lies. Hitherto no other monument has been erected in Halifax to his memory, but last year the long neglect was repaired, and a statue of Joseph Howe was placed in the centre of the green enclosure on the south side of the Province Building, where he accomplished so large a portion of his life's work.

JAPAN—WASH-DAY AT THE BARRACKS

Hiroshima—a Japanese Port

As Seen by a Canadian

By M. R. ELLIOTT

HIROSHIMA (pronounced Hē-rō-shē-mä) is built on a delta formed by the mouths of the Ota River, which divides into seven branches before emptying into the sea. At the mouth of one of these branches is situated the busy little port of Ujina (Oō-jē-nä), from which the Red Cross ships and most of the transports start for the seat of war.

For a year past this city has been a busy place. In peace, the headquarters of the Fifth Division of the Imperial Japanese Army, it never lacks soldiers; but since the beginning of the war with Russia one cannot go on the street without seeing them in all directions. They are quartered all over the city, in every available place, temples and private dwellings alike being filled to their utmost capacity. No one is allowed to decline to take them in—"foreigners" excepted. Of course you will understand that we are the foreigners here. A small sum per day—18c. for a private, and 23c. for an officer—is paid by the War Department for board and lodging; but this is not enough to cover expenses, and this billeting, therefore, becomes a heavy tax upon the people. Although the foreigners do not think it wise to undertake this work, they have all contributed liberally to a fund to help care for the widows and orphans which are the natural outcome of war.

The British and Foreign Bible Society's agents have distributed 200,000 Testaments and Scripture Portions to the soldiers leaving here for the front. Mr. Lawrence, who had charge of the work,

JAPAN—A MONUMENT MADE FROM METAL OF GUNS CAPTURED IN CHINA-JAPANESE WAR. THE RAILING IS MADE FROM THE BARRELS

spent several weeks here. He was obliged to board with one of the resident missionaries, being unable to find lodging in the Japanese hotels, on account of the great number of soldiers. Whenever possible, these books are distributed to the individuals; and, when permission to do this could not be obtained, they were handed to the superior officers, with the understanding that they would give them to the soldiers under their charge. This work was no light one, but much help was rendered by the Japanese pastors and Christian workers. I am sure that some similar work has been done by the American Bible Society, but as they operate in another part of the Empire, I am not conversant with what has been accomplished by them.

In addition to the permanent Red Cross Hospital, five branches have been erected in different parts of the city for the accommodation of returning sick and wounded soldiers. I had the privilege of visiting two of them recently, with the wife of Major Inoue (Ē-nō-oo-ē), a member of the Visiting Committee. I had been wanting to go for a long time, but did not like to go alone; for not every one is permitted to visit the wards.

After giving our cards to the men at the entrance to the grounds, we went on to the buildings—a long row of one-storied structures, with covered corridors leading from one to the other. Here, after registering in the visitors' book, and presenting our gifts of fruit and illustrated papers for the soldiers, we were shown through the wards. The day was very hot, and, as visiting hours are from one to four o'clock, we were obliged to be out during the very hottest time of the day. The long row of cots were filled with soldiers. Most of those we saw were eye patients. There were five or six in one ward, each of whom had had one eye removed.

We then went to headquarters, as I wished to introduce my friend to Dr. McGee, who is in charge of the nine American Volunteer Nurses, who came here some time ago. She and most of the nurses were in Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war. Several of them were also in Manila. Dr. McGee is a daughter of Simon Newcombe, a noted American astronomer and writer on political economy.

We found Dr. McGee in her office—a large room which had been nicely fitted up for her use. She was just completing her arrangements to start on the hospital ship, *Kosai Maru*, the following morning. I may say that she has now returned, and

gives an interesting account of her trip. Each of the nurses has taken a trip to Manchuria and back.

These ladies have received most enthusiastic receptions wherever they have gone. They have been feted alike by royalty, nobles, Buddhists, Shintoists and Christians. All night, as their train was steaming toward Hiroshima, at every station crowds were anxiously waiting to see them and offer their gifts and words of welcome. Here, receptions were given them by all classes. I was privileged to be present at the Christian Workers' dinner given them, and afterwards at an entertainment accorded by the Christians of all denominations throughout the city. The dinner was purely Japanese, and we all sat on little square cushions on the floor around the room. A card inscribed with the name of each guest indicated where we were to sit. The nurses, the guests of honour, were interspersed among the party. Lacquer trays, on which our food was served, were placed before each person. Those who are not accustomed to sitting on their feet are at a disadvantage at such a time, as it is necessary to do a good deal of shifting about from one side to the other, the effect of which is often far from graceful. "Hirano" Mineral Water, an exhilarating product of Japan, had been supplied in liberal quantity by a friend.

MISS ANITA NEWCOMBE McGEE
An American woman who has been prominent in Red Cross work in Japan

After adjourning from the feast, we went to the entertainment given by the officers and members of the Red Cross, which opened by an address of welcome and a reply by Dr. McGee, a charming woman, who certainly does honour to her position and country. The latter, of course, had to be interpreted, which always takes longer than the original. Then came some real old Japanese music and dancing—the latter being greatly appreciated by the Japanese, especially those of the old school. But the music fails to charm the untrained ear of foreigners However, the elaborate costumes of the performers and their most formal posing are certainly very interesting.

Three blind musicians, who played the "koto" (Japanese harp) and flute, were exceedingly skilled—decidedly the best I have heard in Japan.

It was brought to a close by a representation of Ancient and Modern Japan, by about a score of persons, from the modern Christian minister, in European attire, to the old Shinto and Buddhist priests, "Samurai," feudal lord, farmer, mechanic, bride, and so on. This was by

JAPAN—CAVALRY AT THE WATERING-TROUGH

no means the least interesting item on the programme.

A party of us got permission to visit the Red Cross hospital ship, the *Kosai Maru*. We went to Ujina, the port above mentioned, the ladies in "jinrikisha" and the gentlemen on their wheels. We were met by a steam launch and taken over to the vessel, and brought back after we had finished. We were treated to tea and cake in the cabin, introduced to the captain, commander and two physicians, all of whom spoke English; shown the plan of the ship; registered in the visitors' book, and invited to try the piano which one of the party did. We had chosen Saturday for our visit, as some members of the party were not free on other days, and we really had not thought of a Japanese boat following the method of all good housewives and having a general cleaning up on Saturday. However, after a little pleasant chat, we were escorted over the boat by the officers and physicians, and were delighted with what we saw. Everything clean and up-to-date. The scouring was still in progress. The large steam washer, mangle and drying-room were of interest to me; also the apparatus for disinfecting clothes. All the latest surgical instruments, X-rays outfit and many other interesting things were to be seen. One room was provided for insane patients. The beds were clean, and the captain informed us that the filling in the mattresses was changed every time they returned from a trip. Each bed had a strip of pockets stretched across the head for the accommodation of the small belongings of the occupant. This, the captain told us, with pardonable pride, was his own idea. Very delightful swinging beds, with woven wire mattresses, were furnished for the officers. I should like to have a similar one myself, on my return to the home land.

In the chief nurse's room, I was pleased to see a Bible lying on the table. One of the officers volunteered the information that he was a Christian.

As it is the custom here to take a present with one when paying a visit, we gave them two rolls of Berean Sunday School Lesson pictures which, thanks to a home Sunday School, were in our possession. These seemed to be much appreciated.

JAPAN—CAVALRY SOLDIERS AT MESS

The sick and wounded soldiers are all taken ashore as soon as they reach port, so we did not see any of them; but it was indeed a privilege to see the ship.

The special training given both to men and horses before leaving here has been a most interesting sight to one who has seen so little of militarism, brought up in fair Canada. The parade ground seemed a veritable battle-field except for the absence of blood.

I wish particularly to speak of the good order maintained throughout this exciting time. I have walked up and down the streets of this city in the evening, as well as the day-time, meeting thousands of soldiers, frequently being obliged to wait for a considerable length of time for a long line to pass, and have never met with the least rudeness. It seems really marvellous.

The Emperor subscribed the sum of $10,000 for the thorough cleaning of this city, the idea undoubtedly being to avoid any epidemic which might arise and spread among the troops were special precautions not taken. In my ten years in Japan I have never seen anything like it. Hundreds of coolies were employed, and the open sewers received such a cleaning out as perhaps they had never had before. The heaps of rubbish in front of every house, waiting for the carts to come and remove them, met our gaze wherever we went, and all tended to assure us that as far as possible every care would be taken for the welfare of the people.

HON. LOMER GOUIN
Premier of the Province of Quebec

Canadian Celebrities

NO. 62—HON. LOMER GOUIN

THE period of political unrest and uncertainty which had been vouchsafed once more to the Province of Quebec has come to an end, and Hon. Lomer Gouin is the undisputed leader of his party and Premier. It cannot be truthfully said that Sir Louis Jetté's chief constitutional adviser has had a turbulent career, yet the eight years of active political life generously placed to his credit by the electors of St. James, Montreal, have been replete with events of more than ordinary interest. Quebec's present Prime Minister has not been in the past, and will not be in the future, a stormy petrel, yet he has been through party affiliation a thoughtful spectator of many of the stirring scenes which enliven the pages of French Canada's political history. He has grown up and received his tuition in a school that has acknowledged Sir Wilfrid Laurier for years past as its head master, and while there are probably no black marks against the new Quebec leader for an infringement of party discipline, his personal friends have not failed to notice an independence of character that augurs well for the future administration of the province and the well-being of political organisations generally. The Premier has undoubtedly won the confidence of his party, and as a departmental administrator his record is a good one, but his reputation as a successful helmsman

to the ship of state is, of course, to be made. The recent commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Manchuria was a brilliant success at the head of an army corps, yet he failed before the superior leadership of the Mikado's great field-marshal, and the problem "will Lomer Gouin be the Oyama of Quebec Liberalism? is one which time alone can decide.

There is, however, a misconception which should be at once eradicated from the public mind, and that is the prevailing outside opinion that Hon. Mr. Gouin is at the head of the government of his native province by virtue of his family connection. All those who have occupied seats in the Quebec Legislature since 1897, and who have seen him at work on the floor of the Assembly, in committee and at the head of his department, are unanimous in the belief that such an impression is erroneous in the extreme. It is true that the memory of the late Hon. Honore Mercier was evoked to Mr. Gouin's advantage when he defeated Mr. Auge in 1897, but from the moment he crossed the threshold of the Quebec Legislature, the man who was one day to lead his party received no favour or preferment on account of family consideration or revered memories. He has steadily forged his way to the front, and if the member for St. James is at the head of his province to-day it is because of his strength in debate, his business methods, and his ability to marshal a very strong following from both the Montreal and Quebec districts.

This risen star in Quebec's political firmament is not a popular man in the every-day sense of the word, and it is not likely that he will ever appeal to the French-Canadian heart as did Joseph Adolphe Chapleau or Honore Mercier; but it is not going beyond the realm of discretion and truth to say that the good old French-Canadian farmer who keeps a jealous eye upon the purse strings of the province as well as the bankers and business men of all races, are heartily tired of what may be called skyrocket politics. They demand above and before all a businesslike administration of public affairs.

Although a strong party man, Mr. Gouin has at times scandalised some of his most rabid partisans by expressing admiration for certain of his political opponents and, like a good many other public men, he had not been in the Legislature very long before many preconceived ideas of men and measures were dissipated, and he has been ready at all times to acknowledge real worth and to accord his appreciation irrespective of party name and religious faith. As far as one can judge the new leader has no religious or national prejudices of an objectionable nature, and those of other races and creeds have found in his make-up all those attractive attributes which constitute the well-educated, high-minded and patriotic French-Canadian gentleman. Those who know the Premier best say that he entertains very strong ideas as to the part the English-speaking minority should play in Quebec politics. In a word, Lomer Gouin has ideas of his own, and will no doubt cause more or less heart-burning amongst friend and foe, as the gradual development of these particular ideas is accomplished. It is understood that the Prime Minister, realising the all-important position held in commerce and finance by the minority, will endeavour to impress upon the English-speaking people of Quebec the importance of sending strong men to the Legislature, and to take a greater interest in the government of the province in which their lot is cast and where they have so much at stake. It may also happen that the ties which bind together the governments at Ottawa and Quebec will be somewhat loosened on account of the very strong ground Premier Gouin will be obliged to take in the question of better terms, for this above all others will be the strong card of the new régime. It is, as a matter of fact, the most attractive plank of Quebec ministerial policy, as viewed from a provincial standpoint, and it goes without saying that Hon. Mr. Gouin will be loyal first to Quebec, and afterwards to Laurier.

As the accompanying picture indicates, the subject of the present sketch is a young looking man to rule over a great province, and as he takes his daily walk, accompanied by a close friend, in St.

James Street after cabinet meetings, it would not be suspected that this unassuming, quiet-looking gentleman was the guiding hand of the Province of Quebec.

Hon. Lomer Gouin was born in the parish of Grondines, County of Portneuf, in 1861, and it was while attending college at Levis that he met young Turgeon from Bellechasse, now the Hon. Adelard Turgeon, his trusted friend and colleague, and the most eloquent of several eloquent ministers. He studied law in Montreal, and after associating himself with the legal firm of Pagneulo and Taillon, and later on with the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Mr. Gouin became second in the firm of Mercier, Gouin and Lemieux. To-day the Premier's law firm is composed of Hon. Lomer Gouin, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor-General of Canada, and Mr. Brassard. The leader's presence in early life in a Conservative law firm has probably given rise to the statement that, like Gladstone, he began his political career as a Tory; but be this as it may, it is not probable that the present leader of the Liberal party of Quebec will be offended if he is designated as a Conservative-Liberal. It was as president of the Club National that the speaking talent of Quebec's Premier began to manifest itself, and when he unsuccessfully opposed Sir Hector Langevin in Richelieu in 1891, his addresses were most favourably commented upon by both parties. When the reconstructed ministry, with Hon. E. J. Flynn at its head, appealed to the Quebec electorate in 1897, Mr. Gouin defeated the Conservative member for St. James division by nearly eight hundred, and during the following sessions he was considered one of the most promising of Premier Marchand's supporters. As a minister under Hon. Mr. Parent, Mr. Gouin's progress was very rapid, and for several years he was designated by the occupants of the government benches as the future leader of the party in the province.

The latest chapter of happenings in Quebec would not be complete, however, without a passing reference to Mr. Gouin's attitude in connection with the retirement of Hon. S. N. Parent from the premiership, and frequently the Premier has been charged with disloyalty towards his leader. Very little can be said, however, about the incident, as very few are in the secrets of the chief actors. The allegation is made, however, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in discussing the events which provoked Mr. Gouin's advent to power, made the remark that the present Premier's conduct from the beginning to the end of the crisis was marked by a perfect loyalty to all concerned, and this version has apparently been accepted by all sections of the Liberal party in Quebec.

The Prime Minister of to-day married in 1888 Miss Eliza Mercier, daughter of the late Premier and Nationalist leader. This accomplished lady passed away only a few months ago, beloved by all those who knew the true worth of a devoted wife and mother. The Premier has two young sons attending school in the city of Montreal.

Austin Mosher.

George Brown on Confederation

By THE EDITOR

NO session of a Canadian parliament is more memorable than that of the Province of Canada which began on the 19th of January, 1865, and which for two months discussed the question of Confederation. It will be remembered that legislation and administration in Canada was well-nigh at a standstill because of the deadlock created by the equal representation of Upper and Lower Canada, and the practical impossibility of forming a government which would command a majority. Then again, a union of all the British North American colonies had been discussed for years, and had been mentioned in at least one speech from the Throne. The three maritime colonies proposed to form a Confederation of their own, if a larger union were not proceeded with at once; indeed, it is possible, they would have preferred a smaller union. The Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences were held in 1864, and at the latter the basis of a possible Confederation of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was decided upon. It then remained to secure the legislative approval of the different governments.

The Canadian Parliament discussed it thoroughly; on the one side were Macdonald, Brown, Galt, McGee and Cartier as advocates of the measure, and on the other Dorion and Dunkin as opponents. Finally the Legislature passed it by a majority of 91 to 33, and the Legislative Council by a vote of 45 to 15.

The speech of Sir John Macdonald was quoted in part in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for July, 1901. It may not be amiss to quote here part of the speech of the Hon. George Brown, who on this occasion left the Opposition and threw the weight of his influence on the side of Confederation. He said:

"Sir, I venture to assert that no scheme of equal magnitude, ever placed before the world, was received with higher eulogiums, with more universal approbation, than the measure we have now the honour of submitting for the acceptance of the Canadian Parliament. And no higher eulogy could, I think, be pronounced than that I heard a few weeks ago from the lips of one of the foremost of British statesmen, that the system of government we proposed seemed to him a happy compound of the best features of the British and American Constitutions. And well, Mr. Speaker, might our present attitude in Canada arrest the earnest attention of other countries. Here is a people composed of two distinct races, speaking different languages, with religious and social and municipal and educational institutions totally different; with sectional hostilities of such a character as to render government for many years well-nigh impossible; with a Constitution so unjust in the view of one section as to justify any resort to enforce a remedy. And yet, sir, here we sit, patiently and temperately discussing how these great evils and hostilities may justly and amicably be swept away forever.

"We are endeavouring to adjust harmoniously greater difficulties than have plunged other countries into all the horrors of civil war. We are striving to do peacefully and satisfactorily what Holland and Belgium, after years of strife, were unable to accomplish. We are seeking by calm discussion to settle questions that Austria and Hungary, that Denmark and Germany, that Russia and Poland could only crush by the iron heel of armed force. We are seeking to do without foreign intervention that which deluged in blood the sunny plains of Italy. We are striving to settle forever issues hardly less momentous than those that have rent the neighbouring republic and now are exposing to it all the horrors of civil war. Have we not then, Mr. Speaker, great cause of thankfulness that we have found a better way for the solu-

tion of our troubles than that which has entailed on other countries such deplorable results? And should not every one of us endeavour to rise to the magnitude of the occasion, and earnestly seek to deal with this question to the end in the same candid and conciliatory spirit in which, so far, it has been discussed?

"The scene presented by this chamber at this moment, I venture to affirm, has few parallels in history. One hundred years have passed away since these provinces became by conquest part of the British Empire. I speak in no boastful spirit—I desire not for a moment to excite a painful thought—what was then the fortune of war of the brave French nation, might have been ours on that well-fought field. I recall those olden times merely to remark the fact that here sit to-day the descendants of the victors and the vanquished in the fight of 1759, with all the differences of language, religion, civil law, and social habit, nearly as distinctly marked as they were a century ago. Here we sit to-day seeking amicably to find a remedy for constitutional evils and injustice complained of —by the vanquished? No, sir—but complained of by the conquerors! Here sit the representatives of the British population, discussing in the French tongue whether we shall have it. One hundred years have passed away since the conquest of Quebec, and here sit the children of the victor and the vanquished, all avowing hearty attachment to the British Crown—all earnestly deliberating how we shall best extend the blessings of British institutions—how a great people may be established on this continent in close and hearty connection with Great Britain. Where, sir, in the page of history, shall we find a parallel to this? Will it not stand as an imperishable monument to the generosity of British rule? And it is not in Canada alone that this scene is being witnessed. Four other colonies are at this moment occupied as we are—declaring their hearty love for the parent State, and deliberating with us how they may best discharge the great duty entrusted to their hands, and give their aid in developing the teeming resources of these vast possessions.

"And well, Mr. Speaker, may the work we have unitedly proposed rouse the ambition and energy of every true man in British America. Look, sir, at the map of the continent of America and mark that island (Newfoundland), commanding the mouth of the noble river that almost cuts our continent in twain. Well, sir, that island is equal in extent to the kingdom of Portugal. Cross the streets to the mainland, and you touch the hospitable shores of Nova Scotia, a country as large as the kingdom of Greece. Then mark the sister province of New Brunswick—equal in extent to Denmark and Switzerland combined. Pass up the river St. Lawrence to Lower Canada—a country as large as France. Pass on to Upper Canada—twenty thousand square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together. Cross over the continent to the shores of the Pacific, and you are in British Columbia, the land of golden promise—equal in extent to the Austrian Empire. I speak not now of the vast Indian Territories that lie between—greater in extent than the whole soil of Russia—and that will, ere long, I trust, be opened up to civilisation under the auspices of the British American Confederation. Well, sir, the bold scheme in your hands is nothing less than to gather all these countries into one—to organise them all under one government, with the protection of the British flag, and in heartiest sympathy and affection with our fellow-subjects in the land that gave us birth. Our scheme is to establish a government that will seek to turn the tide of European emigration into this northern half of the American continent—that will strive to develop its great natural resources—and that will endeavour to maintain liberty and justice and Christianity throughout the land.

"Sir, the whole great ends of this Confederation may not be realised in the lifetime of many who now hear me. We imagine not that such a structure can be built in a month or in a year. What we propose now is but to lay the foundations of this structure—to set in motion the government machinery that will one day, we trust, extend from the Atlantic

to the Pacific*. And we take special credit to ourselves that the system we have devised, while admirably adapted to our present situation, is capable of gradual and efficient expansion in future years to meet all the great purposes contemplated by our scheme. But if the honourable gentleman will only recall to mind that when the United States seceded from the Mother Country, and for many years afterwards their population was not nearly equal to ours at this moment; that their internal improvements did not then approach to what we have already attained; and that their trade and commerce was not then a third of what ours has already reached; I think he will see that the fulfilment of our hopes may not be so very remote as at first sight might be imagined. And he will be strengthened in that conviction if he remembers that what we propose to do is to be done with the cordial sympathy and assistance of that great power of which it is our happiness to form a part.

"Such, Mr. Speaker, are the objects of attainment to which the British American Conference pledged itself in October. And said I not rightly that such a scheme is well fitted to fire the ambition and rouse the energies of every member of this House? Does it not lift us above the petty politics of the past, and present to us higher purposes and great interests that may well call forth all the intellectual ability and all the energy and enterprise to be found among us?"

*Rupert's Land was transferred to Canada in 1869, and the North-West Territories and Manitoba were formally admitted to Confederation on July 15th, 1870. One year and five days later, British Columbia entered. On July 1st, 1873, Prince Edward Island completed the circle. Thus was the hope fulfilled, of creating a country which would extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

After requesting that the subject should be discussed without mere fault-finding and partisanship, but "in the earnest and candid spirit of men. . . loving the same country," he went on to point out that the scheme was necessarily somewhat of a compromise. He said:

"No constitution ever framed was without defect; no act of human wisdom was ever free from imperfection; no amount of talent and wisdom and integrity combined in preparing such a scheme could have placed it beyond the reach of criticism. And the framers of this scheme had immense difficulties to overcome. We had the prejudices of race, and language and religion to deal with; and we had to encounter all the rivalries of trade and commerce, and all the jealousies of diversified local interests. To assert, then, that our scheme is without fault, would be folly. It was necessarily the work of concession; not one of the thirty-three framers but had on some points to yield his opinions; and, for myself, I freely admit that I struggled earnestly, for days together, to have portions of the scheme amended. But admitting all this—admitting all the difficulties which beset us—admitting frankly that defects in the measure exist—I say that, taking the scheme as a whole, it has my cordial, enthusiastic support, without hesitation or reservation. I believe it will accomplish all, and more than all, that we who have so long fought the battle of parliamentary reform ever hoped to see accomplished. I believe that, while granting security for local interests, it will give free scope for carrying out the will of the whole people in general matters—that it will draw closer the bonds that unite us to Great Britain—and that it will lay the foundations deep and strong of a powerful and prosperous people."

Some Autonomy Documents

By THE EDITOR

AS the subject of Autonomy in the North-West has been a subject of much discussion in recent months and because the chief documents will be historically valuable, some of these are reproduced below. It is interesting to trace the history and the changes from the Haultain Bill to the Ottawa Bill and to examine the text of each in the light of recent discussion.

The first document of importance is a Memorial of the North-West Council dated May 2nd, 1900. It reads as follows:

MEMORIAL

Of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories to his Excellency the Governor-General in Council, of May 2, 1900, upon the financial and constitutional position of the Territories, and all correspondence relating thereto.

(*Printed by order of the Legislative Assembly.*)

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
REGINA, July 20, 1900.

The Honourable,
THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Ottawa, Ont.

SIR,—I have the honour to transmit herewith for submission to His Excellency the Governor-General, an Address passed by the Legislative Assembly of the Territories, on the second day of May last, signed by the Speaker.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. E. FORGET,
Lieutenant-Governor.

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert John Elliot Murray-Kynnynmond, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, etc., etc., Governor-General of Canada.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—

We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories of Canada, in Session assembled, humbly approach Your Excellency for the purpose of representing—

That by the British North America Act, 1867, it was (amongst other things) enacted that it should be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, on Address from the Houses of the Parliament of Canada, to admit Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory, or either of them, into the Union on such terms and conditions in each case as should be in the Addresses expressed and as the Queen should think fit to approve subject to the provisions of the said Act;

That by an Address from the Houses of the Parliament of Canada Her Majesty was prayed to unite Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory with the Dominion of Canada.;

That in order to further the petition of the Parliament of Canada, Her Majesty, under the authority of The Rupert's Land Act, 1868, accepted a Surrender from the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay of all the lands, territories, rights, privileges, liberties, franchises, powers and authorities whatsoever granted or purported to be granted by certain Letters Patent therein recited to the said company in Rupert's Land;

That in the said Address it was represented to Her Majesty, as a reason for the extension of the Dominion of Canada westward, that the welfare of the population of these Territories would be materially enhanced by the formation therein of political institutions bearing analogy, as far as circumstances will admit, to those which existed in the several Provinces then forming the Dominion;

That the Houses of the said Parliament of Canada by their said Address expressed to Her Majesty their willingness to assume the duties and obligations of government and legislation as regards these Territories;

That in pursuance and exercise of the powers vested in the Queen by the aforesaid Acts, Her Majesty, by and with the advice of Her Most Honourable Privy Council, ordered and declared that from and after the fifteenth day of July, 1870, Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory should be admitted into and become part of the Dominion of Canada, and granted power and authority to the Parliament of Canada to legislate for the future welfare and good government of these Territories;

That by the British North America Act, 1871, the Parliament of Canada was further given power from time to time to make provision for the administration, peace, order and good government of any Territory not for the time being included in any Province;

That under the several authorities so given the Parliament of Canada has created political institutions in these Territories bearing a close

analogy to those which exist in the several Provinces of the Dominion;

That by the Confederation compact the Provinces which formed the Dominion on the fifteenth day of July, 1870, were furnished with the means of carrying on local self-government upon certain well-defined bases;

That the Territories being an integral part of the Dominion, and having had imposed upon them the duties and obligations incidental to the political institutions which have been given to them, and which said duties and obligations the Parliament of Canada has declared its willingness to assume, are entitled to such Federal assistance for their maintenance as will bear due proportion and analogy to that given to other portions of the Dominion for similar purposes.

That repeated representations have been made in various ways to the Government of Canada with a view to obtaining just and equitable financial assistance towards providing for the proper and effective administration of local affairs in the Territories and for the public necessities of their rapidly increasing population;

That such representations have been met by intermittent and insufficient additions to the annual grant, the provision so made by the Parliament of Canada never bearing any adequate proportion to the financial obligations imposed by the enlargement and development of the political institutions created by itself;

That it is desirable that a basis should be established upon which the claims of the Territories to suitable financial recognition may be settled and agreed upon;

That we do therefore most humbly pray that Your Excellency will be graciously pleased to cause the fullest enquiry to be made into the position of the Territories, financial and otherwise, and to cause such action to be taken as will provide for their present and immediate welfare and good government, as well as the due fulfilment of the duties and obligations of government and legislation, assumed, with respect to these Territories, by the Parliament of Canada;

And furthermore that, by the British North America Act, 1871, it was (amongst other things) enacted that the Parliament of Canada may from time to time establish new Provinces in any Territories forming for the time being part of the Dominion of Canada but not included in any Province thereof, and may, at the time of such establishment, make provision for the constitution and administration of . . . such Province, we do therefore most humbly pray that your Excellency will be also graciously pleased to order enquiries to be made and accounts taken with a view to the settlement of the terms and conditions upon which the Territories or any part thereof shall be established as a Province, and that, before any such Province is established, opportunity should be given to the people of the Territories through their accredited representatives, of considering and discussing such terms and conditions.

All of which we humbly pray Your Excellency to take into Your Excellency's most gracious and favourable consideration.

Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories.

Legislative Assembly Chambers,
Regina, N.W.T., May 2, 1900

MR. HAULTAIN'S BILL.

On December 7th, 1901, the Hon. F. W. E. Haultain wrote to Sir Wilfrid Laurier at some length, explaining the reasons for immediate autonomy. The letter is interesting, but too long to reprint in full here. One quotation and the full text of Mr. Haultain's proposed Bill are given.

He says:

This request is made in the belief that such an enquiry will make it clear that the establishment of a Province in the Territories upon equitable terms will relieve the Dominion of any necessity for annually considering Territorial questions. It is thought that the time is opportune for looking into this matter. Our official machinery is now upon a working basis and it does not appear that any disturbance of the equilibrium can result from the operation of the increased powers and added duties that will follow the change. The present tentative nature of much of our legislation and some of our public institutions can be amended by the introduction of measures tending to place them upon a permanent footing, which work can be better done in the near future than at a time when the weakness and ineffectiveness of much of our work due to causes already referred to, have had time to create public dissatisfaction and uneasiness. During the consideration which I have no doubt will be given to this part of the prayer of the Legislative Assembly there are some matters which, we respectfully submit, should receive most careful and thorough examination. It goes without saying that the principles of the British North America Act will form the basis of the constitution of any Province created. We seek for no advantages over any other Province, and we do not anticipate that we will be denied any privilege given elsewhere. After giving some earnest thought to the matter of presenting this part of the subject as desired by the sub-committee of the Privy Council, I have concluded that I cannot do so in any better manner than by submitting the views of the Executive Council of the Territories in the form of a draft Bill, in which the several points we would like to have brought to an issue are duly set forth, making such comment upon the principles involved as occurs to me in connection with each section or group of sections, and from this point onwards this communication will take the form thus indicated.

The Bill, with two of Mr. Haultain's comments, is given below. Parallel with it is given the Bill introduced during the present session of the Ottawa Parliament. There are two Bills really, one for Alberta (No. 69) and one for Saskatchewan (No. 70), but as only clause No. 1 in each is different, only one Bill is given. The two No. 1 clauses are printed consecutively.

HAULTAIN'S DRAFT BILL.

An Act to establish and provide for the Government of the Province of

His Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows;

1. On, from and after the first day of January, 1903, that portion of the territory known as Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory admitted into the Union or Dominion of Canada by Her Majesty Queen Victoria by and with the advice and consent of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council by Order bearing date the twenty-third day of June, 1870, under the authority of the 146th Section of the British North America Act, 1867, described as the Provisional Districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta as the said Districts are defined by Orders of His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada made in Council on the eighth day of May, 1882, and the second day of October, 1895, respectively; and that portion of the Provisional District of Athabasca, as the said District is defined by Order of His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada made in Council on the eighth day of May, 1882, and the second day of October, 1895, respectively, lying to the south of the fifty-seventh parallel of north latitude, shall be formed into and be a Province which shall be one of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada and which shall be called the Province of

MEMO.—In considering the question of the area to be included in this Province it may be claimed that the area proposed is too large for one Province. In this connection it should first be noted that the proposed area when compared with several of the other Provinces of the Dominion stands as follows:—

Quebec	347,000 sq. miles.
Ontario	220,000 "
British Columbia	383,000 "
Proposed Province	404,000 "

From this comparison it will be noted that the proposed Province contains an area considerably larger than that contained in either of the three other Provinces mentioned, but it must be remembered that a large portion of the district of Athabasca and of the northern and eastern portion of Saskatchewan proposed to be included in the new Province will never, owing to situation or physical

OTTAWA BILL.

An Act to establish and provide for the Government of the Province of Saskatchewan.

(*Clauses* 17, 18, *and* 19 *will be moved in Committee of the Whole.*)

WHEREAS in and by *The British North America Act*, 1871, being chapter 28 of the Acts of the Parliament of the United Kingdom passed in the session thereof held in the 34th and 35th years of the reign of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, it is enacted that the Parliament of Canada may from time to time establish new Provinces in any Territories forming for the time being part of the Dominion of Canada, but not included in any Province thereof, and may at the time of such establishment, make provision for the constitution and administration of any such Province, and for the passing of laws for the peace, order and good government of such Province and for its representation in the said Parliament of Canada;

And whereas it is expedient to establish as a Province the territory hereinafter described, and to make provision for the government thereof and the representation thereof in the Parliament of Canada: Therefore His Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows;—

1. The territory comprised within the following boundaries, that is to say,—commencing at the intersection of the International boundary dividing Canada from the United States of America by the west boundary of the Province of Manitoba, thence northerly along the said west boundary of the Province of Manitoba to the north-west corner of the said Province of Manitoba; thence continuing northerly along the centre of the road allowance between the twenty-ninth and thirtieth ranges west of the principal meridian in the system of Dominion lands surveys, as the said allowance may hereafter be defined in accordance with the said system, to the second meridian in the said system of Dominion lands surveys, as the same may hereafter be defined in accordance with the said system; thence northerly along the second meridian to the sixtieth degree of north latitude; thence westerly along the parallel of the sixtieth degree of north latitude to the fourth meridian in the said system of Dominion lands surveys, as the same may be hereafter defined in accordance with the said system; thence southerly along the said fourth meridian to the said International boundary dividing Canada from the

features, or both, contain anything more than a very small and scattered population. The area which it is proposed to include in the new Province is practically the area administered by the present Territorial Government and the experience of the past few years has indicated that there is no difficulty in properly administering the area from one centre.

2. On, from and after the said first day of January, 1903, the provisions of The British North America Act of 1867, except those parts thereof which are in terms made or by reasonable intendment may be held to be specially applicable to or to affect only one or more but not the whole of the Provinces under that Act composing the Dominion, and except so far as the same may be varied by this Act, shall be applicable to the Province of in the same way and to the same extent as they apply to the several Provinces of Canada and as if the Province of had been one of the Provinces originally united by the said Act.

3. The said Province shall be represented in the Senate of Canada by four members until it shall have according to decennial census a population of two hundred and fifty thousand souls and from thenceforth it shall be represented therein by five members and thereafter for each additional increase in population of fifty thousand souls according to decennial census there shall be an increase of one member in its representation until it is represented by twenty members.

4. The said Province shall be represented in the first instance in the House of Commons of Canada by ten members and for that purpose shall be divided by Act of Parliament or by Proclamation of the Governor-General into ten electoral districts each of which shall be represented by one member: Provided that on the completion of each decennial census hereafter the representation of the said Province shall be readjusted according to the provisions of the British North America Act, 1867.

MEMO.—By the Manitoba Act passed in 1870 Manitoba was given a representation of four members in a House to be elected in two years. The census taken in the following year showed a population of 18,995, which would have entitled her to one member. In 1881 the population

United States of America; thence easterly along the said International boundary to the point of commencement,—is hereby established as a Province of the Dominion of Canada, to be called and known as the Province of Saskatchewan. [Bill No. 70].

1. The territory comprised within the following boundaries, that is to say,—commencing at the intersection of the International boundary dividing Canada from the United States of America by the fourth meridian in the system of Dominion lands surveys; thence westerly along the said International boundary to the eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia; thence northerly along the said eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia to the north-east corner of the said Province; thence easterly along the parallel of the sixtieth degree of north latitude to the fourth meridian in the system of Dominion lands surveys as the same may be hereafter defined in accordance with the said system; thence southerly along the said fourth meridian to the point of commencement,—is hereby established as a Province of the Dominion of Canada, to be called and known as the Province of Alberta. [Bill No. 69].

2. The provisions of *The British North America Acts*, 1867 to 1886, shall apply to the Province of Saskatchewan in the same way and to the like extent as they apply to the Provinces heretofore comprised in the Dominion, as if the said Province of Saskatchewan had been one of the Provinces originally united, except in so far as varied by this Act and except such provisions as are in terms made, or by reasonable intendment may be held to be, specially applicable to or only to affect one or more and not the whole of the said Provinces.

3. The said Province shall be represented in the Senate of Canada by four members: Provided that such representation may, after the completion of the next decennial census, be from time to time increased to six by the Parliament of Canada.

4. Subject to the provisions of the next following section, the said Province shall be represented in the House of Commons by five members, each of the electoral districts defined in Schedule A to this Act returning one member, such representations to be readjusted from time to time according to the provisions of the fifty-first section of *The British North America Act*, 1867: Provided that, upon the completion of the next quinquennial census for the said Province, the representation thereof shall be readjusted by the Parliament of Canada in such a manner that there shall be assigned to the said Province such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population ascertained at such quinquennial census as the number sixty-five bears to the number of the population of Quebec as ascertained at the last decennial census; and in the computation of the number of members for the said Province a fractional part not exceeding one-half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded, and a

had increased to 62,260, entitling her to three members. British Columbia, admitted in 1871 with a population of 36,247 entitling her to two members, was given six. In 1881 the population was 49,459. The territories are now entitled on the basis of redistribution under the B.N.A. Act, 1867, to six members, and the present rate of immigration and the prospects of immediate increase, which are much more promising than in the case of either Manitoba or British Columbia, which were given respectively four and three times the members they were entitled to on the same basis, would seem to indicate that the number of ten or twelve members in a House which is not to be elected for three or four years, errs if at all in the direction of being too few rather than too many. Even at the present moment the immigration for the year just about to close, will give an estimated increase of more than 25,000 to the population as shown by the census lately taken.

5. The Executive Council of the Province shall be composed of such persons and under such designations as the Lieutenant-Governor shall from time to time think fit.

6. Unless and until the Executive Government of the Province otherwise directs the seat of Government of the same shall be at

7. All powers, authorities and functions which under any law or custom which were before the coming into force of this Act vested in or exercisable by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories with the advice or with the advice and consent of the Executive Council thereof or in conjunction with that Council or with any member or members thereof or by the said Lieutenant-Governor individually, shall as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the coming into force of this Act be vested in and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of with the advice or with the advice and consent of or in conjunction with the Executive Council or any member or members thereof or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually as the case requires, subject nevertheless to be abolished or altered by the Legislature of the Province.

8. There shall be a Legislature for the Province consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor and of one House styled the Legislative Assembly of

fractional part exceeding one-half of the number shall be deemed equivalent to the whole number.

5. If there is at the time this Act comes into force a subsisting Parliament of Canada, the readjustment authorised or provided for by the proviso to the next preceding section shall not have effect until the dissolution or expiry of such Parliament, but the said Province, and the Province of Alberta, also established by an Act of the present session, shall, until such dissolution or expiry, continue to be represented in the House of Commons as provided by chapter 60 of the Statutes of 1903, each of the electoral districts defined in that part of the schedule to the said Act which relates to the North-West Territories, whether such district is wholly in one of the said Provinces, or partly in one and partly in the other of them, being represented by one member.

6. Until the Parliament of Canada otherwise provides, the qualifications of voters for the election of members of the House of Commons and the proceedings at and in connection with elections of such members shall, *mutatis mutandis*, be those prescribed by law at the time this Act comes into force with respect to such elections in the North-West Territories.

7. The Executive Council of the said Province shall be composed of such persons, under such designations, as the Lieutenant-Governor from time to time thinks fit.

8. Unless and until the Lieutenant-Governor in Council of the said Province otherwise directs, by proclamation under the Great Seal, the seat of Government of the said Province shall be at Regina.

9. All powers, authorities and functions which under any law were before the coming into force of this Act vested in or exercisable by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of the Executive Council thereof, or in conjunction with that Council or with any member or members thereof, or by the said Lieutenant-Governor individually, shall, so far as they are capable of being exercised after the coming into force of this Act in relation to the Government of the said Province, be vested in and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor of the said Province, with the advice or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with, the Executive Council of the said Province or any member or members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually, as the case requires, subject nevertheless to be abolished or altered by the Legislature of the said Province.

10. The Lieutenant-Governor in Council shall, as soon as may be after this Act comes into force, adopt and provide a Great Seal of the said Province, and may, from time to time change such Seal.

11. There shall be a Legislature for the said Province, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, and one House to be styled the Legislative Assembly of Saskatchewan.

9. The constitution of the Legislature of the North-West Territories as it exists on the first day of January, 1903, shall subject to the provisions of this Act continue to be the constitution of the Legislature of the Province of until altered under the authority of this Act; and the Legislative Assembly of the said Territories existing on the said first day of January, 1903, shall unless sooner dissolved continue as the Legislative Assembly of the Province of until the completion of the period for which it was elected.

10. In and for the Province the said Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to irrigation and subject to any rights acquired under any Act of the Parliament of Canada before the first day of January, 1903, the property in and the right to the use of all the water at any time in any river, stream, watercourse, lake, creek, ravine, canyon, lagoon, swamp, marsh, or other body of water shall on, from and after the said date belong to and be vested in the Province unless and until and except only so far as some right of some person therein or to the use hereof inconsistent with the right of the Crown and which is not a public right or a right common to the public is established.

11. In addition to all other powers the Legislative Assembly of the Province shall have the powers conferred on the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories by the nineteenth section of chapter twenty-two of the Acts of the Parliament of Canada passed in the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth years of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

12. The judges of the Courts of the Province shall be selected from the bar of the Province, or from the bar of some other Province in which the laws relative to property and civil rights and the procedure of the Courts are the same as in the Province of

13. Except as otherwise provided by this Act all laws in force in the North-West Territories on the first day of January, 1903, and all courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction and all legal commissions, powers and authorities existing therein on the said date shall continue as if this Act had not been passed, subject nevertheless (except with respect to such as are enacted by or exist under Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) to be repealed, abolished or altered by the Parliament of Canada or by the Legislature of the Province according to the authority of the Parliament or of the Legislature under this Act.

14. All public officers and functionaries, judicial, administrative and ministerial, holding office in the North-West Territories on the first day of January, 1903, shall continue to hold such office in the Province of with the same duties and powers as before until otherwise ordered by the Governor-General of Canada or the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province according to the authority of the Governor-General or the Lieutenant-Governor under this Act,

12. Until the said Legislature otherwise provides, the Legislative Assembly shall be composed of twenty-five members, to be elected to represent the electoral divisions defined in Schedule B to this Act, having due regard to the distribution of population and existing local divisions.

13. Until the said Legislature otherwise determines, all the provisions of the law with regard to the constitution of the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories and the election of members thereof shall apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Legislative Assembly of the said Province and the elections of members thereof respectively.

14. The writs for the election of the members of the first Legislative Assembly of the said Province shall be issued by the Lieutenant-Governor and made returnable within six months after this Act comes into force.

15. Until otherwise provided by competent authority, and subject to the provisions of this Act, all laws and ordinances not inconsistent with this Act in force in the territory comprised in the said Province on the thirtieth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and five, and all courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and all commissions, powers and authorities and all officers, judicial, administrative and ministerial, existing or holding office at that time shall continue therein as if such territory had not been established as a Province.

16. The provisions of section 93 of *The British North America Act*, 1867, shall apply to the said Province as if, at the date upon which this Act comes into force, the territory comprised therein were already a Province, the expression "the Union" in the said section being taken to mean the said date.

(2) Subject to the provisions of the said section 93, and in continuance of the principles heretofore sanctioned under *The North-West Territories Act*, it is enacted that the Legislature of the said Province shall pass all necessary laws in respect of education, and that it shall therein always be provided (*a*) that a majority of the ratepayers of any district or portion of the said Province or of any less portion or subdivision thereof, by whatever name it is known, may establish such schools therein as they think fit, and make the necessary assessments and collection of rates therefor, and (*b*) that the minority of the ratepayers therein, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, may establish separate schools therein, and make the necessary assessments and collection of rates therefor, and (*c*) that in such case the ratepayers establishing such Protestant or Roman Catholic separate schools shall be liable only to assessment of such rates as they impose upon themselves with respect thereto.

(3) In the appropriation of public moneys by the Legislature in aid of education, and in the distribution of any moneys paid to the Government of the said Province arising from the school fund established by *The Dominion Lands Act*, there shall be no discrimination

15. Until altered by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council the Seal of the North-West Territories shall be the Great Seal of the Province of

16. The penitentiary situate in the Province of Manitoba shall until the Parliament of Canada otherwise provides be the penitentiary for the Province of

18. All lands belonging to the Crown situate in the Province of other than lands reserved by Statute or Order in Council for the use of Indians or for and earned by any person or corporation and lands entered for homestead or pre-emption but not granted and all sums due and payable on the first day of January, 1903, for such lands shall belong to the Province.

19. All mines, minerals, timber and royalties belonging to the Crown situate, being or arising in the Province of and all sums due and payable on the first day of January, 1903, for such mines, minerals, timber or royalties shall belong to the Province.

20. The Province shall receive and retain all the public property of the North-West Territories not otherwise disposed of in this Act.

21. All buildings in the North-West Territories belonging to Canada used or intended for court houses, jails, and land titles offices and for residence and offices of the Lieutenant-Governor and Government of the North-West Territories together with all appurtenances connected therewith and all moneys the proceeds from the sale or leasing of school lands in the North-West Territories and all moneys forming the assurance fund under the provisions of the Territorial Real Property Act and the Land Titles Act, 1894, shall be the property of the Province of

22. The following amounts shall be allowed and paid by Canada by half-yearly payments in advance as an annual subsidy to the Province, that is to say:

(*a*) For the support of the Government and Legislature, fifty thousand dollars.

(*b*) On an estimated population of two hundred and fifty thousand at eighty cents per head, two hundred thousand dollars, subject to be increased as hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:—A census of the Province shall be taken in every fifth year reckoning from the general decennial census of one thousand nine hundred and one, and an approximate estimate of the population shall be made at equal intervals of time between such quinquennial census and such decennial census; and whenever the population by any such census or estimate exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand, which shall be the minimum on which the said allowance shall be calculated, the amount of the said allowance shall be increased in accordance therewith until the population reaches one million three hundred and ninety-six thousand and ninety-one, after which there shall be no further increase.

between the public schools and the separate schools, and such moneys shall be applied to the support of public and separate schools in equitable shares or proportion.

[17. The following amounts shall be allowed as an annual subsidy to the Province of Saskatchewan, and shall be paid by the Government of Canada, by half-yearly instalments in advance, to the said Province, that is to say:

(*a*) For the support of the Government and Legislature, fifty thousand dollars;

(*b*) On an estimated population of two hundred and fifty thousand, at eighty cents per head, two hundred thousand dollars subject to be increased as hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:—A census of the said Province shall be taken in every fifth year reckoning from the general census of one thousand nine hundred and one, and an approximate estimate of the population shall be made at equal intervals of time between each quinquennial and decennial census; and whenever the population, by any such census or estimate, exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand, which shall be the minimum on which the said allowance shall be calculated, the amount of the said allowance shall be increased accordingly, and so on until the population has reached eight hundred thousand souls.]

[18. Inasmuch as the said Province is not in debt, it shall be entitled to be paid and to receive from the Government of Canada, by half-yearly payments in advance, interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on the sum of eight million one hundred and seven thousand five hundred dollars.]

[19. Inasmuch as the public lands in the said Province are to remain the property of Canada, there shall be paid by Canada to the said Province annually by way of compensation therefor a sum based upon the estimated value of such lands, namely, $37,500,000, the said lands being assumed to be of an area of 25,000,000 acres and to be of the value of $1.50 per acre, and upon the population of the said Province, as from time to time ascertained by the quinquennial census thereof, such sum to be arrived at as follows:—

The population of the said Province being assumed to be at present 250,000, the sum payable until such population reaches 400,000 is to be one per cent. on such estimated value, or $375,000;

Thereafter, until such population reaches 800,000, the sum payable is to be one and one-half per cent. on such estimated value, or $562,500;

Thereafter, until such population reaches 1,200,000, the sum payable is to be two per cent. on such estimated value, or $750,000;

And thereafter such payment is to be three per cent. on such estimated value, or $1,125,000.

(2) As additional compensation for such lands there shall be paid by Canada to the said Province annually for five years from the time this Act comes into force to provide for the construction of necessary public buildings,

23. The Province shall be entitled to be paid and to receive from the Government of Canada by half-yearly payments in advance interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on the excess over the sum of of a sum to be ascertained by multiplying the population of the Province by 32.46 and for the purpose of this section the population of the Province shall until after the next decennial census be deemed to be two hundred and fifty thousand: Provided that immediately after the census of there shall be a readjustment under this section on the basis of the population as ascertained by such census.

24. The Province shall be entitled to receive by half-yearly payments in advance from the Government of Canada interest at five per cent. per annum on the sum of one dollar per acre for each acre of land in the Province granted by the Dominion otherwise than for homesteads or pre-emptions under the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act or in settlement of halfbreed claims.

17. Nothing in this Act shall in any way prejudice or affect the rights or properties of the Hudson's Bay Company as contained in the conditions under which that company surrendered Rupert's Land to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and all rights, privileges and properties conferred on Canada by the said conditions shall in so far as they relate to matters within the legislative authority of the Province belong to and be vested in the Province.

one-quarter of one per cent. on such estimated value, or $93,750.]

20. The Dominion lands in the said Province shall continue to be vested in the Crown and administered by the Government of Canada for the purposes of Canada, subject to the provisions of *The North-West Territories Act*, as amended, with respect to road allowances and roads or trails as in force on the thirtieth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and five, which shall apply to the said Province with the substitution therein of the said Province for the North-West Territories.

21. All properties and assets of the North-West Territories shall be divided equally between the said Province and the Province of Alberta, and the two Provinces shall be jointly and equally responsible for all debts and liabilities of the North-West Territories; Provided that, if any difference arises as to the division and adjustment of such properties, assets, debts and liabilities, such difference shall be referred to the arbitrament of three arbitrators, one of whom shall be chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council of each Province, and the third by the Governor in Council. The selection of such arbitrators shall not be made until the legislatures of the Provinces have met, and the arbitrator chosen by Canada shall not be a resident of either Province.

22. Nothing in this Act shall in any way prejudice or effect the rights of properties of the Hudson's Bay Company acquired, held or existing under and by virtue of the conditions of the deed under which that company surrendered Rupert's Land to the Crown.

23. The powers hereby granted to the said Province shall be exercised subject to the provisions of section 16 of the contract set forth in the schedule to chapter 1 of the Statutes of 1881, being an Act respecting the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

24. *The North-West Territories Act*, being chapter 50 of the Revised Statutes, and all Acts in amendment thereof, are hereby repealed, except with respect to, and in so far as they apply to, the Yukon Territory.

25. This Act shall come into force on the first day of July, one thousand nine hundred and five.

AN AMENDMENT

Only one amendment to the above Bills No. 69 and 70, as introduced into the House, has been decided upon. This is an amended clause 16, which was introduced because certain ministers and members objected to the original clause. The amended clause is as follows:

Section proposed to be substituted in Committee of the Whole for section 16:—

16. Section 93 of *The British North America Act*, 1867, shall apply to the said Province, with the substitution for paragraph 1 of the said section 93, of the following paragraph:—

1. Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to separate schools which any class of persons have at the date of the passing of this Act, under the terms of chapters 29 and 30 of the Ordinances of the North-West Territories, passed in the year 1901.

(*a*) In the appropriation by the Legislature or distribution by the Government of the Province of any moneys for the support

of schools organised and carried on in accordance with the said chapter 29 or any Act passed in amendment thereof, or in substitution therefor, there shall be no discrimination against schools of any class described in the said chapter 29.

(*b*) Where the expression "by law" is employed in sub-section 3 of the said section 93, it shall be held to mean the law as set out in the said chapters 29 and 30, and where the expression "at the Union" is employed, in the said sub-section 3, it shall be held to mean the date at which this Act comes into force.

On May 15th, in the House of Commons, the Minister of Justice explained the difference between the original clause and the clause as amended, as follows:

Section 16, as originally drafted, was intended to confirm the minority in the rights they now enjoy and makes:

First. Section 93 of the British North America Act applicable to the new province as if it were a regularly organized province coming into the union at the date of the passing of this Act;

Second. Re-enacts section 11 of the Northwest Territories Act of 1875;

Third. Makes provision for the continuation to the schools of the minority of the grant now made in aid of education by or through the territorial government.

The effect of the section which it is proposed to substitute for the original section 16 is to limit the rights and privileges of the minority to those secured to them by chapters 29 and 30 of the ordinances, to the exclusion of the rights and privileges guaranteed either by section 11 of the North-West Territories Act, 1875, or any other legislation in force in the Territories with regard to any class of schools.

The rights and privileges which result from the right of effecting the separation, and which the proposed substituted clause 16 preserves to the minority, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, in a public school district, appear to be these:—

(1) Right of separation—by the ordinance —common to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike;

(2) Half-hour religious instruction—by ordinance—to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike; common to public and separate schools;

(3) First and second Catholic readers—by regulation;

(4) Right to elect trustees, who choose the teacher — by ordinance common to all schools.

I thought proper to carefully draft what I intended to say on the subject and read my opinion, so that there might be no doubt or uncertainty as to the position I take.*

*Hansard, p. 5983 et seq.

AREA OF THE PROVINCES.

Sessional Paper No. 97, of the present session, 4-5 Edward VII, gives some interesting figures with regard to the area of the new Provinces:

LAND AND WATER AREAS IN THE PROVINCES OF SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA

According to the Surveyor-General's Estimate

	Saskatchewan.	Alberta.
Land suitable for grain growing	86,000 sq. m.	80,000
Land requiring irrigation	32,000	41,000
Land suitable for ranches or other description of farming	106,887	113,559
Water	27,000	20,000
Total area of Province	251,887	254,559

According to Sessional Paper 102, the Province of Manitoba at its creation contained 13,500 square miles. By the Act of 1881, this was extended, and it now contains 73,732 square miles. It will thus be seen that each of the two new Provinces will be about three times the size of Manitoba.

It is interesting to note how small is the amount of land granted to railways as compared with the total area. The grants according to Sessional Paper No. 97 are as follows:

Alberta	13,151,264	acres.
Saskatchewan	12,874,573	acres.
	26,025,837	
Total area of the two Provinces 500,000 square mls. or	320,000,000	acres.

The grants to railways are thus less than one-tenth of the whole area. There are other alienations, such as Indian Reserves, Hudson's Bay Co., School Lands, Parks, etc., which will about equal the area alienated by railway grants.

At the present time the Provincial areas are as follows:*

Ontario	260,862	sq. miles
Quebec	351,876	"
Nova Scotia	21,428	"
New Brunswick	27,985	"
Manitoba	73,372	"
British Columbia	372,630	"
Prince Edward Island	2,184	"
Saskatchewan	251,887	"
Alberta	254,559	"

*Statistical Year Book, 1903, p. 2.

The Enoch of To-day

BY JESSIE K. LAWSON

"AND Enoch walked with God,"—so reads
The record of a wondrous life,
Ages ere dogmas, forms, or creeds,
Had vexed men's souls with blood and strife.

And still we speak as though but one
E'er trod that unfrequented way;
While here, beneath this century's sun,
Lo! Enoch walks with God to-day.

Not he who late brings up the rear
On all attacks on vested sin;
Joining the ranks at last through fear
Or being scorned by those who win.

Who preaches Christ by dint of gold,
Labelled by Truth—the price of blood;
Not thus did Enoch preach of old,
Or soul of man e'er walk with God.

But with us, of us, kith and kin;
His step with ours upon the street;
In men who choose the nobler way;
In earnest women, brave as sweet.

With steady will and purpose high,
And words of strength upon their lips;
From platform and from press they cry
Like souls in the Apocalypse.

Their feet stand in the people's place,
Their voices echo in the land;
Oppression flees and finds no place,
Who shall their righteous ire withstand?

The homes of want, of woe,—the jails—
The hospitals, their footsteps know;
Through noisome slums where faints and fails
The human soul, with God they go.

With God they go and in His light
See souls by men so cheaply priced,
Needs must they up with all the might
Of word and deed to prove the Christ.

Ah! think not though the world be old,
And men have left the ancient road,
Lost is the pearl or dimmed the gold,
That Enoch walks no more with God.

The Antiquity of the "Ronald"

A Donald Story

By W. Albert Hickman,
Author of "The Sacrifice of the Shannon."

THIS was in the days that were, when Caribou had no waterworks. Caribou—there is but one—Caribou in Nova Scotia—Caribou the beautiful that slopes down on the north side of a grand harbour in the southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A thin-cheeked man, driving an express waggon which contained three big, black, lumpy sacks, stopped in front of the weather-stained wooden building that held all the fire-fighting apparatus of the Caribou Fire Department, over which old Donald McDonald, with the black cocker spaniel, presided as chief engineer.

The doors of the engine house were open and inside could be seen the glint of polished brass and copper and steel. The man climbed down from the waggon, straightened his spectacles and went over to the door.

"Well!" he said, "what have you been doing to the old 'Ronald'?" This remark was seemingly addressed to a pair of boots and blue overalls which, together with an apparently endless wire-wound hose, projected from the low boiler of an exceedingly large fire engine. From the stack of the engine proceeded a pillar of smoke, black smoke, that drifted slowly up and flattened against the ceiling of the engine house. There was no answer to the question, but instead, the boots jerked spasmodically and from the interior of the fire-box there came forth the deafening snare-drum clatter of a pneumatic caulking hammer. The black spaniel had evinced his belief in the importance of the whole proceeding by sitting up and watching the feet judicially, and even going so far as to get up, turn entirely round, and sit down in a different place three or four times a minute, each time looking about hurriedly, apparently in the hope that there might be some other individual to witness such an extraordinary phenomenon. To realise what this means you would have to know the black spaniel. After the hammer had stopped a voice of exceeding deliberation sifted out through the grate bars in a mixture of Highland and Lowland Scotch that was not necessarily so characteristic of Nova Scotia as of the speaker.

"Ees that you, Dr. Saunderson? Oo! a joost been"—another pause while the caulking hammer thundered again—"a joost been puttin a noo booyler on her. Theyre! thut'll do. Thut'd not leak wi' eight hoondred poon's pressure. Weel, how are ye?" The last as the gentleman backed out of the fire-box and exhibited to the daylight a grizzled head and a clean-shaven face with a long upper lip—a face at present almost unrecognisable under a coat of red lead and precipitated lamp black from the engine torch. It was Donald McDonald, of course, and the black spaniel, feeling that for the time his responsibility had ceased, retired to his end of the coal bin and slept. Donald wiped

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NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's great tale of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*." Part of the preface of that book, which applies here, is as follows:—

"Donald's dialect is a Nova Scotia product, and was studied in a number of individuals who exhibited no predilection toward specialising in either Highland or Lowland Scotch peculiarities, but who seemed to be in every case impartial, and to add to the fusion an indescribable something that recalled Vickers-Maxim and Barrow-in-Furness."

"Donald was a remarkable man in many ways. He used to be the chief engineer of the *Dungeness*, the biggest of the MacMichael boats."

3 *Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

his hands on a bunch of waste and glanced meditatively at each cock.

"Y' know," he said sententiously, "a leetle extra theeckness een a booyler often cooms een handy."

The Doctor laughed. "So I've heard," he said, and Donald smiled the peculiar dry smile that had become famous as the only known indication of any emotion he might feel.

Donald was a remarkable man in many ways. He used to be the chief engineer of the *Dungeness*, the biggest of the MacMichael boats, and without apparent reason that craft used to make a short trip a day shorter and a long trip a week shorter than any freighter whose screws churned the waters of the Gulf. Irland, the captain of the *Amphitrite*, the flagship of the revenue cruisers in the Gulf, often told of one calm night off Heath Point, Anticosti, when he saw coming up from the southward, a big boat with a wall of water ahead of her, and her funnels vomiting black smoke and ejecting live coals like a volcano. He had taken her for one of Her Majesty's cruisers bound from Halifax to Quebec. He had watched her raise, high-bowed, dead astern, and then a haze had come down and he had lost her, until an hour later she rushed at him out of a bank of fog, swung off a point to port and almost stunned him with astonishment when she disclosed the four masts and peculiar sheer of the *Dungeness*. Her bows were piling up hills of white water; her displacement wave lifted the *Amphitrite* in the air once and dropped her with a swash, and as she boiled past her twin screws were pounding the sea into phosphorescence, which shone and kept on shining under the cloud of half-burned coal into which she had disappeared.

"For the sake of my reputation," Irland went on, "I shouldn't like to say how fast she was going. We were pottering along the same course, and all I know is that when daylight came we could only see a smudge of smoke away up off Fame Point."

When Donald left the *Dungeness* and came ashore she came down to a most ordinary speed, and couldn't be persuaded to do otherwise, though an M.I.M.E. went down and worried the engine room crew and rigged strings to her cross heads and sat on her gratings and took indicator diagrams for two days and a half. Her captain could never explain it and never made a very serious attempt to probe the mystery. He was deeply pleased with Donald's results; that was sufficient. When MacMichael was asked about it he used to say that Donald was a born engineer and probably had little ways of his own, and then he would hum. MacMichael had plenty of coal of his own, and the *Dungeness* certainly seemed to pay dividends. Cameron, the captain of the *Duncrieff*, the next in size of the MacMichael boats, used to freely state it as his opinion that Donald carried about half as much steam again as he was allowed. Donald's own replies to any question on the subject were always cryptic.

"Y' see," he would say, after removing from his lips the three-inch black clay pipe that he was popularly credited with being able to smoke while asleep, "Y' see, the *Doongeness* 's got a gran' good set o' engines 'n' a most extraordinar' fine nest o' booylers; 'n' y' know a leetle extra theeckness een a booyler often cooms een handy," and he would smile at the black cocker, whose tail would stir up a great cloud of coal dust from the floor. The reiteration of this axiom tended rather to the confirmation of Cameron's hypothesis; and there the matter rested.

Undoubtedly Donald's most marvellous characteristic was his imperturbability. In all the time he had been in the *Dungeness* and throughout his entire connection with the Caribou Fire Department he had never been seen in a state even bordering on excitement. The greater the crisis the more supernaturally cool he became, until in moments of greatest danger his voice would be low and even, and he would answer inane questions in an elaborate detail and with a suavity that would render eternally famous any professional diplomat. At times when the average man would have been distinctly displeased with the rest of the world, and would have expressed his displeasure audibly, Donald would wear the bland smile that was normal on such occasions, and the variations in which were, as I have indicated, the only index of any thing he might feel.

MacMichael was right when he said that Donald was a born engineer. As has been stated elsewhere he got in love with an engine as a man may get in love with a woman. When he left the *Dungeness* and came ashore he was incredibly melancholy and for two weeks would hardly say a word to anyone. He would go down and sit on the Government wharf and look eastward past Cole's reef out into the Gulf where the *Dungeness*' smoke had faded away. Not only did Donald love an engine but he knew instinctively how to get the most out of one—anything from a pumping station to a portable saw mill. He would feel the throttle, alter the valve travel, close till she sighed, open till she trembled, and then start off with a spanner and a copper hammer, listening for knocks. When she shut down he would hunt up special packing for certain places, until she would run as if the makers had set her up at an exhibition, and her rods would shine until you couldn't say whether they were moving or not.

Now, as has been recorded earlier, Caribou had no waterworks. The result was that when there was a fire, water had to be pumped from the harbour to the scene of the conflagration. In the early days there had been a hand engine, and its crew of Nova Scotia Scots had been developed until they were second to none on the continent. But Caribou grew, and just at the time Donald came ashore the Town Council had bought a steam fire-engine, the "Ronald." She was a big engine with a single-cylindered pump and one big "athwartships" fly-wheel. Donald was looked upon as the most desirable of possible engineers, so a deputation waited on him and he consented to take charge. The final result of it all was that the fire-engine worked her way into his affections, and he became as fond of her as he had been of the *Dungeness*. As time went on Donald and the "Ronald" accomplished some prodigious feats. The "Ronald" would seem to be doing her best until a crisis arrived, when, for some mysterious reason, she would suddenly develop an utterly new order of capability, and would split up faulty lengths of hose and tear off sheets of shingles in a way that was magnificent to see. This peculiarity came to cause engine and engineer to be regarded by the fire-engine enthusiasts of Caribou as worthy of a veneration that almost amounted to awe. On such occasions the few who knew Donald's record in the *Dungeness* would grin at each other and retire down the wharf a hundred feet or more from the "Ronald" and sit on mooring posts with expressions of pleased expectancy; but nothing ever happened.

Caribou continued to grow and the Town Council decided to get another engine. This time an amateur engineer in the Council, named Garton, said it must be an engine of the rotary pump type; so a rotary pump it was.

She came in quietly one day on the evening train and was promptly named the "Caribou." Jimmy McKenzie, an individual with a bushy grey beard, who used to work in the foundry, was duly elected engineer. The "Caribou" had no cylinders and no fly-wheel, and when she went she didn't make a chug-a-chug-a-chug like the "Ronald," but instead she made an egregious whir-r-r-r; in fact, when she was doing her best she howled, literally howled, as only a rotary can. So as they were in no way alike, she and the "Ronald" bred no inter-rivalry, and Jimmy and Donald dwelt together in peace.

A few years passed and Donald made up his mind that the "Ronald" needed a new boiler. The Town Council couldn't be brought to see this, but Donald was obdurate, and the Town Council submitted gracefully, in a way to which they had grown accustomed. So Donald made a design in accordance with certain ideas of his own, took it down to the boiler shop of the foundry and went to work.

Just at this time the Town Council decided that they must have still another engine, and Garton discoursed on the advantages of a new double-cylindered machine built in the United States and known as the "Dewey." So the "Dewey" was chosen and ordered. She was not a rotary like the "Caribou," but a cylinder pump like the "Ronald," and her performances might with fairness be compared with those of the old engine. The situation contained the germs of strife. Besides, when Garton was dissertating he had said that Caribou was growing, and that he, personally, felt that it was time they

had a modern double-cylindered engine—something more efficient than the somewhat antiquated apparatus they had at present, an opinion with which the Council seemed to agree. The proceedings were reported to Donald, who smiled and said nothing—until he was alone with the black spaniel, when, after getting the pipe going satisfactorily, he ejaculated, "Anteequated! Did y' hear thut, Conoondrum? Anteequated!" and Conundrum's tail became a nebula. Then the two of them went off down to the foundry where the "Ronald's" new boiler, the wonder of that establishment, was being completed. It weighed four hundred pounds more than the old one if it weighed an ounce.

It was a few weeks after this, when the "Ronald" had been re-assembled and Donald was putting on the finishing touches, that Dr. Saunderson turned up and addressed the boots and blue overalls as before recorded. Like the majority of the people of Caribou he was interested in the fire-engine question, and an ardent admirer of Donald's.

"I hear we are to have a new engine," he said, continuing the somewhat uncertain conversation.

"Aye!" said Donald. It was an exceedingly non-committal reply.

"I hear she is to be a double-cylindered 'Dewey.' The agent says she will be able to throw two streams as high as the 'Ronald' can throw one." Donald was tightening a gland; he stopped and looked meditatively at the "Ronald."

"Aye," he said ingenuously, "they beeld marrvellous engines these days." The Doctor would have to be more direct.

"What chance do you think the 'Ronald' will have with her?" Donald slowly screwed on the top of an oil cup and smiled and talked between the puffs of his pipe.

"Th' Ronald's a leetle anteequated, y' know," he said, "a—what ha' y' got een the bags."

"Albertite."

"Oo, thut's the noo cannel coal they foond over een Noo Brunswick." The Doctor was a great mineralogist.

"We don't know," he said, "whether it's a cannel or a bitumen or an asphalt, or what to call it, but we do know that it burns like a house. I've been testing it for gas production and I have these three sacks over. I brought them down thinking you might try it in that whitewashed stove of yours. You might test it as a steaming coal if you have time." Together they carried the three sacks in and piled them in the coal bin. The black cocker, to indicate the almost inexpressible extent of his appreciation, crawled on top of the pile, turned round three times to beat down the grass of ancestral tradition, and after elaborate preliminary adjustments with a view to accommodating his anatomy to the various protuberances, prepared for slumber. Donald was accustomed to gifts of this sort from the Doctor.

"A'm mooch obleeged t' y'," he said, "a'll try't soom day." As the Doctor was leaving he reverted to fire-engines.

"I suppose they'll be having a test to compare the old engines with the new one when she comes. I know you've done everything I ever saw you try, but I don't think much of your chances this time." The old man smiled and said nothing and filled the black pipe, and as the Doctor drove away he took off the oil-soaked cap that he used for starting hot valves, looked into its crown and scratched his head. Then he addressed the black spaniel.

"Conoondrum, y' might sheeft a leetle an' let me get a loomp o' thut Albertite." He untied one of the sacks and took out a few lumps of the black glistening stuff. He broke a piece off and held a lighted match to it; it burned briskly. Then, though it was summer, he opened the door of the whitewashed stove, lighted a bunch of oil-soaked waste, threw it in, then a handful of kindling and a shovel of coal. He sat down and waited for ten minutes, then opened the stove door again and threw in the Albertite. Through the chinks in the stove he could see a white flame that roared up the stovepipe and made it crack like a forest in a frost. The old engineer rubbed his fingers through his grizzled hair and indicated his approval by a series of grunts in different keys.

"Thut stoof'd undootedly ha' 'ts uses," he mused, "'t 'd be harrd on th' grate

"Not only did Donald love an engine, but he knew instinctively how to get the most out of one."

Drawn by J. W. Beatty

bars, but—" and the rest was indistinguishable among the puffs at the black pipe. It was getting dark as he tightened the last connection on the old "Ronald," and his life-trained hand felt the bite of the metal that told it when to stop. Every ring sat on every length of packing so that neither steam nor water could pass, though the rods could glide through by their own weight. Every nut was set up until the metal faces grounded and clung with a hold that no jarring could start, and with the last touch the "Ronald" became an inflexible entity, as though she were a machine of one piece. Donald lay down the spanner and held the engine torch over his head. He slowly looked over the new boiler and then over every line in the big engine from pole to coal box. He grinned at the spaniel.

"Noo they can breeng aloong theyre dooble-ceelindered 'Dewey's," he murmured. "Coom, Conoondrum, let's go and get soom supper."

Next morning the Halifax *Chronicle* commented on the enterprise of the Caribou Town Council, asserting, much to the edification of that venerable body, that by being the first to introduce into Nova Scotia one of the magnificent "Dewey" engines, "now generally admitted to be the most powerful fire-engine made, they had given an example of a progressive municipal spirit that might be worthily imitated by many a larger and richer town." The Caribou Town Council immediately ordered fourteen lengths of new hose.

One beautiful sunny day, a week or so later, the noon train brought in a flat car on which was a large angular object covered with tarpaulin and burlap. It was the new engine. A considerable proportion of Caribou's population went to the station along with Donald and the black spaniel. Donald joined Dr. Saunderson, who was with Jim McIntyre, a particular crony of his, and they went on together. When they reached the centre of interest they found that the car had been shunted into a siding, and that the engine was being rapidly divested of her wrappings by a gentleman with a jack-knife and a serrated nasal drawl. The gentleman's name was Smith, Ezekial Smith in full, and he had accompanied the engine from "the works" of the Dewey Consolidated Engineering Company of Deweyville, N.Y.

To attempt to describe Mr. Ezekial Smith would be an extremely difficult task. He was exceedingly tall and thin —one might say sinuous. But the difficulty in description did not lie in this or in the majority of his personal characteristics. It lay in the fact that you could not concentrate your attention on any particular part of his anatomy long enough to describe it without being at once attracted back to his moustache. That moustache, in its turn, was beyond all adequate description. It was black, and almost as deep as it was wide. Its width was considerable. Its individual hairs sprouted outward and downward, forming arches which hid Mr. Smith's mouth so completely that its presence could only be inferred by the outflow of language and by a thin stream of tobacco juice which ran persistently down the left side of his chin. A rough and extremely diagrammatic conception of the contour of this moustache may be obtained by calling to mind the teeth of a horse rake: but unlike these teeth, which are scattered, it was very thick, so thick that it had to be dexterously parted by a sideways motion of the plug every time its owner wished to take a chew of tobacco. Jim McIntyre said that he "didna see how he cood get much guid oot o' soup wi' 't." Mr. Smith seemed to be as fully impressed with the relative importance of the appendage as was the public, for while the average man would mop his forehead or his neck, Mr. Smith would wipe the moustache and it alone. It had one striking peculiarity, a peculiarity which at first excited much wonder. This was exhibited in its tendency, at times, to coalesce locally, to go off into a bunched condition until it resembled the tufts of bristles on a flue-brush. At the same time it would rise and project almost horizontally forward, until Mr. Smith's nose rather called to mind a red tropical moon rising over a jungle. A careful study of the gentleman's actions at these times at last led to the conclusion that the phenomenon betokened the presence of a smile beneath. It may be said that the general effect of the moustache on the face of Mr. Ezekial Smith was to give an indefinite expression of sadness which, as it was borne out by none of Mr. Smith's actions, led to an incongruous result.

When the last wrapping fell from the engine a hum of admiration arose from the crowd. She was a mass of shining brass, glowing copper, glinting steel and red paint. Donald's keen eye ran over her critically. He saw the powerful-looking twin steam and water cylinders, and instead of the ponderous athwartship fly-wheel of the "Ronald" he noted the two polished wheels set fore and aft. Her frame was light in design but as strong as a cantilever bridge, and to the crowd, able only to call up pictures of the "Caribou" and the "Ronald," she appeared positively airy in structure. Garton talked learnedly about "magnificent proportion and distribution of

"It was the new engine"
Drawn by J. W. Beatty

strains," and Mr. Ezekial Smith's moustache went off into the bunched condition before mentioned, which took the crowd's attention away from everything else until it had been violently wiped back to shape again.

When the men Garton had brought began to work the engine down the skids, under Mr. Smith's direction, that gentleman began to breed ungodly language until Jim McIntyre, who used to follow the sea, said he had seldom heard anything finer, and Donald replied that "proobably 'twas nothing to what he cood ha' done wi'oot the moustache."

By the time Mr. Smith reached the ground he got properly under way and undertook to make patent to the world that, while the primary function of the "Dewey" was to fight fires, it stood as

a glorious example of what other fire-engines should be—and were not—and had reached a pinnacle of excellence that in the later history of this planet would never be equalled. He asseverated that, with the assistance of the "Dewey" he would guarantee to throw two streams as high as any other engine could throw one, and wound up with the assertion that in "N' Yawk, now, they're usin' 'em considerable for taking off old clapboards 'n' shingles 'n' tearin' down frame buildin's."

As it was a short distance from the engine house to the harbour, Caribou did not use horses to take out its fire apparatus and, much to the disgust of Mr. Smith, drag ropes were produced, hooked on, seized by the crowd and the "Dewey" was towed enthusiastically to the engine house. As she was being backed in they could catch a glimpse of the "Ronald," who, by contrast, looked very much subdued. The doors were closed. Outside was the crowd. Appearances had counted for something: the old "Ronald" had fallen a little in popular estimation.

"Donald'll have to drive her t' keep up t' that one!" they said.

"He can't do 't!" said someone.

Inside were the Mayor and Garton, Dr. Saunderson and Jim McIntyre, Jimmy McKenzie and Jake Anderson, who was to be the engineer of the "Dewey"; Kerr, the chief of the Fire Department; Mr. Ezekial Smith, Donald and the black spaniel. Mr. Smith, still stirred up by the drag ropes, incidentally referred to Caribou as a "one horse Nova Scotia town," which caused the Mayor to stand on one leg and rub it with the other. Smith then cast a pitying glance at the "Caribou" and said "Silsby."

"Yes, Silsby!" said Jimmy McKenzie, truculently; but the conversation went no farther. Then Mr. Ezekial Smith's gaze fell on the "Ronald," and his eyes and moustache seemed to protrude simultaneously. He stood for thirty seconds as one from whom the power of speech and action have departed. The smoke from the regular puffs of Donald's pipe floated slowly upward and the corner of his lips gave a barely perceptible twitch. Mr. Smith at last stepped forward and laid his hand on the "Ronald's" boiler.

"Well, I'm damned!" he ejaculated. Donald lighted the engine torch and handed it to him. He went down on his knees and looked into the fire-box. "I thought I'd seen about all the kinds uv blankety blank fire-engines that wuz ever built since the time of the Flood," he continued, "but this knocks me. I calculate a nest uv them boilers 'd do fur'n ocean liner. Uv all the damn clumsy pieces of machinery that was ever put on wheels, if that ain't the clumsiest I'll eat my suspenders, buckles 'n' all. Now, there's a machine that don't weigh within fifteen hundredweight of what this does, an' you can bet your life that she could go out and lick the other two. If I wuz you," turning to the Mayor, "I'd chuck them two engines and get one 'Dewey' in their place; take up less room, cost less, 'n' do more work." He reverted to the "Ronald." "Say," he said, "where did you pick up that boiler?"

"We beelt 't," said Donald.

"I guess you did. How do you move it round?" Donald had noted Mr. Smith's aversion to the drag ropes.

"The men grow fery lar-rge oop here," he said; "we use them eenstead o' horses, so weight ees no conseederation."

"Well, you got plenty of it, anyway."

"Aye," was the reply, "y' know, a leetle extra theeckness een a booyler often comes een handy," and Donald's smile was as bland as usual. He handed Mr. Smith a bunch of waste to wipe his hands on. For some reason Mr. Smith felt an indefinite fear of that smile.

They wiped the "Dewey" off, filled her boiler and tank and oil cups, backed her up to the hot water connections, and she was ready for work.

It was arranged that the following day at noon there should be a public comparative test of the three engines. The test never came off.

Donald and the black spaniel had gone home late to supper and had come back about dark. Mr. Smith had been furnishing Jake Anderson with full information as to the various idiosyncracies of the "Dewey." When Donald had reached the engine house he had started

to polish up the "Ronald's" air dome. In the meantime Mr. Smith and Jimmy McKenzie had got involved in a discussion concerning the comparative merits of rotary and cylinder pumps. This discussion had started quietly enough, but as time went on it had increased in intensity, until it had reached a stage when it was becoming remarkable for strength of diction. Mr. Ezekial Smith was speaking.

"If you'd ever been in N' Yawk," he shouted, "I guess you'd damn well know what a real fire wuz like. Why, I've seen a whole blankety-blank block of buildings ten stories high, an' all afire, put out with half a dozen 'Dewey's'."

"'Dooeys' be damned!" thundered Jimmy. "A suppose they're thut because they're good at long range, like the greatest Admiral een th' worrld." Jimmy was becoming spiteful. "Noo Yor-rk!" he continued, "Noo Yor-rk!! A wiz een Noo Yor-rk before y'r father cud desteenguish hees wheeskers frae the rest o' his face. Deed he hae a moustache like thut one o' yours, d'ye ken?" and just then there broke in the sonorous clang of a bell, and the spaniel jumped from the coal bin and began to whirl around, half in the air and half on the floor, like a black teetotum. A fire furnished the one type of occasion on which the black spaniel had ever been known to evince marked enthusiasm as to the progress of the world in general. Truly, Providence disposes. It was the bell on the King Street Church ringing for a fire. Boom! Clang! Boom! Clang! Clang! The black spaniel fairly stood on his hind legs and cheered. Donald, who had been discanting to him on the futility of losing one's temper, tossed the waste he was using into a leather bucket with the accuracy bred of long practice, held the engine torch in a gas flame and then to the basket of oil soaked waste and swung this under the grate bars. He turned off the hot water connections and was ready. Sandy had the fire going in the "Caribou" before the bell had struck ten strokes, and Mr. Ezekial Smith and Jake had fallen over each other in getting the "Dewey" under way.

The big doors swung open and Kerr rushed in followed by the crowd. The chief held up his hand.

"It's the New Academy!" he roared; "take all three engines to the central wharf!" The hose carts bounded out from next door, followed ponderously by the hook and ladder waggon. The crowd ran out the drag ropes of the three engines, while they lined up on the poles.

"Are you ready, Donald?" Donald, from his position on the coal box of the "Ronald," stuck his head out from behind the boiler and nodded, and as the engines rolled over the sills he grinned at Mr. Ezekial Smith, whose moustache immediately went off into bunches. Jimmy was a little ahead of them all with his fire, and he knew it, and on the way down the hill, with one foot on the boiler, he hung with both hands to the brakes and stoked with his other foot. When the engines reached the wharf, Mr. Smith bounced over and examined Donald's gauge.

"What!" he snorted, "forty pounds; why, I guess my engine's goin' to blow off. There she goes. What did I tell you! Oh! She's a daisy to steam."

"Whut's 't for?" queried Donald.

"For? To pump water! What in blazes did you think it wuz for, to shoot ducks?"

Donald ignored the question.

"An' why don't y' poomp water?" he queried suavely.

"Because the hose ain't on yet."

"Aye! An' when th' hose ees on a'll ha' plenty o' steam too. Een th' meantime, y're blowin' steam eento the air." Mr. Smith returned to his engine. A few moments later the "Dewey's" hose was coupled and the signal came for her to go ahead. Mr. Smith opened her up. *Pa-tuck! P'tuck, P'tuck, a tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck* she went, and her hose bulged and got rigid; then the "Caribou" started: *Pup-pup-pur-r-r-r whirr-r-r-r-r-r-r-R-R-R.* Then Donald took off his cap and started the throttle of the "Ronald": *Pa-chirr, pa-chirp, pa-chug, a-chug-a-chug-a-chug-a-chug,* and Jim McIntyre, with his foot on the hose, felt the throb and pound of the water. Donald lit the engine torch and with the engine torch lit the black pipe and surveyed the scene with contentment.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

HER EXCELLENCY LADY PLUNKET
Wife of the Governor of New Zealand
Photo by Alfred Werner, Dublin

Her Excellency Lady Plunket

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

THE appointment of the fifth Baron Plunket, head of the house of Plunket, to the post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of New Zealand, has for the first time given to a daughter of Rideau Hall the position of Vicereine of a British dependency. For Lady Plunket, better known to Canadians as Lady Victoria Blackwood, was born at Ottawa, and is the youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. In Lady Dufferin's charming "Canadian Journal" occurs the entry, under date May 17th, 1873: "A little girl was born this day, and the Queen has telegraphed that she will be her godmother."

A month later the christening took place at the English Cathedral in Quebec, Lady Dufferin acting as proxy for the Queen in the capacity of godmother, while the Prime Minister of the Dominion, Sir John A. Macdonald, assumed the vows of godfather. "At the ceremony Lady Victoria Alexandrina Muriel May behaved admirably, and slept soundly the whole time in spite of a deluge of Jordan water." The Queen's christening present was a large medallion with Her Majesty's head in raised gold in the centre, surrounded by rows of diamonds, pink coral and pearls, having engraven on the back the words, "Lady Victoria Alexandrina Blackwood, from her godmother, Victoria R." To the end of her life the Queen was a warm friend to her Canadian godchild, and many tokens of Her Majesty's thoughtfulness are among Lady Plunket's treasured memorials of her beloved Queen. On Lady Victoria's third Christmas, Lady Dufferin says: "There was great excitement at receiving a box directed to me from the Queen. It contained a pretty doll dressed in the smartest blue velvet

gown for Victoria. She was delighted and carried it about all the evening."

Pretty glimpses of Lady Plunket's childhood peep out from the pages of the "Journal." Returning to Tadousac after a fishing expedition the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin find their children in the early morning waiting to give their parents a warm welcome. But the mother is not satisfied until she has seen her baby, "such a fat fairy, so pretty, with golden hair curling all over, and large dark-grey eyes. Such a merry, happy little thing; she stands at a chair, and crawls about everywhere."

A descendant of the gifted Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Lady Plunket has inherited marked dramatic taste, besides being possessed of the family histrionic ability.

When Lord and Lady Dufferin left our shores in 1878, they were not privileged long to enjoy their charming Irish home, Clandeboye, for in February of the following year Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Thither Lady Victoria accompanied her parents, afterwards residing in Constantinople, Egypt, India, Rome, and Paris.

CLANDEBOYE, IRELAND, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DUFFERIN
Lady Plunket's Early Home

The amateur theatricals at Rideau Hall, instituted by Lady Dufferin, herself a fascinating actress, are among the many pleasant memories of Lord Dufferin's régime. In these plays Lady Dufferin often played the leading role, while in the fairy extravaganzas given at Christmas time, the baby Lady Victoria, an important member of the cast, appeared to enjoy her position as the cynosure of all eyes.

In her childhood she was taught at home by a governess, her education being continued at Boulogne-sur-mer and at the Cheltenham Ladies' College. It was in Calcutta, while Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India, that Lady Victoria made her entrance into society, unaffectedly enjoying the gayeties of the brilliant viceregal court. Lady Dufferin at the time was absorbed in her scheme for the alleviation of the sufferings of the women of India, and many a brilliant fête which

LADY PLUNKET, WHEN LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD

Photo by Kate Pragnell

contributed much to the development of Oriental loyalty, was preceded by hours of hard work in the practical part of the Vicereine's noble scheme, while the daughters of the house studied and practised the art of nursing. At the conclusion of Lord Dufferin's splendid work for the Empire in India, he was appointed to the post of Ambassador to Rome, whither he went in 1888. It was in Rome that Lady Victoria made the acquaintance of Lord Plunket, who was then Honorary Attaché to Lord Dufferin at the British Embassy. They were married in 1894 in Paris, the civil ceremony taking place at the Embassy, Lord Dufferin being at the time the British Ambassador to France, the religious ceremony being solemnised at the English church. A quite unusual interest was taken in the marriage, Lady Plunket being extremely popular at almost every court in Europe.

Since her marriage Lady Plunket has lived in London and at old Connaught, Lord Plunket's charming place near Bray. Of late years she has resided at the Private Secretary's Lodge in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, while Lord Plunket was private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which office he held under Lord Cadogan, and later under Lord Dudley, until his appointment in 1904 to the Governorship of New Zealand.

OLD CONNAUGHT HOUSE, LORD PLUNKET'S FAMILY SEAT IN WICKLOW COUNTY, IRELAND

THE GARDEN AT OLD CONNAUGHT

Lady Plunket, like her sisters, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, who is a graceful public speaker and a lucid writer on philanthropic questions, and Lady Hermione Blackwood, who wears the badge and dark-blue armlet of a Queen's nurse, does not readily accept limitations as to the scope of woman's work or the sphere of her influence, and every movement which aims at the relief of suffering or the solution of perplexing social problems, has Lady Plunket's practical sympathy.

Singularly happy as has been her life, yet Lady Plunket has known sorrow, for dark days came to the happy home at Clandeboye, when in 1900 the Earl of Ava, the heir of the house, was killed in beleaguered Ladysmith, and when the youngest son, Lord Frederick Blackwood, was so severely wounded in South Africa that his life was despaired of. When the cloud of anxiety was lifted, it was not long before the chief of the house, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, was laid to rest with his ancestors. With the stricken widow and her family in those sad days the people of Canada sympathised deeply, for Lord Ava was to them one of their own lads, and Lord Dufferin one of their truest friends.

My Greatest Day

By C. W. YOUNG

ALL of one long summer day we had fared down the I.C.R. from Quebec to Dalhousie, enjoyed the magnificent scenery of the Metapedia Valley, for there were day trains in those days, luxuriated for another day along the delightfully picturesque north shore of the Bay of Chaleurs on the comfortable old steamer *Admiral*, and at nightfall came to the wharf at the land-locked basin of Gaspé. There were preparations to make next morning, and it was after dinner before we drove up the York River, crossed it a few

miles above its mouth, and then climbed the mountains, the view unfolding as we ascended, till the whole beautiful harbour was within the range of our vision, the landscape dotted with little white villages; in the distance Gaspé Head, and nothing thereafter between us and Europe.

Several miles we travelled along the table-land, stopping to pick the abundant blueberries by the way, and then down a steep, rocky road to the St. John River, where we pitched camp for a couple of weeks.

In spite of the time of the year—mid-July—there was a white frost on the ground when I stepped out of my tent at four o'clock next morning. The sun was already up, however, and the day promised well for a long trip up the river.

The camp was just at the head of the McDonald Pool, alongside of which for several hundred yards stretched a natural rock terrace, as smooth and even as a city granolithic walk. On shore there were several steps, each a few inches high, but the strata were deeper in the river, and there were thirty or forty feet of water in the centre of the pool. Many salmon and trout innumerable could be seen swimming about, but I was willing to forego the pleasure of a cast till after breakfast.

Not so my guide and companion of years, John Eden, who, besides being a king of cooks and a canoe man to remember, was an adept at casting. I hesitated to plunge into the icy water, and instead took a sponge bath, which was cold enough, and was indulging in a vigorous towelling when John came on the scene, and taking up a rod prepared for a cast. He landed a trout or two, cast again, when whizz went the reel.

"Don't you want to land this fish?"

"Well, wait a minute till I get on some clothes."

"Never mind; just step into your slippers, and you will forget all about your clothes in a couple of minutes." And I did. The salmon was a good one and put up a stiff fight. He took a fierce run down the pool, and I followed him, the smooth terrace making splendid walking, or running at times. Now the fish jumped, was reeled in, and off he went and jumped again. It was hard work to check him at the foot of the pool, for it was no fun to scramble over the brush and logs beyond; then he worked back and settled in the deep water. The edges of the rock terrace were rough and jagged and there was every chance of fraying the line or leader and losing the fish; it took time and patience to weary the captive. The butt of the rod was kept out well and at length the strain told; he came up, ran once or twice more, and finally rolled over and over in sheer exhaustion. Up, up, from one terrace to another, till at last he was within reach of the gaff, and on the shore a moment later. Thirty pounds, if an ounce, and a beauty.

No further towelling was necessary to restore circulation, and by the time the morning toilet was complete, breakfast was ready, with salmon steak as the principal item on the menu. Nobody ever ate it fresher.

No photograph is extant of this battle between a man and a fish, both in the garb of nature.

With such a beginning there should have been a great day's sport, and there was. In St. John, as in all the Gaspé rivers, the trout and the salmon run together, and while the latter are abundant their smaller cousins swarm to such an extent as to be a nuisance under the circumstances. No fingerlings either, but huge fellows from a pound to six or seven pounds each. As we went up the river we cast over every pool but failed to raise a salmon. They might have been there, though we didn't see them; but the trout would keep rising and it was necessary to kill them as quickly as possible, with little or no disturbance of the water. This was not easy sometimes, as even at the end of a sixteen-foot salmon rod, a trout anywhere from a couple of pounds up will fight with a good deal of energy. The catch of trout at each pool was strung on a withe of ozier, and left in the water to be picked up on the return journey.

At last we found the salmon in a small pool, with sheer rock forty or fifty feet high on one side, and on the other a dense growth of underbrush. All afternoon we worked trying to get the fly to them without avail. Towards evening we got the key to the situation, when a lucky cast

SALMON POOL IN THE ST JOHN RIVER, GASPÉ

from the shelving face of the rock up stream raised a fish and he hooked himself firmly. But that was only the beginning. Down into the centre of the pool he went, and he had to be followed or lost, though there was only a very precarious foothold by jumping from one rock to another at the base of the cliff. It was a case of drowning if one ever slipped into the icy, foaming torrent.

It took grim determination to strain the rod and leader to its utmost while the fish forty feet below was chugging and boring away at the bottom, and one was tempted to end the struggle suddenly and let the captive free. But Eden was hopeful; the fish would get tired some time, and must come up sooner or later. An extra length was spliced on to the gaff, and as soon as the huge fellow—a thirty-three pounder—came within striking distance he was impaled. It was not easy to get back to solid ground, but there was satisfaction in winning the fight.

Just at the tail of the pool were two salmon circling round among the trout.

"One of those fellows will take the fly if you can get it to him," said Eden.

Several trout were landed and then the salmon took his innings. This time there was good footing and shallow water, and not for an instant was the fish out of sight. His mate followed him in his last pilgrimage right up to the gaff and might have been gaffed himself if another implement had been handy. Not a big salmon this one, twelve or fourteen pounds, but full of fun, every inch of him.

"Two within an hour; not so bad," said Eden; "but we must quit or we can't get to camp before dark."

Nor did we; we picked up the trout strings as we went down, till the extra weight caused the canoe to grate on the shallows. There must have been 200 or 300 pounds besides the salmon. This would seem like useless slaughter, but the guides were glad to salt the trout for the winter, and in a salmon river trout are vermin; if they could be netted out it would be so much the better.

This was a great day.

" 'Oh, do not go,' Meester Fiani he cry, so-o veree sad was he."

Drawn by Fergus Kyle *To illustrate "The Dream of Nageeb Fiani"*

The Dream of Nageeb Fiani

A Story of the Syrian Quarter, New York

By NORMAN DUNCAN, Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," etc.

IT was evening; the evening of a June night, when the magic of such hours, subtle and beneficent, attunes the heart to all the life of a tenement street, wherein the laughter of children strikes the sweetest chord. In the back room of Nageeb Fiani's pastry shop—which, as many men know to their delight, is in Washington street near the soap factory—five little cups of coffee were set out on a tabourêt near the divan. Indeed, young Yusef had but now said a respectful "Master" to the Doctor Effendi, touched forehead and breast, smiled upon the company, and fluttered through the door of the common room, where some of the buzzing crowd were clapping their hands to call him. The steam from the cups gratefully tinged with perfume, which Yusef had been careful to add for the Doctor's delectation, drifted over the divan; so, in a moment, as upon the magic carpet, the aliens from Up Town were transported far, far from all consciousness of trucks and skyscrapers and cable gongs and the implacable clock; and it seemed to them, of a sudden, that lolling and dreams and soft light, and the love songs Fiani made and played were more to be desired than any other thing—for that is one of the virtues of the tawdry, ragged old divan in the back room of Fiani's pastry shop in lower Washington Street, nor is the like of it to be found elsewhere in the great city.

Now, Nageeb Fiani is the greatest player in all the world, upon the oud and the canoun and the violin, as the Doctor has said, and as all the world knows; and so great is his fame that there is none, no, not even among the Syrians of Washington Street, where envy abounds, to cast a slur upon it; and the music he makes of himself in the dark, is sweeter than that which has passed through the ears of an hundred generations to this present time—yes, even a thousand generations of men, whence has come the music of the blind Prince, whose songs shall be sung to the end of the world!

"O Nageeb, my friend," said one of the aliens, who is a friend of this man, "why are you so sad to-day?"

Indeed Nageeb was very sad; for sure, he had smoked seven cigarettes without saying a word, nor could the wreathing smoke hide the melancholy of his dark, soulful face, nor could the arack lighten it, though he had taken three glasses.

"Why so sad, O Nageeb?" Khalil Khayat, the old editor of Kawkab Elhorriah, interpreted into the Arabic.

"Yess—sad," said Nageeb Fiani, with a smile and a sigh. "I have sad—ver-ee sad, to-day. Ah-h! Las' night I have dream—so sad thee dream. I am not get better yet."

Then that it might be interpreted to the company, Nageeb told the dream to Khalil Khayat, who loves children and liberty, and is, therefore, most obliging; and so tender was the story that this Khalil, listening enrapt, let six matches burn to the butt without touching them to his pipe, which was out all the time, and grew cold for the first time that day.

"Ah," said Khayat, turning to the company, when Fiani had come to an end of it, "Meester Fiani he have a dream las' night. Et ees because of thees dream. I am now tell eet to you."

"Nageeb, he dream he ees een a place which eet ees veree dark; an' thee place, eet ees a great place, an' lonlee, an' havin' much, much sand, but he have hees violin weeth heem. Eet ees so dark, thee place, an' so far off from the dwellin' places of men, that Nageeb he theenk they have be fear-r-rful creatures een thee air, an' great, hungry an-i-mals, weeth blazin' eyes all 'round, een every place where thee beeg, theek, dark eet ees, which eet ees everywhere. But Nageeb he ees not afraid so much, for he have hees violin weeth heem;

and so he sit down by a small river, which eet ees flowing so-o sweetly by hees side, an' hees violin eet ees by heem, near hees han'.

"By-'n'-by, there come from the dark, which eet ees mos' black an' far off, a mighty lion, an' thee lion, which eet ees thee mos' ragin' an' fear-r-rful lion any men they ever saw, spring from thee blackness an' come roarin', an' roar-r-in' an' roar-r-rrin' to Meester Fi—"

"Yess," solemnly interrupted Fiani, who had followed earnestly all that Khayat had said. "Fear-r-rful. Like, what you call, like thee hell."

Khayat laughed aloud. "'Like thee hell,'" he repeated, laughing again. "That ees swearin', Nageeb."

"Ox-cuse me," Fiani laughed. "I not know. Ox-cuse me. Go on Meester Khayat. I am now shut up. Ox-cuse me."

"Well," continued Khayat, "Thees ter-r-ible creature eet come ragin' veree hard straight at Meester Fiani where he sit by the sweetly-flowin' leetle river. Eets beeg mouth eet open mos' wide, an' eets eyes glow like thee coal which eet ees on the narghile of thee Doctor Effendi, an' white froth an' blood drip from eets fear-r-rful jaws. Which, when Meester Fiani see thees, he have great fear, and hees heart eet grow cold like thee ice, of fear, an' hees feet they would not move one eench, for they were as eef tied to the groun' by the evil genii which dwell een thee dark place.

"'O Allah!'" Nageeb he have cry; which eet ees een thee Arabic language, 'O God.' He cry: 'O God save me from thee fear-r-rful beast.' But eet ees es eef thee ear of thee dear good God eet ees deaf (which surelee eet never ees), for no angel deed come flyin' weeth a flamin' sword to slay thee fear-r-rful creature.

"Now when thee beast he have come so near that thee hot breath of heem eet have touch' Meester Fiani's face, Nageeb he take up the violin veree queek, an' he play eet—he play sweet, so-o sweet an' so soft; an' what he play eet ees thee las' music which he have make himself."

"Las' music," said Fiani, as though anxious to impress the listeners with something which had materially to do with the outcome of the story. "Las' music I make—myself—what I make weeth my—my—my heart. My own. You onderstan'?" Then a word or two swiftly to Khayat in the Arabic.

"Ah! He say," said the old man, "that eet ees a song of love what he play; so-o sad a song that he have many time weep while he make eet, which eet was veree hard to make."

"Sure," said Fiani, with a quick, nervous nod, "I weep when I make eet, thee music. One week it take—one week."

"What he want to say ees," said Khayat picking his way to a clear sentence, "that thee music mus' be veree good music, because—"

"Yess," Fiani broke in in great excitement. "Yess, yess. Ver-ee good—veree. Sure!"

"Because," Khayat went on, "thee lion eet stop eets awful ragin', an' creep to Meester Fiani veree slow an' veree kin'. Eet close eets beeg mouth, an' eets eyes they be-come soft weeth love: for the beast eet like thee music so-o much. Now, Nageeb he play, an' play, an' play, an' keep playin' thee song which he have made himself; an' thee lion eet purr like a leetle cat, an' rub eets great head against Meester Fiani, an' at las' eet lie down at hees side, an' go to sleep. But Nageeb he play, an' play, an' play, an' keep on playin', for he theenk eef he have stop thee music thee lion eet weel have wake up an begeen eets fear-r-rful ragin', which eet ees so fearful Meester Fiani he have not want to see eet.

"By-'n'-by, out of thee far deep darkness, where thee lion he have spring from, there come a young lady; an' she have all 'round her a be-u-tee-ful gold light, like thee light of angels."

"Ah-h!" sighed Fiani, clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes.

"An' this lady she ees a beautiful lady —thee mos' beautiful lady you ever deed see; for her hair eet ees like thee night for darkness an' like thee silk for shining, an' her eyes they are like thee mos' bright stars which they do sparkle een thee deep sky, an' her arms an' breas' they are like—like —you mus' ox-cuse me," the old man burst out. "My Eenglish eet ees too small to tell eet. The young lady she ees so-o beautiful that I do not know what words to say. Ox-cuse me, I have regret that I

cannot de-scribe such beautee in Eenglish. Een Arabic, there are many sweet words—so-o sweet!"

"Ah!" Fiani sighed again.

"Well," said Khayat, at a loss, "she was the mos' beautiful lady you see. Ah!" he exclaimed, catching at a simile, "she was beautiful like an angel, God heemself he have made. She have come out of thee darkness, shining mos' glorious; an' Meester Fiani he have love her most much when he have see her. He love her so much that he have shake like one leetle leaf in thee storm. But he have fear she will be devour by the lion. Ah! but no, he theenk; he weel play all times—forever—an' keep thee lion een sleep, eef she weel but not go away.

"Now, when thee lady she have see thee lion, she stop still, an' she have a mos' dreadful fright. Then she—"

"Yess," Fiani whispered, "she veree much 'fraid."

Khayat smiled gently. "Then she turn slow, an' as eef weak; an' she ees about to run away.

"'O Beautiful Lady,' Meester Fiani he cry, playin' veree hard, so veree ox-cited ees he, 'do not go, but come.'

"Then the young lady she point to the lion an' tremble mos' exceed-ing-lee.

"'O, do not go, Beautiful One,' Fiani he cry once more.

"'I am come to hear thee music,' thee beautiful young lady she say. 'I deed hear eet far off een thee darkness, an' I am come close to hear more, eet ees so-o sweet. But I have fear of thee lion.'

"'O Lady,' Nageeb he make answer, 'see thee great lion he ees asleep. I am play an' he weel sleep.'

"'Oh,' she say, 'I have fear he weel wake up an' devour me.'

"'Do not fear, dear lady,' say Nageeb, 'I am play forever for you.'

"But the pretty lady she turn about an' go, slow, slow, away; an' she weep as she go, for she would so-o much like to stay an' hear thee sweet music; which Nageeb he have play all thee time they have talk.

"'Oh, do not go,' Meester Fiani he cry, so-o veree sad was he.

"Then he jump up on hees feet. But she ees now going fas', far away from heem—so fas' as eef she have ween's.

"'Oh, please come back! Come back, Beautiful One!' he cry loud, sheddin' tears.

"Thee lion he wake up fear-r-ful mad, for Meester Fiani he have stop thee play; an' he begin ragin' veree hard an' veree terrible, but Nageeb he think onlee of thee beautiful young lady. He put out hees arms to beg thee dear one to come once more, eef onlee for one leetle minute. Then the violin eet fall from hees han's an' on a sharp stone eet break—smash—een one million pieces. Meester Fiani he wake up weepin' veree much, and there is no more any beautiful lady, nor any ragin' lion, nor any sweetly flowin' river, nor any lonlee sandy place where the evil genii have their dwelling, but onlee hees leetle room on the top floor of number 2,100 Rector Street, two doors from Washington Street; and the violin eet have not been broken in one million pieces, for thee noise was not that noise, but thee noise of the Ninth Avenue Elevated train, which eet have just rush by hees window."

"I am so-o sad all day," said Nageeb Fiani ruefully, "because I am no more can play for thee sweet lady."

Now when all this came to the ears of the aliens of the Up Town, they no longer likened Nageeb's Fiani music to the song of the screech owl and crow, but said that, proceeding from the heart of a man that could dream such a dream, it must surely sound sweet in the ears of those who had been born in the land, and if there be any fault in it, it is not the fault of that great player who gives voice to the song in his heart, whatever it may be, but of those elsewhere born, whose ears God has made indifferent to it—which is not a fault after all, but a misfortune.

The Redemption of the Bond

A STOCK SPECULATION STORY

By PHILIP MARCHE

THE Manager of the Portsburg Branch of the Gibraltar Bank was in the office of his Montreal broker—watching the tape. In Portsburg he was quite a personage, and neither the Senator nor the County Judge could give him odds. But in Montreal his consequence was not so momentous; there were others—bigger and heavier. To play the part of high-cock-a-lorum, whether of a puddle, a fish pond or a mighty ocean, money is necessary; and the manager had found that the supply which came to him in the orthodox way, through the regular channels, was not enough. To this circumstance might be traced his presence in the broker's office. Not only had he discounted the increased income which his optimism told him the future most undoubtedly held, but, drawn by the resistless suction of vanishing margins, he had transgressed that commandment of the money god which says:—"Thou shalt not speculate with thy neighbour's goods." Now he would give much to stand where he once had stood, for his transgressions spelled prison bars.

It was the Christmas season, and stocks were slowly recovering from the overthrow they had experienced at the hands of "tight money." The manager had not gone in at the top, but at one of the stopping places on the way down. Things now looked better; the dismal prophets had ceased their croakings, and the voice of the bull was again heard in the land. Haltingly and waveringly the manager's stock had risen with the market. Then had come a burst of speed. A gain of three points on Saturday and he was nearly even. Monday morning found him in Montreal determined to sell out and to quit the game forever.

The ticker was working furiously, with the tape running out rapidly: "100 X1 147⅛, 200 La 49, 400 Cx 123½." His own stock came a point higher than Saturday's closing. He waited a little. The market was strong and active; another advance was scored. His order to sell was handed in; and in twenty minutes more he was out on St. James Street with the broker's check for a few dollars and a certain bond that belonged of right to a tin box in the branch safe at Portsburg. How to regain this bond was what had been worrying him. Now that he had it the rest would be easy—merely to restore it to Caxton's box. He would do that first thing in the morning.

The principal object of his trip to Montreal thus happily accomplished, he was not long in polishing off the incidentals. Besides some little presents for his wife and boy at home, these included a visit to his head office to confer with the General Manager respecting the affairs of his branch. He was considerably chafed by an admonition from his chief that a certain big borrower's account at the branch was not being handled with the firmness and watchfulness it demanded. As it was not the part of wisdom to argue with the ruler of the salary sheet and the promotion list, the manager had promised improvement with the best grace he could muster and had taken his leave.

On his way from Montreal in the afternoon, after he had shaken off the effect of this disagreeable interview, his spirits kept gradually rising, It was not however till he reached home that the full rebound of relief and freedom was experienced.

His wife was one of those well-favoured, conscientious little women, overflowing with sweet domesticity and good sense, to live with whom is one of the most priceless boons this world can bestow. Her husband's uneasiness had occasioned her no end of trouble; but she forebore to question. As his dejection deepened, her concern increased; and it was with the utmost difficulty that she held her peace. During his absence in Montreal she had given way to the most gloomy forebodings, and had spent an utterly dismal day. When, therefore, he came bounding into the house

late in the evening, saluting her with a buoyancy and lightheartedness he had not worn for months, it acted on her depressed spirits like an instantaneous and most powerful stimulant. Nothing would do but she must awaken young Oscar and bring him downstairs. This she did, and when Master Curly-Hair had rubbed his sleepy blue eyes into wakeful brightness, the three of them—father, mother and five-year-old—had a romp so glorious that the child, at least, remembered it to the end of his life. At last, tired out, the boy had to be gathered up from a rug whereon he had fallen asleep, and bundled into his cot. It was no perfunctory thanksgiving that the parents sent up that night to the Guardian of the Universe; and the one with the closer knowledge of the perils that had encompassed them, privately expressed and felt the most intense gratitude for the forbearance and mercy that had snatched him from the jaws of dishonour; and had given him hope and good cheer in the place of gloom and despair. Furthermore, he preferred the most earnest and penitential request that for the future his feet might be kept on firm ground and in the path of rectitude.

The next morning came fine and clear; the bright sunlight and the translucent air seemed like God's messengers sent to accept the petition and seal the compact that had been sent up the previous night. The manager went to the bank early, and busied himself with the correspondence and some minor duties until such time as the safe would be opened. By and by the teller and the accountant operated their respective combinations; the teller took out his cashbox and bore it to his cage to make ready for the day's business. The manager then took the pile of letters he had been reading to the accountant's desk in the main office. As he laid them on the desk, he said:

"I've some papers to put in my private box, Luxter. You might give me the the treasury key for a moment."

The accountant handed over his bunch of keys and went to work at the letters. The manager went to the vault. The safe door was closed but not locked. He swung it out, and having turned Luxter's key and his own, opened the treasury compartment—supposed to be under the joint care of both manager and accountant—in which was kept the reserve of cash, the securities and other documents. He put in his hand for Caxton's box, and drew one out, but it was not what he wanted. Then another; but no. Nervously, one after the other, he pulled out all the boxes in the compartment and turned over all the bundles, but no box of Caxton's was there. Sick at heart he went over them again with no better success. What could have happened? Caxton had never during the last five years disturbed his box more than once annually—to cut off the coupon from this particular bond, now about to be replaced—and there were yet several months before his visit was due.

Faint with fear the manager allowed his head to fall against the cold gray flanges of the safe. He saw himself going through the horrors of an exposure, suffering an ignominious downfall, and perhaps being branded in public with the name of a felon. He thought of his wife and his boy, and of how his thankfulness of yesterday with its splendid resolves for the future had been turned into mockery. How long he remained in this posture he never knew, but a sudden desperate resolve to know the worst aroused him. Straightening himself, and summoning all his will power, he waited a second or two, then called out in what he imagined was his natural voice: "Luxter, come here!"

Startled by an indefinable something in the tone of the command, Luxter hurried to the vault. When he reached it his alarm was not diminished by the pallor he noticed on the manager's face.

"Anything the matter, sir?"

"No! Nothing that I know of. I see Caxton's box is gone. Was he in yesterday?"

"Yes! After hours. Said he wanted to take an inventory of its contents for his lawyer. He's going to bring it back today."

There was a pause that seemed deathlike to the manager. At length he forced himself to say:

"All right Luxter. That's all, thank you. You took his receipt, I suppose?"

Luxter nodded an affirmative and returned to his desk, puzzling a little as to the

cause of the agitation which his superior could not entirely conceal. But never a suspicion of wrong-doing entered his mind. He had unlimited faith in his manager—otherwise he would not so freely deliver up his keys or allow his watchfulness to wane.

For a little time after the accountant had gone the manager rummaged among the boxes and bundles, to give colour to his pretext of having private papers to put away. Then he shut and locked the compartment and the safe, returned Luxter's keys, and retired within his own office. When he had gained its privacy he sank into the chair at his desk, and leaning forward with an air of utter desolation, started to take stock of the new and alarming complication that confronted him. Having fallen into temptation he was not, after all, to escape the penalty—the cost must be paid; the bill footed. His deed had proved to be like the issuing of one of the notes of his bank, payable on demand—which, circulating for a time as money, must finally come home to be redeemed. This was redemption day. But *was* it? What if he destroyed the bond, and denied all knowledge of its abstraction, asserting that Caxton must have taken it away the last time he opened the box. The course involved the risk of his Montreal broker coming to a knowledge of the affair, and furnishing destructive evidence against him. Another way was to go straight to Caxton's house and making a clean breast of it, throw himself on the old man's mercy. Caxton was not such a bad old fellow, and if he could reach him before the bond was missed all might yet be well.

Something in the manager's nature that savoured of his wife, made him adopt this latter, more praiseworthy course.

Hastily putting on his overcoat and hat he hurried out of the bank and up the street ere the resolution had time to cool. The house was but a few blocks away, and five minutes brought him to the door. His summons was answered by Mrs. Caxton, a white-haired, motherly woman.

"Mr. Caxton went to his lawyer's office half an hour ago. Won't you come in? He won't be long. No? Well you'll find him at Holborn's. Good morning!"

The resolution waned, but was still strong enough to carry him to Holborn's office, by way of another street. He was losing his bearings. The path seemed tangled. His conduct *now* might depend on circumstances that met him.

When he reached the lawyer's office the clerk there told him that Mr. Caxton and Mr. Holborn had gone to the bank—that something seemed wrong. Anticipating now an ugly scene, the manager dragged his steps in the direction of the bank. As he came to the door his fortitude returned; he drew himself up to his full six feet, and assumed the dignity that can be worn only with an honourable and straightforward purpose. He entered the bank. The clerks were looking in a scared kind of way at the closed door of the manager's room, whence issued an angry voice, recognised as Caxton's. The banker opened the door and went in. Caxton and Luxter were standing face to face in the centre of the room; the lawyer was leaning against the desk, on which lay Caxton's box—wide open. With his hand on the knob the manager heard the close of Caxton's speech.

"The *bond* was there, I tell you. There aint any use denying it."

They all turned as the door opened; and Luxter, who was about to repeat his stout assertion that Caxton must have himself taken out the bond, addressed himself to his superior instead; and began to explain the trouble. But he was cut short.

"*I'll* deal with the matter now, Luxter. You may resume your work."

Luxter bowed his submission and retired. The manager then turned to the lawyer.

"Mr. Holborn, if you will suffer Mr. Caxton to have a few minutes privately with me, he can go afterwards to your office and inform you of the result."

The lawyer, also, bowed and withdrew; and Caxton, the despoiled security box, and the manager were alone. When he had closed the door of the room, the last-named drew a paper from his pocket and spreading it on the desk before his visitor exclaimed:—

"*There* is your Town of Portsburg debenture."

Caxton looked at it, then at the manager. Finally he exploded into speech.

"But how did it get out of my box?"

The banker pulled out his bunch of keys

and fitting one to the old-fashioned padlock that hung on the box worked the lock back and forth.

"*I* took it out. I stole it—but told myself it was borrowing. I got behind; and speculated in stocks, handing in your bond as security. Unlike most speculators I happened not to be ruined, but to come out alive. Yesterday in Montreal I redeemed your bond, and intended to replace it this morning but the box had gone. As to what shall be done, the matter is in your hands." The banker inclined his head, and stood with folded arms before the fussy old gentleman, waiting for his sentence to be pronounced.

At the sight of his bond Caxton's anger had subsided. He was now completely nonplussed. He looked at the manager; then at the bond; then at the box. He fidgetted with his watch chain, and wiped his glasses. An onlooker would have supposed *him* to be the culprit, the other the judge. At length he grabbed up the bond, bundled it into the box and snapped the lock.

"I don't care if you did steal it. Here! Put this away in the usual place. Good morning,"—and he rushed away leaving the manager standing in the middle of the room, blank with astonishment.

Caxton, after leaving the bank, went straight to his house. He was a Presbyterian of the old school, dogmatic and stern with a horror of lies; yet, after the lapse of half an hour he telephoned the lawyer that the bond had turned up in a desk at his home; and that he was sorry to have made such a fuss.

Close on the manager's heels as he had entered the bank and joined the three in his office, was a dark, sharp-looking little man with alert eyes. He was accompanied by a younger man, and by an hotel porter staggering under the weight of a large, square-sized, black-shaped valise. This stranger entered the bank and walked with an air of great confidence and assurance right in behind the railings to the inner office, just as Luxter came out of the private office of the manager. The clerks all recognised at once the person of the Bank's Inspector, come to make one of his periodical unexpected visits. Luxter hastened to take his commands. The Inspector's assistant also came in; the porter deposited his burden and left. While they waited for the manager to become disengaged, Luxter told the Inspector of the business in hand—the matter of Caxton's bond. The Inspector pricked up his ears and was on the *qui vive* at once. Here was a case for searching investigation at the very outset of his visit. When he had heard Luxter's version he said to him:

"What sort of character does Caxton bear?"

"The very best," replied Luxter. "I think he's just as straight as can be; and I can't make head or tail of it."

"Do you and the manager *invariably* go together to the safe when anything is deposited or taken out?" and the keen little eyes bore piercingly upon him. Luxter blushed, stammered, and grew confused—after the manner of one found out in serious dereliction of duty.

The Inspector thought he saw; and forbore to press the matter further.

"No more now, Mr. Luxter. A little later I'll want you again."

By this time the manager's door had opened, and Caxton had gone. The Inspector moved to present the credentials that gave him authority to overhaul the branch. The manager was coming out with Caxton's box. They met at the door. Unhinged and unstrung by the day's succession of untoward events, the manager started violently when his eyes fell on the person of his new visitor. The box nearly dropped from his grasp. The Inspector saw the signs of agitation, and this circumstance also was recorded in his mental notebook. The manager was quick to recover; and when greetings had been exchanged, both men entered the manager's room.

Everything of course must remain exactly as it was on the Inspector's arrival—the cash, notes, and securities must be counted and examined just as they happened to lie; and no one was permitted access to them except under the Inspector's eye. The assistant was even now engaged in checking the teller's cash.

If the emissary of the head office expected to have occasion for the exercise of his excellent detective qualities, he was disappointed; for as soon as the details of the inspection were mapped out and the pre-

liminaries begun, the manager had for the second time made a confession of his fault. On this occasion, sparing himself as little as he had done in the interview with Caxton, he gave full particulars of the affair.

When the Inspector had heard them he was quiet for a while. Then he said: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Burleigh. *My* duty is plain. It's clearly a case for a special report, and I shall have to send it at once."

The manager took the decision in silence. He knew what it meant. The Inspector, in his report to the head office gave first a clear account of the whole business; then told what he knew of the palliating circumstances—how restitution had been made, so that neither the bank nor its customer would suffer loss; of the straightforward, manly way in which the culprit had confessed his fault; his evident sincere determination to live within his income in future; and the firm conviction which he (the Inspector) had that this was the sum total of the irregularity. All told, this was slim enough defence. But the Inspector did his best.

Down in Montreal, in the head offices of the Gibraltar Bank, a kindly-looking, gray-headed man sat at one end of a long, low black-covered table. He was reading the report which the Inspector had sent in, of what had come to light at Portsburg Branch. As he read, his face darkened into a frown which continued to grow blacker till he had finished. Then he put the report to one side and gazed—still frowning heavily—at the line of tall buildings on the opposite side of the street. In a little while some of the sternness disappeared and he reached over and touched the call-bell for his secretary. That officer responded at once. Without changing the direction of his look, the Chief Officer of the Bank tapped the papers that lay on the table and asked:

"The Portsburg man—he has a wife and family, has he not?"

"Yes, sir," the secretary affirmed, and remained standing at attention. Then, perceiving that his chief continued to gaze silently and abstractedly out of the window he discreetly withdrew on tiptoe.

After a full half-hour had passed, his summons rang out again, and once more he hurried to the inner room. The General Manager handed him the papers he had been reading and said:—"I've been trying to think of some other solution of the Portsburg affair; but we *can't* help it. He'll *have* to go. There's *no* other way."

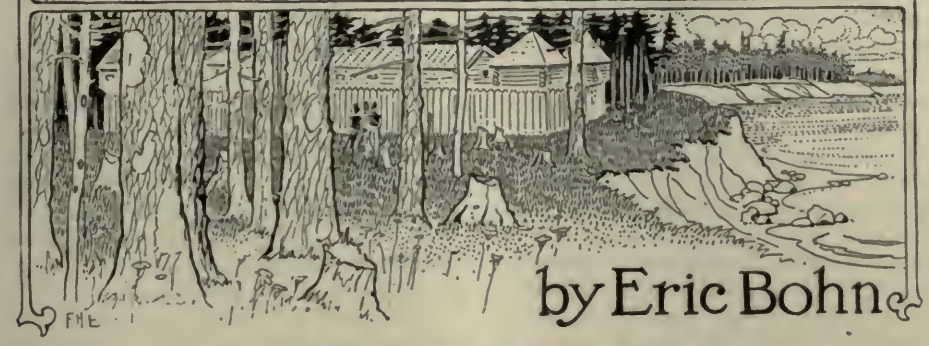
The mandate that the wires bore to Portsburg directed that the manager's resignation be handed in; and that till other arrangements could be made, the Inspector take charge of the branch.

And so the manager stepped down and out, and another ruled in his stead. The priest in the money god's temple had broken the laws—by touching the sacred thing—and the sword had to fall, not from a spirit of vindictiveness, but because it was decreed and must ever be so. For wherein would consist the virtue of laws if they were not enforced; and wherein the sanctity of property if the ministers at its very altar profaned it?

Although the case of the Portsburg manager had been settled, the General Manager could not drive it from his mind. It was not the first time he had been under the disagreeable necessity of dismissing officers of the bank, yet somehow or other he felt dissatisfied. There was no doubt about the gravity of the offence, and the thing had been formally and officially brought to his notice. He *could* not have acted otherwise. But notwithstanding the technical correctness of his position, the spirit of unrest and discomfort possessed him. His memory harked back to that occasion when he himself, a mere junior, had committed a serious fault, which would have nipped his career in the bud if it had been found out.

The upshot of the business was that he wrote a letter to a friend who was under an obligation to him for services performed in by-gone days. This letter was instrumental in bringing to the deposed branch manager an offer of a good position in a large and flourishing mercantile establishment in Winnipeg. Needless to say, the offer was accepted; and the reader will be glad to learn that our whilom banker amply redeemed himself, and won his way into the high places. The fact, however, that he could never discover who it was that had come to his rescue and had given him the fresh start in life, always bothered him.

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohn

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers.

THROUGH interminable forests of spruce, pine and hemlock, through scraggy underwood, through tamarack poles, through dense cedar hedges, in and out among boulders of rock, hard as adamant, jutting crags and angry precipices, over mounds of granite and shelving plates of limestone, over hill and down dale the men of the 100th slowly made their way. cutting down brushwood among rocky masses, made a narrow lane through which soldiers, two abreast, could force a march; but to make sleigh roads for teams to transport goods for settlement and garrison was a more difficult matter. The way through the frozen wilderness was unbroken, and Indian guides as well as their own scouts were sent on ahead to locate the road they must cut. Even a deadlock was possible, and to save interminable journeys around impassable ravines, teams would be unhitched and horses saddle-bagged and led singly, while men carried goods in their arms or on their shoulders through the deep snow to the smoother way beyond.

Many more day spassed away, as slowly but surely they forged ahead in a southwest direction. Monotony of labour, monotony of snow, monotony of cold, but variety of wilderness. Sometimes troops of squirrels chattered and scampered around them. Bold black fellows would run down tall pines and angrily interrogate the drivers and, having delivered their message, dart back from tree to tree and disappear in the distance. Mink would run in and out among the boulders, sometimes brought down by a soldier's gun, but more frequently lost in a hole in the ice, to reappear next minute where distance lent safety to the view. Now and then a wildcat was seen

as well as heard; and in the early dawn, the tail of the red fox, as he darted across the smooth surface of a frozen lake, and startled the deer as they lay in a sheltered nook or browsed among the bushes. But of wolves they saw no more, though night was often made hideous with their unearthly yells, always reminiscent of that one occasion so long to be remembered.

At last, on a bright March morning, they drove out upon a broad, level plain. Octopus feelers stretched out in every direction. They were on the Lake of Bays. Next, with all the speed they could muster, they struck southward along Muskoka River. Then over hill and dale, across ponds and streamlets beyond Muskoka Lake. South and west was still the watchword—till Waubashene was left behind—and finally, one mid-day in the bright sun, the terminus was reached.

"All things come to him who waits, and prays the Lord to guide him," piously exclaimed the Chaplain.

"God be praised, we're here at last, thanks to our perseverance," echoed Sir George. "But waiting would never bring a man to his destined haven. Egad! this is a fine spot. Looks well in winter, what must it be in summer?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Doctor, whose expletives were always in French, "if yonder is not a schooner frozen fast in the ice!"

"Yes, and by heavens, there's a man on her deck taking stock of us," cried Cummings.

At this moment the men gave a loud cheer, which was answered by a whoop from the owner of the boat, frozen in the bay beneath them.

"The unexpected always happens," said Sir George. "Who could imagine that we would find a brig here? Captain, send down Bond and Hardman to tell the man I would like to converse with him."

In a short time the men of the little column, as well as horses and sleighs, were gathered in an open space above the crest of the hill. On two sides and behind them the forest extended illimitably, while through the more scattered trees in front, the surface of the bay stretched out for miles. It was here they purposed camping in temporary shanties and tents until permanent houses could be built.

A week's rest at Rock Lake had improved Helen's condition and now with joy she welcomed the end of their long march.

"Home at last," cried Harold as their sleigh stopped.

"Even if it is a snow bank," she responded with a laugh.

"Scarcely that bad," said Sir George, who overheard her. "I see two or three empty shanties yonder. They can be fixed a bit. And that little schooner may have accommodation perhaps. We shall soon know."

The spot on which they stood was tramped hard by the many feet of the men, and Helen alighted.

"I wonder if there is a woman on board?" she questioned.

"If there is she's had a winter of it," commented Harold. "Though not as hard as you have had, dearie."

"I can sympathise with any of your sex now, our own women particularly," exclaimed Sir George, extending his hand to Helen, "and I congratulate you, Mrs. Manning, most cordially for the brave and noble fight you have put up during the whole of this terrible journey. We are all proud of you, and when I tell your uncle, Sir Charles, of the doings of the brave little lady we took out to the west he will simply be amazed."

Helen's cheeks flushed and her eyes dropped as she murmured her thanks, but her thoughts were wandering off in another direction.

"You are not going back, soon?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly not for a while; but when summer comes I may have to, unless you make the new fort so charming by your presence that even an old fellow like myself cannot tear himself away," replied the Colonel, gallantly.

"But how could we possibly do without you?"

"Oh, that can easily be managed and, to save time, preliminaries are already being arranged."

A momentary chill passed through Helen's frame.

"You are cold," said Harold, noticing

the sudden whiteness of her face. "Let us step to the fire."

In another minute they were beside the newly-lit wood, and Helen watched the men felling trees for the larger camp of the night.

"This is Mr. Latimer, Sir," said the Corporal to Sir George, touching his hat; with him were Hardman and the shuffling skipper. "He owns the craft."

"Good day, Sir," exclaimed the man with a general air of amazement on his face.

"Good day to you," Sir George replied, extending his hand.

"We were surprised to find a boat in the ice with a live man on it at this time of the year."

"No more'n I was to see youse, Sir; an' where the deuce you all comes from beats me."

"On sledges, straight from the Pole," returned the Colonel with a smile.

"So I suspect!" a humorous twinkle taking the place of the look of astonishment. "But I didna think the Yankees could scare redcoats so far north as that."

"Not so bad! But who have you on that boat of yours? or are you alone? In fact have you any accommodation to spare? Two or three berths for instance."

"There's 'me an' my old woman. If she's willin', possibly we might take in two or three women folk, if they can put up with our fixin's."

The man took a side glance at Helen, who stood by the fire, and then at the other women; but his eye immediately reverted to the first face. She had regained her colour and was attentively observing him.

"Thank you," returned the Colonel, "but how do you happen to be frozen up in this plight?"

"That's easy told," returned the man with a nod. He evidently wanted to have a talk. "Fact is, I'm a trader, dealin' with Indians and Whites all around Georgian Bay. But you see this war business kinder knocked me out a bit, for it wan't safe to run a craft right in the teeth o' destruction, so I waited till fall, like, and when the gunboats laid up for the winter, I pitched in and did a rushing bizness right up to December. When the big gale hit us, I thought it would blow the *Bumble-bee* to pieces, but it didn't. She just drifted right to where she is. Lor' how it did blow that night! An' it friz, too, like all creation! When mornin' came we was froze in as solid as a rock, an' here we are yet, an' likely to be for a spell. Turn about's fair play. Straight bizness—none o' yer foolin'! Where did youse all come from?"

"From Halifax."

"How in Sam Hill did you do it?"

"By cutting our way through the woods."

"Well! I swa'an." The man pulled out a jack-knife and began whittling a stick. Then he expectorated an exceedingly long distance, and finished by exclaiming, "Golly, but you're bricks—and to think of having a leddy with you, too."

"Thank you," said Sir George.

"And how much farther be you going? Clean through to the coast?"

"No. This is the end."

"An' you'll stay here?"

"Yes."

"An' build a barrack for the sojers?"

"Yes."

"By jehupitee cripes! If that don't beat all! I must tell my woman. Won't the *Bumble-bee* make a fortin'!"

Latimer clapped his knee in high glee. Then he turned to shuffle down to the boat to tell his better half the good news.

"Stay," called Sir George, and turning to Harold he continued: "You and your wife had better go with Mr. Latimer and see what accommodation he has to offer. It might save time."

So, accompanied by Bond, they followed the man in single file down the footpath through the snow. A steep but straight defile led to the level of the frozen lake. About twenty yards from the shore lay the *Bumble-bee*. It was a small craft with two masts and about nine feet beam. The gunwale stood several feet above the ice, and beside the little midship cabin, the whole of the poop had been boarded in by a railing. A pile of wood lay beside the boat, and as Helen stepped across the little gangway, she noticed that the foredeck was cleanly swept.

With arms akimbo, a middle-aged, stern-faced woman stood in the narrow doorway, but her thick homespun dress and general air of tidiness and thrift gave confidence to her visitor, notwithstanding

the puzzled look of inquiry with which she returned Helen's salutation.

"These people want to know eff we'll tak' in boarders?" said Latimer, by way of introduction. "What say you, Meg?"

"He means," said Harold "that we are stranded, and would like you if possible to accommodate this lady and two or three other women until we can build our own quarters?"

For a moment or two the woman looked straight into Helen's frank and kindly eyes. Then her hard expression softened, and a smile lit up her face as she accepted Helen's hand.

"I guess I can," was her answer. "It ain't much, but such as I have she's welcome to. About t'other women I don't know, for I haven't seen 'em yet."

Helen's eyes filled with tears.

"Thank you warmly," she said. This was the first kindly greeting she had met with from a woman since setting her foot in Upper Canada.

"Step right in, marm. The coop is warm if it is little, and there's a chair you can sit down in," pointing to a little rocker which Latimer had made for her. "It's kinder comfortable."

"I'm sure it is," said Helen; and slowly she rocked herself to and fro, while she listened to the talk of the woman.

She felt strangely attracted by her. Some old memory link of the past was roused. Had she seen that face before? and if so, when and where? While talking and asking questions, Helen's mind was in an analytical mood, dissecting, so far as she could, everything associated with her appearance and life. Who was she? Where had she seen her? Was it possible their lives had ever touched each other—this woman, double her own age—and of different station? Yet, there was a link somewhere. Of this she felt sure. She must solve the mystery. But not now. To find a spot to rest in was enough for the present.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE few remaining hours of that 31st of March were well occupied by the men of the 100th. Larger and better camps were pitched to last for many nights instead of one, until real barracks could be built. The Indian wigwams, of which several were standing along the shore, proved to be useless, but a couple of trapper-forsaken shanties for the time did duty as officers' quarters. Fortunately in each was a rough fireplace, and big fires soon dried the dampness, and made them passably habitable. So with the women on the *Bumble-bee*, and officers and men in their camps, the first night passed away.

On the following morning the men strengthened their stakes, while Sir George and Captain Payne had an earnest consultation over plans for the future.

"Of course," said Sir George, "a fort and barracks will have to be built at once; whatever we do afterwards, the question is which shall be first and where shall we put them."

"Both important questions," returned the Captain. "There is another serious one, too. In three or four weeks, perhaps half that time, winter will break up. The spring thaw and cold rain will come, and better shelter for our people will then be imperative."

"True," said the Colonel. "You already have your plans."

For some moments there was a pause, while they scanned the outlook.

"Yes," said the engineer at last, "beside the men's camp, near the margin of the hill, will be a good place for the garrison. It commands the whole length of the bay to its mouth, and Beausoleil Island beyond. You couldn't have a better place for a fort. In it you might have officers' rooms as well, and later on build your ship-yard at the foot of the hill down by the bay."

"What about the men's quarters?"

"Build them right behind the fort."

"Have you noticed that little narrow island to the north of Latimer's boat?"

"Yes. It commands the mouth of the harbour direct, and would be a fine place to build a magazine with a battery of guns."

"A good idea, Captain. When summer comes, perhaps we can manage it with our light cannon. It is lucky they were no bigger. If they had been it would have been difficult to portage them so far through the woods."

"To put up the buildings every man will have to work," said Payne.

"There need be no reserve on that score," returned Sir George. "How are you off for tools?"

"Starting at London and ending at Montreal we secured a full complement, including axes, broad-axes, shingle knives, cross-cut saws, etc. Then all the drivers are skilled woodsmen and can show our men how to use them."

"When will you be ready to start?"

"Immediately after mess."

"Another thing, Captain, we must not forget that Mrs. Manning is here to stay. One of our first buildings must be for herself and her husband."

"I thought of that. How would it do to put up a house at once big enough to hold them and the officers too?"

"You might throw up a little cottage for them and a larger one for ourselves. That would be better than the double combination. Then we could wait a bit. For that matter we might build the new fort of stone, of which there is an abundance."

In another hour a score of axes were at work. Busy hands swung them from morning until evening for many successive days. Saws were used to cut the logs into necessary lengths, while the little Frenchmen with their teams snaked the logs out of the woods into the clearing where the houses were to be built.

Some of the men cleared the ground of underwood and dug cellars with bevelled edges for the coming dwellings; others discovering a spring, hollowed out the surface, put in a cedar block curb, and turned it into a flowing well; while another gang felled clear stuff white pines, sawed them into short lengths, and split them into shingles.

And so, under control of Captain Payne, this complex host of industry busied itself day after day, from early dawn until the darkening. The weather was in every way propitious, and though it thawed in daytime it always froze at night. The sun, in a clear sky, daily reached a loftier altitude and shed a warmer ray, melting the snow until the water ran in ripples to the lake. But the tightening each night saved the situation. Everybody knew that warm weather was coming, and with so much impending, not a moment was lost. And so the weeks passed by, until one afternoon a change came. A man was squaring the butt end of a log when Captain Payne joined him.

"Can you have all ready for the raising to-morrow morning?" he asked.

"For the first cottage, yes," the man answered, resting for a moment upon his broad-axe. "It's the little one for the lady. Bateese and Bouchere are both good hewers, and they will have the logs for the other by the time we put up the first."

"That's satisfactory. I'm glad you are prompt, for we are going to have rain."

"Bateese say it will come inside of two days," replied the man, glancing at the hazy mist which was gradually darkening the sky.

"Oui, monsieur, rain sure," cried Bateese from the end of the log he was hewing. "Dem lettle clouds lak sheep-wool all de sam, wid haze where she touch de snow, sure sign, sure as shooting—sure as de diable."

"How can you tell? You were never here before, Bateese."

"Sure all de same. Place make no difference. Jes as it was in Kebec."

"You had better push things anyway, Blake," said the Captain; "he is probably right. Come what will, we must have both houses shingled before the storm breaks."

"And so we shall, if the good Lord will only keep it off two days longer. But there's a pile of work to do yet. The shingles are ready, but the roof-slabs have to be split. We'll need more men, sir."

"You can have twenty more for the barrack gang," said Payne.

"That's all we've room for, but they'll be needed. Let us have 'em soon, sir."

"All right, my man."

At this moment there was a wild yell in the woods, following a crash among the trees, and at once from different directions men rushed to the spot from which the sound came, while at the same time a messenger hurried in.

"What's the matter?" cried Sir George.

"Teddy Barnes is killed. He is dead, sure! Oh, where is the Doctor?"

But Beaumont had heard, and with long strides was hastening to the spot. Though

unconscious the man was not dead. A big shingle tree in falling had brought down a slanting spruce, pinning Teddy down in the snow without killing him outright. When the Doctor arrived the men were trying clumsily to extricate him.

"Sacré," screamed the Doctor. "Stop, I say. There's only one chance to save him. The log must be cut. Bateese, you are the man. Swing your axe for your life. Now, all take hold, and lift the tree bodily till he cuts it loose."

The shrill words of Beaumont calmed the excitement and brought order out of chaos. Every one sprang to his post, and the mighty effort of the men in direct line, perceptibly raised the upper end of the heavy tree. On examination, the Doctor was convinced that the deep snow in the hollow in which he lay had saved the man from instant death.

With energy Bateese swung his axe. Every blow sank deep in the soft green wood. Quickly the bevelled notch in the one side was cut, followed in similar fashion on the other. In a few minutes the work was done, the axe penetrating from side to side through the upper half.

"Now, reddy—leeft, garçons, leeft," cried Bateese. "Steddy."

With a bound the Frenchman was at the Doctor's side, and while the men lifted till the timber snapped, the two gently drew out the body of the boy; but an ominous sound jarred upon their ears. The bones grated upon each other. Then on a stretcher covered with blankets they gently laid the lad and bore him back to the camp.

"Will he live?" Sir George asked in deep concern.

"No," said the Doctor. "The poor fellow's pelvis is smashed. He may not even become conscious again, for his skull is fractured as well."

"Pray God he may not then," said Sir George, fervently. "Better to die than live in hopeless agony."

By the time they reached the men's quarters every one in camp knew. They gathered together in groups and discussed the event—the first calamity since their arrival in Penetang. A more careful examination now corroborated the doctor's opinion. Consciousness never returned, and by sundown he was dead.

"What about the lad's burial?" Chaplain Evans asked of Sir George before retiring for the night.

"To-morrow is Sunday, let us have it then," was the sorrowful answer. "Reveille at eight, breakfast at nine, full parade at ten, funeral at eleven. Preach the Sunday sermon, Chaplain, and let the boys have a good one. They deserve it. Then we'll give poor Barnes a full rifle salute and taps as well."

"You are right, Colonel," returned the Chaplain; there was moisture between his eyelids; "but it is too bad to have death in our ranks so soon."

CHAPTER XXIV

THEY buried the broken body of Teddy Barnes in a little oak grove on the lower plateau; and the dead leaves on the branches soughed in gentle requiem to the words:

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," as they fell from the clergyman's lips.

With serious faces soldiers stood around the open grave. Earth dropped upon the coffin. The boom of guns echoed over forest and lake; and then as the sounds died away the shrill note of the bugle told of a spirit that had gone so soon to the God who gave it. The funeral service was ended.

"My men," said the deep voice of the Colonel as he glanced at the faces around him, "this sad duty is over. We have buried a comrade who fell, not fighting in battle but doing his duty; and in his burial we have given him the honours due the bravest soldier, when struck down at the cannon's mouth.

"But, my men, we do not live for the dead but for the living. We are still practically without shelter, and though it is Sunday, I must bid you work with might and main. Every man must be at his post. The quarters for the officers and barracks for the men must be built and have the shingles on before the rain comes. Otherwise we must face disaster. So I bid you disband until after dinner, and then at one o'clock sharp, your work must begin again."

Standing around the grave of their comrade, the two companies of the 100th sent up a rousing cheer for their Colonel, and then scattering, each man went where he listed.

"That Colonel of yours is well named," said Latimer to Helen in the afternoon, as he entered the little coop of the *Bumblebee*, where she was writing. "He's got a mighty good head-piece. Those fellows of his work like niggers when he tells 'em to."

"And should they not?" she asked, looking up from her folder.

"Of course it's their duty and all that, but I've often seen fellows shirk right agin orders the moment the captain's back was turned."

"Perhaps they didn't have the right kind of a captain."

"That's about it," returned Latimer, nodding his head. "Though it's not their regular dooty and it's Sunday, them sojers are working like all possessed—one lot sawin' an' choppin' an' splittin' an' haulin'—t'other lot havin' a reg'lar raisin'-bee. They'll have the walls o' both them housen up by night or my name ain't Latimer."

"I don't think Sir George would have the men working that way to-day if it was not necessary," said Helen seriously; but she remembered a note in her diary written in the days of their long march.

"It's necessary sure enough, or they wouldn't have a shingle laid before the flood comes. But the funny part of it is that the boys should put in their best licks to-day. I reckon that speech of the Colonel's did the business. If I'd been one of them, I'd ha' done my best, too!"

For some time Latimer stood beside the little stove without further comment, and Helen resumed her writing.

"Say, Mrs. Manning!" he exclaimed at last. "Do you think the Colonel has any idee how the war's going? In a week or two the snow 'll be gone an' the ice broke up, and to me it 'pears like he must be 'specting the Yankee ships up to the bay here, or he wouldn't be buildin' a fort."

"You'd better ask the Colonel," replied Helen, diplomatically. "I can't tell you; perhaps he can. But about the ice and snow, once get our buildings up and the sooner they go the better. This terrible winter seems to have lasted a year at least."

"Golly, no. It has just been the ordinaire. Still I'll be glad to have it open up and get my boat out agin. Do you know it's jess bootiful out yon' on the water when the spring comes. The hull east side of the bay is chuck full of islands and they're as purty as a picter. There are thousands of 'em, little bits of fellows and great big ones, scattered up and down like lambs on a pasture field, or hickory nuts in the woods. An' then they're all covered wi' bushes and trees like. What I've seen of 'em allus looked like the place my old mother told of, where the fairies lived; and, by Jove, nobody but fairies could live there anyway for they're nothing but solid rock, the hull kit of 'em."

"Now you're talking sense for the fust time," said Mrs. Latimer, from the other side of the cribbed little room. "It's one o' the most dangerous lakes you could find anywheres. Nawthing but rocks, rocks, rocks, an' many a boat goes to smash on 'em every year, an' no tellin' how many lives are lost, for they never come back to tell the story."

"I didn't say they warn't dangerous," returned Latimer, sagely holding his head to one side. "I jess said they was bootiful, and so they is. It ain't every one can tell a purty thing when they see it; and more than that," he added sententiously, "the bay is prolific."

"Of rocks?" his wife asked in supreme contempt.

"Naw," he replied in disgust, "of fishes."

"Awh!" she interjected.

"I don't think there's a place on the lakes where the fishin's as good as Georgian Bay. There's white fish and salmon trout, an' bass an' pickerl, an' sturgeon an' muskilonge, an' goodness knows how many others. Oh, you can talk as you like, but when the sun is settin' in big gold flashes—green islands all around you—clear water, still as glass, beneath you—an' then the bass catchin' your hook as fast as you throw it in, life's just about worth livin'."

"Ned's on one of his tangents again," said Mrs. Latimer with a shrug. "If the

Bumble-bee ever gets stranded on the rocks it'll teach him sense, but nothin' else will."

"Don't be hard on a fellow, Meg," replied the man good-naturedly. "Many's the time the *Bumble-bee's* taken in fish by the bushel, and she never got stranded on the rocks yet; please God she never will. She can run agin the wind as fast as any smack I know of, an' I guess Ned Latimer understands her gearings."

"It was running her gearings put us in this blessed hole, I reckon."

"We might have been wus off. Lots o' firewood, lots o' fish an' venison, friendly Injuns for neighbours, an' not so terribly cold after all, even if we was friz up in the ice."

And the philosophical skipper went off to take another look at the progress of the "Raisin'."

"Latimer's allus easy goin' an' onreasonable," said the wife as she watched him through the little window, while he ascended the hill.

"It must have been hard for you to spend the winter locked in here," said Helen. She felt like reconciling the incongruities between the ill-mated pair, "but I shouldn't think Mr. Latimer an unreasonable man. He may have made a mistake in letting his boat drift into the bay so late in the season. Still he has made it comfortable for you, and I wonder what I could have done if your homelike schooner had not been here, with a kind hostess in it to welcome me."

"I suppose things is never so bad as they might be," said Mrs. Latimer, her face relaxing a little. "And I'm glad to do something for you—even if it ain't much."

Again Helen was startled. It was when the hardness wore off the woman's face that the forgotten expression came back again. She had surely seen it before, and the softened tone seemed familiar. Could she trace it back through the years to the days of her childhood? It could not be black-eyed Susan, who pinched her when she cried, and threatened to pinch harder if she told. This woman's eyes were grey. Nor red-headed Molly, who, in her afternoon walk, invariably left her with her mother, to be stuffed with black toffy, while she went off to gossip with the barber's son? Her hair was too black ever to have been red. Nor the maid who frightened her with ghost stories. Nor the namby-pamby one who cuddled her with kisses and called her beatific names, until in childish indignation she savagely rebelled.

All these in rapid movement of memory were set aside; but the more she thought the more convinced she became, that in the big medley of servants' territory of the long past, this woman somewhere played her part. But the cobwebs of memory were lifting. She would find her soon.

"You have not always lived on the lakes, Mrs. Latimer?" she asked at last.

"I never did till I married Latimer."

"And before that?" said Helen.

"I was from New York, but that's ten year ago, and Latimer was a British subject."

"And did you never cross the ocean? One would think that living so much on the water, you would be sure to go over the sea."

"So I have, Mum. So I have. I went over twenty year ago come June, as servant to a New York lady, and stayed there for a year, but I didn't like it, so I come home agin."

"Twenty years ago. And did you live for some time in South London near the Thames?"

"Yes I did," answered the woman, with a sudden start.

"And worked as nursemaid for Mrs. Brandon, of Russell Street, near Battersea Park?"

"Good gracious alive, yes! Did you know her? Be you—"

"Yes, I am little Helen Brandon, the child you put straddle-legged round your neck to run a race with another nurse-girl from Henley Street, at the other end of the row."

"Land sakes! be you that child? Who'd 'a thought it? An' then to meet you here out in the wilds o' the wilderness!" The woman rose, and with flushed and agitated face came towards her.

Helen extended both her hands, and Mrs. Latimer grasped them within her own.

"It was rough play, and weren't the square thing to do, I reckon; still I don't think I hurt you, child."

"You didn't hurt me much, but I was terribly afraid you might fall. If I remember right the other little girl screamed frantically at the last."

"And well she might," returned the woman with a grin, "for Ann did the very thing you were afraid of. She stumbled and rolled over and I won the race."

"I must have been sadly frightened, for I remember crying over it in my little bed that night, and my mother insisted upon knowing the cause—so I told her—and I never saw you afterwards."

"Oh, she gave me my congé next morning, but I didn't care, for I had decided to come back to the States as soon as that month's work was up."

"You did not take another place, then?"

"No, I sailed on the next ship and then worked out in New York until I came across Latimer—and was fool enough to marry him."

"I hope you don't regret it."

"Humph! don't I? But I'm glad to know who you are. There won't be no more races; but I'll do all I can for you, an' help you to fix things too when they get your house built. I took an awful fancy to you when you was a kid, even if I was a leetle rough."

"I felt sure I knew you from the first," said Helen earnestly. "I must again thank you for your kindness, and I am sure we shall be very good friends."

"It is just a joy to see you when I think it out. The long ago is only like yesterday. Just to think that the first white woman's face I should see in four months should be that of the little rosy-faced darling that I dangled in my arms and round my neck twenty long year ago. Ah, there comes Latimer agin." And her face hardened. "What does he want now, I wonder? Why can't he let us be?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Manhood's Estate

Suggested by the transference of British Fortresses in Canada to Canadian garrisons, July 1st, 1905

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

YOUTH must lean on the mother's arm and obey the mother's will:
But manhood faces the world alone,
And bends its ways till they fit his own:
Yet manhood honours his mother's name and loves his mother still.

Some said—but they spoke in ignorance, and in words of little weight–
"The child must be a child until he reach a man's estate;
But when ambition flaunts before, and duty lags behind,
Maternal regulations he will scatter to the wind."

But the mother smiled at the foolish speech, for she knew that her child was true;
And she said, "The things that I wish of him are the things that my son will do;
I pronounce his absolute liberty, I remove my slightest ban,
And I give him the keys of a continent, with the bidding, 'Be a man!'"

Youth must lean on the mother's arm and obey the mother's will:
But manhood faces the world alone,
And bends its ways till they fit his own:
Yet manhood honours his mother's name and loves his mother still.

A Queen of Tatters

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL

"WHAT a face! Surely here is the tragic in the midst of the commonplace. Those eyes make one think of the Cenci—a sort of petrification of desolation—a frozen horror—and withal an expression of stern resolution." Bruce Colman shivered. "And yet she is only a young girl."

The proprietors of the Irrewadian Hair Remedy congratulated themselves that their living model was decidedly catching. How far would four dollars a week go in printing? Yet for that pittance a gentlewoman's pride was being stung to death, and on it two girls were slowly starving.

Though New York was sweltering under the blaze of midsummer heat the mighty tide of the city's life knew neither pause nor remission. Loraine Armand sat in the shop window, exposed to the gaze of the curious spectators. At first she had used her rich brown hair to screen her shamed face, but the Shebersteins objected to modesty in the way of business and counted upon beauty as part of the attraction. The incongruity of that delicate, refined face with the squalor of its surroundings claimed Bruce Colman's attention. The irksomeness of the hours could only be fathomed by one who had drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs; the girl had sunk to a dead level of wretchedness in which every misery was conceivable. Death would have been welcomed as a friend, but there was frail, invalid Betty to be considered.

"The face is familiar," muttered Bruce. "It is—oh! it can't be—it is Miss Armand."

A few years before, visiting Montreal he had met and admired Loraine.

The girls had been brought up by a grandmother, a sweet, quaint gentlewoman with the soul of a sister of charity. Their Huguenot ancestors, originally de St. Armand, had played a prominent part in the history of Canada, and when it became necessary to earn a living the sisters had come to New York with an innocent idea that when they condescended to ask favours the only course left open to the world was to smile courteously upon them. Loraine furbished up her trifling stock of accomplishments. Alas! they were so pitifully meagre. Marked talent, specially trained ability would have made its way; for simple endowments like Loraine's there was no market. Thus began the struggle in which the helpless measure themselves against the merciless strength of the world.

"If we were feminine black sheep, breaking every law in the decalogue, shocking, hot as pepper naughtinesses, we should find plenty of people to coddle us; but unpicturesque, self-respecting gentlefolks, asking only a chance to earn a decent living, are left to their own devices."

If Betty Armand endured the martyrdom of a suffering body she enjoyed the compensating advantage of an undaunted spirit.

"In every deep there is a lower depth, and while I have you I am not altogether desolate," rejoined Loraine.

"I have long been acquainted with the refined poverty that pities itself because it cannot drive a carriage and have new dresses *ad libitum*," protested the younger sister; "but when one is forced to economise on postage stamps, to allow one's clothes to fall into rags because you cannot afford a spool of cotton, one has reached the depths of what George Eliot called 'soapless poverty.'"

*

Bruce Colman hated his horribly commonplace existence and yet had never reached any higher standard. His natural refinement rendered excess and extravagance distasteful. Why should he struggle for superfluities? His hard-headed old father, who from a railway navvy had risen into the ranks of the capitalists, could not understand his only son.

"I never had any education, and just see me," he would say, swelling out his

great chest. "He has had the best schooling that money can buy, and he does nothing."

"Bruce is young; give him time," pleaded the mother.

"And him twenty-six. When I was barely ten I was earning my own living. I knew the value of a nickel, and I had learnt how to be spry."

As Mrs. Colman considered her only child's ways and methods absolute perfection, his father's trenchant criticisms aroused but a faint echo in her placid mind.

"If he would only be in earnest about something, but my fine gentleman does not even care about spending money," he grumbled.

"Every young man is not as steady as our Bruce," his mother defended him. "It would kill me to see him like those Tawse boys and many others."

The living advertisement haunted Bruce Colman's imagination. He strolled around to look into the window occasionally, then constantly, until the day in which he missed doing so was desolate. Once, as Loraine's head turned mechanically from side to side, his eager gaze met hers, she flushed hotly. Life became full of purpose. He ventured into the shop, and the Shebersteins with cheerful affability pressed their wares upon the heedless youth who was ready to buy anything if only he could feast his eyes upon the object of his adoration. He lavished a little fortune on combs, brushes, and perfumery, becoming the disgusted possessor of gallons upon gallons of the hair remedy, which he did not in the least know what to do with. Whenever he appeared the shop girls giggled and exchanged significant glances.

One evening he was hanging about in the vicinity when the establishment closed. Loraine came out; obeying a hasty impulse, he followed her. Suddenly she turned and faced him.

"Were you following me?" she asked quietly.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"For some time past your persecutions have exposed me to coarse ridicule; if it continues I shall be forced to give up my situation. For the sister who depends upon me, that simply means starvation."

"I never meant—the most profound respect," he muttered, abashed.

Loraine dismissed his confused apologies with a contemptuous gesture. Compliments and gallantries belonged to a former stage of existence; the desolate present had to be faced. "To you this is the sport of an idle hour——."

"No, on my honour, no," he protested eagerly. "But since you object, I will not intrude again."

His heart was heavy. The episode had been interesting, exhilarating; this ending would leave a void.

It had been raining, the pavements were slippery as glass. He heard a stifled cry as the girl fell.

"You are hurt?" anxiously.

"My foot is twisted. How shall I get home?" Loraine tried to steady the quivering of her lips. How humiliating it would be to break down and cry!

Bruce lifted her into a hansom. After they had driven a great distance, the girl regarded her companion thoughtfully, and concluded she would allow herself the luxury of complete indifference to circumstances.

"Perhaps you really mean to be kind; we have suffered so much that we have grown suspicious. When you see how we live you will understand how little I have to do with trifling."

The Armands had found refuge in a French-Canadian settlement near the East River. Plump, brown-eyed children played *cache-cache* on the stairs and shouted at each other in shrill French. In this spot the strangers had created an atmosphere of their own; having a church where miracles were performed by the good St. Anne, and a priest of their own persuasion.

"I may come to inquire for you?" he ventured. "I am not quite a stranger. You may remember having met me three years ago at Mrs. Holmston's, in Montreal, Miss Armand?"

The little cripple, believing in her own intuitions, promptly settled the matter.

"Oh, yes! Pleasant things gave up happening before we were born. and we are

quite miserable enough without afflicting ourselves. My tongue is rusting. We are forgetting how to be young."

Loraine's foot did not improve. Every day she went to the shop but she grew white and haggard under the strain. Her suffering made life a tragedy to Bruce. A weight of responsibility descended upon the man who had never felt a care; it seemed that with the love and the poignant pain a new soul was born within him. At last he spoke.

"It kills me to see you suffer, while I, a great, strong, useless fellow revel in luxury. I would entreat you to become my wife this instant, but my father has threatened to cut off my allowance if I marry against his wishes, and he rarely goes back on his word. In that case I should be a beggar and of no use to you. I am looking for employment, but I have had no especial training. I am horribly ashamed of my worthlessness."

He looked so handsome, manly and honest that only a hard heart could resist his pleading. Betty believed in Bruce's capacity, was convinced that good fortune must come, and proved herself the sweetest of confidants, the most zealous of partisans.

In the splendid Colman household matters were not progressing favourably. The servants contemplated giving warning in a body; the mistress was reduced to the verge of nervous prostration. The man who had manipulated stocks and bonds, and dividends, not to speak of trusts and corners of tremendous magnitude, failed to bend one quiet young fellow to his will. During the progress of a long life of success Mr. Colman had learnt to believe that his own inclinations should rule the world. He had despised his son as a feeble lad; when Bruce stood firm as a rock he began to respect him as a man. Still, it was monstrous that the son for whom he had schemed and slaved should be entrapped by a minx in a barber's shop. Gentlewoman, indeed! He knew that description of gentlewoman, and was a match for any such crafty baggage. He was persuaded that money could do anything, and prepared a plan of campaign.

"I don't care what it costs I shall buy that flimsy, fly-away creature off," he concluded.

He found Miss Armand's address and wrote to propose an interview.

As he glanced around a squalid neighbourhood he concluded with a comfortable sense of virtue:

"Being an adventuress does not apparently pay very well. In this world people mostly get their deserts."

Portly and short of breath the long flight of stairs taxed his patience.

"When folk perch so near heaven they ought to be more like angels," he grumbled.

"Come in," cried a thin treble voice.

The room was neat, and bare and dark. On the poor bed was a form so tiny that it looked like a child's, but the eyes were those of a suffering woman.

"Mr. Colman, kindly find a seat for yourself, for I am tied down here and cannot move."

"Miss Armand?" in a puzzled tone.

"Miss Armand's sister. Quite the same thing," with an airy gesture. The sight of that wasted hand and arm sent a pang through the robust, prosperous man.

"No bigger than a plover's claw," he mentally ejaculated. "Looks as if she were starved. Is it a child, or a woman, or some kind of little old fairy?"

All the time he was uncomfortably conscious that a pair of brilliant dark eyes, with a suspicion of mockery, were watching him curiously. It certainly was absurd that he should be embarrassed before a slip of a creature to whom he had come to offer money.

"I called—my son—"

"Yes," with suave encouragement. "you came to spy out the nakedness of the land—it is spread out before you."

At the idea of resistance Mr. Colman recovered his spirit.

"I may as well take the bull by the horns. My young idiot of a son has some maggot in his head about marrying."

"Yes, my sister." Betsy's brave spirit rose above disaster.

"I have done well for him, and I expect him to do well for himself. No necessity for sentimental nonsense between us. I can afford to pay"—for an instant he faltered, abashed by the expression of the bright eyes,—"yes, liberally. I won't

haggle about the price. It is natural you should want to get all you can. If your sister will send my boy about his business I will make it worth her while. All boys are fools and mine—"

"I quite agree with you; yours is no exception. The only discernment he has ever shown was when he fell in love with my sister." Betty was like a dove with ruffled plumage.

"I want him to marry his equal," he stammered.

"As this is an informal social function I shall not hesitate about speaking plainly." No one had ever accused Betty Armand of not having a fine spirit of her own. "There is inequality, but the advantage is on our side, not on yours. We do not fear having our record known. Our people devoured the cake and left us not even the crumb of the plainest loaf, but they did it bravely and generously. Have you anything to boast of except your money?"

Mr. Colman fairly gasped under this attack. It was many a long year since anyone had ventured to place the truth plainly before him, yet there was a fair-mindedness about the man that led him to relish plain dealing, and a latent chivalry in his nature to which the physical weakness and brave spirit appealed powerfully.

"My sister has as fine a spirit as any gallant St. Armand of them all. Yes, she is a living advertisement—are you capable of realising what that means to a proud and delicate-minded gentlewoman? But it is to keep me from starving, because I am a helpless creature who can do nothing to help myself. And her kindness and patience and faithfulness to her duty—" Betty's voice choked.

Mr. Colman had never in his life felt more uncomfortable. It seemed that he was being assaulted by his own weapons, and in place of dealing out high-handed justice was being reproved. The strong spirit, the tender heart, dominated him. Had he been told that he would have been completely routed by a creature with nothing in her favour but a pair of bright eyes and an eloquent tongue he would not have believed it possible.

Betty promptly checked her tears and continued briskly: "I am determined you shall know the truth if you never heard it before. In all the years of his life, with all the advantages you have given him, has your son accomplished anything for himself, or for anyone else? Before he met my sister he was an idle, purposeless lad; she has given him an aim; in loving her he has attained his manhood. Suppose you could succeed in separating those two (and I only do him justice when I say that is not likely) you would deprive him of the idealising, uplifting love which is the strongest power in all the world."

Mr. Colman's fortune was largely due to his capacity of shrewdly estimating all the points of the situation at a glance.

"Would he be willing to buckle to? To take hold in the works?" he inquired doubtfully, somewhat ashamed of his swift revulsion of feeling.

"He has been tramping about the city seeking any sort of employment however humble. There is the making of a man in one who can do that."

"I will see her—and well, yes—if he is willing to work faithfully at the iron works and gives me satisfaction—mind, I'll have no skulking, or playing at business—I work steadily and I expect others to do the same—I'll see."

"Only try him." Betty's quaint, elfish little face dimpled into smiles.

Bruce became his father's trusted partner. Mr. Colman learnt to be proud of his beautiful, gracious daughter-in law, but he finds endless interest and amusement in Betty's wild sallies and shrewd comments.

Like a Gentleman

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

THE men who knew Will—Pelham will do as well as any other name—as the best half-back of his year at Yale, will not believe this story. Two or three New York Clubs may, for they have seen strange things in their time, but the passing of men to unmentionable places is not discussed in clubland. A few women remember him but they are probably married, and have half forgotten the handsome face of the debonair young man about town whom their mothers had labelled "impossible." A man who has been expelled from his college, even for a boyish prank, has to conduct himself in a manner that is more than seemly if he wishes to meet with the approval of a strict father, and that indefinable thing known as society, especially if the members of the said society know that the making or unmaking of the said young man rests largely with the rich father aforesaid.

Far away out on the north-western plains he is yet remembered as Broncho Bill, the most daring whiskey smuggler of the days when the Canadian Northwest had a prohibitory liquor law, and it was a source of much profit and more adventure to run whiskey across the border from Montana, under the noses of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police. No one knows what were the particulars of the rupture between Will Pelham and his father. People knew that it had occurred, and on the principle that "unto those that have shall be given," sympathised a little with the Puritan father. The men of the frontier care little about what is frequently a delicate subject in the far West—a man's past—and recognised, admired and appreciated the enterprising efforts of Broncho Bill in outwitting the officials of two governments. From the Saskatchewan, in the far north, to the Sun River in the South, Broncho Bill was a man of consequence. The saloons of Helena and Butte echoed and re-echoed with laughter at his clever befooling of what was supposed to be the smartest quasi-military constabulary in the world.

"We'll get you yet, my boy," said a Mounted Police sergeant one night, in the pauses of a poker game at Fort McLeod.

"Perhaps you will, old chap," said Bill quietly, "but you'll have to pay for it. It's your business to catch a whiskey trader if you can—you're paid for it—and it's the whiskey traders' play not to be caught. Now, I never sold any whiskey to an Indian or anybody that didn't know what he was doing, and what he was buying. This liquor business all around anywhere sort of tangles up a man's moral ideas, when the law steps in and says that a white man can't have a glass of lager because a buck Indian a hundred miles away cuts himself loose when he smells a bottle of Florida Water. But there's one thing I think all you redcoats in the force understand. You drink contrabrand whiskey when you get the chance, and I don't blame you—that's your own affair. And when you are sent out to arrest a man for running it in, I don't blame you for arresting him if you can—that's business. But don't blame the other man for doing his little all to keep from putting in a year or two in penitentiary for something both sides are guilty of. Now, I'm not going to serve in any penitentiary that I have heard of yet. Your business may be some time to catch me, and my business will be not to get caught. You see, boys, the game's fair all round; we both take our chances, and you'll not catch me as long as either hand can hold a gun. Now, who's deal is it?"

And the sergeant laughed and asked Bill to cachê a two-gallon keg in the usual place on the Old Man River, on his next trip north, and paid him for it. And a month afterwards the sergeant was glad when news was brought in by one of the scouts that Broncho Bill was moving north with a load of contrabrand, and that he was to take five men and capture him dead or alive. He was told to be careful to bring the liquid evidence of Broncho Bill's

wrong-doing back with him. The said evidence had to be destroyed some time or other, and the sergeant knew that the fort's three months' deprivation from alcoholic stimulant had brought about a condition of mind and body throughout Troop K, Canadian North-West Mounted Police, that would cause it to be destroyed rapidly. As he clattered out of the fort at daylight, at the head of his half-dozen troopers, he knew that the long-awaited commission was in sight for the man who captured the most daring whiskey trader of the border, but he half regretted that Broncho Bill wouldn't have time to make that promised cachê on the Old Man River prior to his arrest.

"We'll circle round," he said, "and get in between him and the boundary line, and make a sure thing of it, and light on him to-night."

Broncho Bill moving rapidly northwards thought he heard hoof-beats in the stillness of the northern night. He asked Montana Dick, his whilom partner, to stop for a minute while he listened with his ear to the trail.

"About half-a-dozen of them," he quietly said, as he placed himself among the kegs in the rear of the waggon, and told Dick to move on and veer slightly off the trail to the left, and they might strike cover to cachê the stuff, and told him to be quick about it.

There was no bluff or coulee within miles on the level prairie that Bill knew, and as the hoof-beats grew more distinct he knew that it would be a race and a running fight on the open starlit plains, and he took up his Winchester, and buckled on his cartridge belt.

"Now," he said quietly to his partner, "they'll hear or see us in a few minutes, so let 'em loose."

And as the long black-snake lash came down on the backs of the half-broken bronchos from ears to tail, they sprang into a maddening gallop. On and on into the night, over the rough prairie, plunged the heavily laden waggon, swaying and plunging, but Broncho Bill knelt among the kegs and looked where he could see some quickly-moving objects outlined against the sky.

"They'll see us in a minute," he muttered, "but if I drop a couple it may stop them."

There was a pause for a few seconds among the pursuers, and Broncho Bill said as quietly as before:

"They see us, Dick. Keep them moving."

The half-bred horses of the Mounted Police, however, were gaining in spite of the efforts of the four bronchos, and Bill filled the chambers of his Winchester, and saw that his six-shooter was all right. And still they bounded on. Not a vestige of cover could be seen ahead or around. Then the bullets of the Police carbines began to whistle in the air.

"Throw out the stuff, Bill," said his partner, "and we'll travel lighter."

"Not a drop," answered Bill; "might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, and we're not caught yet."

But the bullets came thicker and faster.

"Say, Bill," again suggested his comrade as he felt the thud of a bullet in the seat beside him, "it's looking as if we've got to throw up our hands this time." And he turned for a moment to see what reception his suggestion would meet with—and looked down the barrel of the rifle of Broncho Bill, who said slowly and distinctly:

"When you drop those ribbons, Dick, something else will drop just about the same time. Keep 'em moving, I say."

And again and again came the black-snake down on the straining bronchos. But nearer and nearer came the pursuers, their furious gallop confusing their aim, but with his head crouched down on his shoulders, Montana Dick urged his already half-exhausted horses with voice and whip. And then came the fierce bark of the Winchester behind him, and he could hear Bill say:

"That's one."

Again the rifle spoke. There was an oath, and a muttered "missed." Then another shot and a death scream rising high above the roar of racing horses.

"Got him," he could hear Bill say as he pumped up another cartridge, and in the desperation of despair Montana Dick plied again and again the cruel lash on the backs of the struggling horses.

"A hanging business, now," he said,

and his head crouched lower for the angry hiss of the flying lead showed that they were getting in closer range. Again the Winchester barked, and Bill said:

"Another one down. Only four now, Dick."

The grain-fed Police horses were now within a hundred yards, and the whiskey smugglers could hear above the clatter of hoofs the call of the sergeant in the lead:

"Halt! In the Queen's name, halt!"

"Halt be d——d," roared Bill, with a ring of fierce defiance in his voice. "Halt yourself." And his eye glanced along his rifle for a second, and the sergeant's horse plunged forward on his head with a bullet in his chest.

"On, men, on," fiercely called the sergeant as his men rushed past him. "Fire—and shoot to kill." And the little troop swept on.

"Shoot to kill, eh?" Montana Dick could hear his comrade fiercely mutter, for the fever of fight was in his veins. And Bill levelled his rifle. "Two can play at that—hit, by—" And then in a choked voice that still retained its fierceness: "Keep 'em moving, Dick. Keep 'em moving," and fell back among the kegs.

The whip dropped from Montana Dick's hands, the reins slackened, and they were covered by the revolvers of three policemen.

They placed him in the little troop-hospital at Fort McLeod, and were good to him. The sergeant and the others would drop in when allowed, for the Canadian North-West Mounted Police like anyone, white or red, who dies game, and they also knew that a man with a bullet through one of his lungs was not long for this world.

The captain commanding the Post came in and did what he could and spoke to the dying man, and the hospital orderly thought it was the pain of his wound that made Broncho Bill's face suddenly flush, and then grow deadly pale, when he told him the captain's name. He didn't know that it was the name of the man who had married the little golden-haired sister, to whom Broncho Bill was a girlish hero, and who had been loved with all the intensity of an ill-regulated, passionate nature, in the half-forgotten days of the past.

The Canadian officer and the New York belle had met at the Montreal Carnival, the great winter event of Canada, some years before, and in the hurly-burly of his western life the brother had heard the name, and that was all. And then came upon Broncho Bill the old human longing to meet the little sister of his better, purer past, to hear one word, to touch the hand of one of his own blood, before he went alone on his journey into the great beyond.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Bill?" asked the kindly commandant one day, as Bill lay pale and silent, and the end was growing near. "Do you wish me to write to any of your friends?"

And the wild longing came upon him with fiercer force to see the girl sister he had loved, who was almost within the sound of his feeble voice. His white lips tightened, and his teeth clenched, and the commandant little thought of the fierce battle within the whiskey trader's soul.

"Are you sure there is no one whom you wish to know how you are?" again asked the kind voice of the man, as he took the trembling hand of the whiskey trader in his own.

Broncho Bill half rose from the pillow, and through the torrent of blood that rushed from his lips, the officer heard a half articulate "No thank you." and Broncho Bill fell back—dead.

The First Dominion Day

By CANADIENNE

THE old homestead on the Bay of Quinte is looking so radiant in its array of vines and roses that it is hard to believe in the existence of cold gray stone beneath all the brilliance of green leaves and pink petals. But there is sure to be a shaded corner on the back verandah, the pleasantest spot on the "Parker place," and there, looking out on the blue waves she has known from childhood, is a sweet-faced woman whose smile is as welcome as it was nigh forty years ago to the man who is walking up from the shore.

"There is a letter, Edward," she calls, as he reaches the steps; "it's from Julia. She and Frank and the children will be sure to come down for Dominion Day."

"That's good news, Hester—but we'd hardly forgive them if they didn't come home for our anniversary."

"You're a foolish man, Edward. The wedding wasn't until September."

"I mind that well. But it was on the very first Dominion Day, when we were driving home from Belleville, that you promised to quit tormenting me. Don't you remember?"

Does she? She knows the very gown she was wearing—white, with a sprig of lavender, and there was a wide leghorn hat, trimmed with lavender ribbon, and she remembers the moss rosebud he wore in his button-hole.

"But I doubt whether I haven't tormented you since, Edward?"

"Many a time," he says, with a laugh whose jovial echo gives him the lie. "Well, it's become a great day, Hester, and we didn't know much in our young days of the 'Maple Leaf Forever.' But there wasn't a happier boy in all Canada on the 1st of July, 1867, than Ed. Parker."

"Nearly forty years," sighs the wife. "I remember the flags and the shouting and speeches. The year before, you had been away fighting the Fenians, and now we're waiting for the grandchildren to come home."

"You're as bonny as ever," he declares doggedly, "and I pulled that boat across the bay just now as if '67 were only ten years back." He has passed his sixtieth birthday, but she smiles her belief in his strength and her comeliness and the old lovers sit on the back verandah in the June sunshine, while the spell of the first Dominion Day is all unforgotten.

Where Dreams Are Sold

BY EDITH GWYNNE

AT the silken sign of the Poppy,
At a shop that is never old,
Where a twilight silence lingers,
It is there that dreams are sold.

There's the scent of Love's lost roses,
The soft echo of childhood's laugh,
There's the ring of empty glasses,
For the white lips never quaff.

To the crimson sign of the Poppy
We all come when the daylight dies,
When the curfew music quivers
'Neath the gray of evening skies.

Just beyond the gates of the sunset,
Where the grim toll of death we pay,
We shall find the shop of dream-wares,
Where the poppies hang alway.

So, we long for dusk of the twilight,
When, with wealth of no earthly gold,
We shall come where sleep-flowers cluster
To the shop where dreams are sold.

Current Events Abroad.

THE expected happened when Togo, in the battle of the Sea of Japan, virtually annihilated Russia as a maritime power. The latter had about as much chance to come out victorious as some untrained, ponderous countryman who should try conclusions with Mr. James Jeffries. Japan was the scientific pugilist going up against a rank greenhorn. The despatches tell us that the officers of the *Alexander III*, for example, were the favourites of St. Petersburg society, and that her men had been acting all winter as guards at the palace? Is this the material of which Aboukirs and Trafalgars are made?

Does not this battle raise the disturbing question whether any country whose population is eminently an inland population can ever become a formidable maritime power? Japan is a maritime power. A large part of the diet of her people is taken from the sea. A large number of her people have been virtually born in boats—have been cradled in the deep. Money can get ships built and great cannon cast, but you cannot build sailors nor cast them. It was stated in the Spanish-American war that a farm lad from Kansas made as good a man-o'-warsman as a fisher boy from Gloucester, and that as a matter of fact there were far more of the former than of the latter in the American navy. And that the American navy did so very well in 1898 seemed a confirmation of the loose assertion that farm lads were quite as good navy material as fisher lads. The generalisation, however, was formed on very scanty data. The rates of remuneration on American warships are handsome as compared with the other navies of the world. The pay for gunners and experts of that class is positively princely and good men are naturally attracted to the United States service from all parts of the world, and one would have to know what part this foreign-trained element played in the naval battle off Santiago before a final opinion could be formed. It would take a number of very carefully ascertained facts to convince one that lads from the prairie could in a reasonable time man navies as efficiently as those storm-bred youths who spend their lives rocking on the mighty surges that roll over the Grand

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

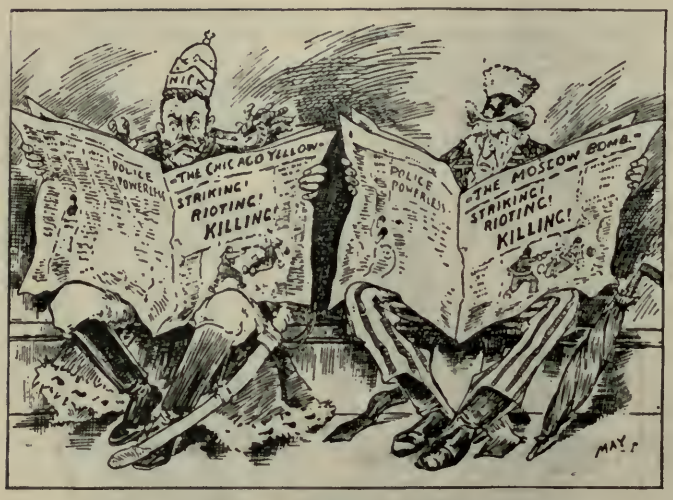
Banks where the Newfoundland fishermen fish for cod. The whole course of the naval war between Russia and Japan supports a contrary view. It may please inland countries to cherish a different belief, but they will be enlightened in some red hour when they put the matter to a practical test.

TEDDY AS ARBITRATOR

THE RUSSIAN BEAR—"And they say he is to arbitrate for me. Heaven help me!"—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.

It was felt that the erasion of the Russian fleet must ensure peace, and as a matter of fact at the moment of writing the first steps have been taken to that end. President Roosevelt has borne an honourable part in bringing the combatants together and it must be said that Japan has stood in no punctilious attitude in regard to it. She might well have said that if Russia desired to sue for peace she would find Japan willing to listen. Instead of that, however, she has promptly accepted the President's suggestion. We may be sure nevertheless that Japan's terms will be stiff. She was compelled to go to war in order to preserve her national existence. She saw approaching her shore a power which had conquered a way across Asia. Russia had established an immensely powerful naval base, within two days' sail of the Japanese coast, in a harbour filched from China. She was making her familiar preparations for the "assimilation" of a whole Province of the Chinese Empire. She was, moreover, squeezing timber and other concessions from the Corean Government on the Yalu River, showing that Japan's immediate neighbour was to be the next victim of her aggressions. When Japan endeavoured to get some disavowal of intentions with regard to all this her representations were treated with what may well be called arrogant contempt. Her diplomatic notes remained unanswered for weeks while Russia was quietly preparing to back up her insatiable appetite for conquest by hurrying more and more Cossacks to the front.

That Russia has singularly failed to implement her bluffs makes it none the less necessary that an exemplary restraint should be placed upon her. The restriction of her naval power in the Pacific would be a quite legitimate demand on the part of Japan. That power would be lacking in good sense if she put herself in a position to allow Russia to begin preparing for the next struggle a generation hence by laying the foundations of an immense naval armament at Vladivostock. Japan never could have any ease while that was going on. There would be a ruinous competition in building great ships that would be good for neither country. No guarantee of peace would be more binding and substantial than the restriction of Russia's naval activities in the far East. She has few interests in the Pacific Ocean that are not connected with schemes of conquest, and as Japan has spent millions and scores of



THE POINT OF VIEW
—Detroit *Journal*

would endeavour to do the same. M. Delcassé is a sincere peace man and under the circumstances he seems to have felt that the easiest way out of the difficulty was to let some one not committed to his declarations to take his place. M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, is his successor. There is no likelihood that under him France will abandon its pretensions in Morocco. With the support of Great Britain there is no need of that, but the possible advent of a new British Ministry whose foreign policy might be different to that of Lord Lansdowne, suggests a shortening of sail and a watchful eye on the weather. One of the features of democratic government is this lack of continuity, but it undoubtedly has some compensating advantages.

thousands of lives in declaring that these dreams of universal dominion are as dust and ashes there is no reason why Russia should be encouraged to amass the material for future wars on the shores of the Pacific. In Europe, of course, she would have to be left free to her own impulses.

The resignation of Delcassé is a significant event at the present moment. In some quarters it has been interpreted as a concession to Germany on the Morocco matter. There can be no doubt that France's alliance with Russia was intended to intimidate Germany. The possibility of being beset front and rear by two powerful nations had a tendency to keep even the stirring German Emperor quiet. He was quick to read the signs of the times, however, and to perceive his opportunity. Russia not only had her hands full, but had, moreover, been shown to be an appearance and nothing more. When therefore France and Britain undertook to shape the destinies of Morocco without consulting anybody else, and when France further issued orders to the Sultan as to how he should demean himself, Emperor William ostentatiously paid a visit to Tangier. His visit was followed by an intimation from the Sultan to France which might be interpreted as meaning that if Paris would mind its own business the Sultan

It will grieve all friends of the people of the Scandinavian Peninsula if Norway and Sweden should separate with blows. Present appearances do not justify us in thinking that they will. If the rupture proves to be merely a political one the hope may be indulged that after a time better counsel will prevail and the breach be healed. The union of the two countries was so loose that although it had been in existence for almost a century it never became real. There was not even a common national name. The country was Sweden and Norway, but the people were Swedes and Norwegians respectively. Difference of commercial aims has served to prevent a complete fusion. Sweden is ambitious to engage in manufacturing and has adopted protection, the popular device to that end. Her shipping interests are undoubtedly considerable, but do not form so great a percentage of her mercantile life as they do in Norway. Latterly, in order to prevent cheap imported goods from coming over the border from Norway, Sweden has

heightened the tariff wall between herself and her co-partner. With these antagonistic views of trade the Norwegians have felt that the same consul could not adequately represent both countries at foreign ports. But if there is one thing upon which it is absolutely necessary to have a united national policy it is the political relations with the outside world. On this rock the union of Sweden and Norway has split.

UNDESIRABLES

CONSTABLE JOHN BULL—"We've admitted a good many aliens before now—in fact, I'm a bit of an alien myself; but in future we're going to draw the line at the likes of you."—*Punch*

The union of Holland and Germany is being discussed in an academic way by European publicists. Germany, of course, fervently hopes for it, and there are not wanting Dutchmen who think that it would advantage their country. The reigning house of Holland would then bear the same relation to the Empire that the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony or Wurtemberg do now. The benefits to the Empire would be enormous. Holland virtually stands astride of German commerce and in case of war what Nelson did a hundred years ago to Denmark might be enforced against Holland. Her harbours might be seized against her will, and Germany effectually bottled up. Holland has moreover not inconsiderable colonial possessions. They are not suitable for white colonisation, but at all events they would furnish for Germany a field for adventure over the seas. The project for a Dutch-German union looks, however, quite chimerical. The masses feel themselves to be a distinctive people; their history is a glorious one, and in these feelings they will be seconded by the dynasty which would have very little to gain by merging its independence in the German Empire. The consent of the Dutch is necessary to the realisation of such a project, for every State in Europe would protest against a forcible annexation of the Netherlands.

John A. Ewan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

SHOWER AND SONG.

The summer showers are falling
Out on the furrow'd main;
But ocean's fields are barren—
The showers fall in vain.

A dreamer's songs fell fruitless,
The world brought forth no grain;
It was the field was barren,
The songs were potent rain.

—*James A. Tucker.*

OUR NEW CITIZENS

THAT clever and warm-hearted Irishwoman, "Kit," has given expression to exceedingly pertinent advice regarding our welcome to the new English immigrants who are just now pouring into the Dominion. The first days and weeks in the new country must be desperately hard and desolate, even if industrial conditions in England are sending hundreds of her people to Liverpool and Southampton. No immigrant from the British Isles should be regarded as a "foreigner" in Canada, and a kind word, where more cannot be given, may go far towards making the newcomer feel that he is no stranger on Canadian soil. It is somewhat inconsistent for us to smile or sneer at the accent of Yorkshire or of Devon while we occasionally fall into nasal imitation of Vermont or Illinois. These are sturdy settlers who are coming to us this spring and there is room for all of them—in old Ontario, in new Ontario and out in the west, where the infant provinces are priding themselves on their newborn importance. The best citizens we can have in our young country are those who are slow to forget the old, and who drink loyally the toast—"The land we left and the land we live in." The maple leaf is no less dear because we have tender thoughts of the shamrock, the thistle or the rose. The British poet, born in Bombay, realised this imperial feeling when he wrote:—

"Buy my English posies,
Ye that have your own,
Buy them for a brother's sake
Over seas, alone!
Weed ye trample underfoot—
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him."

The Mayor of Liverpool was excusably provincial in his late lament over emigrants leaving England for Canada, when he reflected that they were honest and industrious citizens. But they would not be departing from England if there were room for them at "home" and the British Empire means something more than "the Strand and Holborn Hill." Perhaps when the Mayor of Liverpool comes out to take a trip over the Grand Trunk Pacific he may not feel so mournful over the English who will help to make Alberta and Saskatchewan.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE arrangements for the Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, to be held in Charlotte-

town, P.E.I., from June 28th to July 5th are now complete and the Agenda promises a more than usually interesting series of meetings. One evening will be devoted to papers and addresses upon the development of Art, especially the revival of Handicrafts. Mrs. Dignam, President of the Woman's Art Association, will be one of the speakers, and Mrs. Orr, a distinguished Club woman in the United States, will be another. The Premier of the Province will be in the chair. A second evening will be taken up with the consideration of the work of Historical Societies, when papers will be given by Miss Margaret Allen, of Bowmanville; Mrs. Marshall, of St. John, N.B., and others, the chairman being His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of P.E.I. The third evening session will be equally interesting, especially to those of the public who know little of the Council and its work. Lady Drummond, of Montreal, will give a paper upon the Council's aim, and Mrs. Boomer, of London, will speak of the place of the Local Council in the municipality. The Mayor of Charlottetown will be the chairman.

A delegation from the National Council recently waited upon the Premier of Ontario, to urge the importance of making provision for the custodial care of feeble-minded women from 14 to 45 years of age. They were much encouraged by their reception, and are again to meet the Premier and other members of the Government concerning the same matter.

The need of an extension of such clauses of the Shop's Act as would be applicable so as to insure proper provision for women employed in offices, is another matter which will be brought before the Government of Ontario shortly by the National Council. Many instances are known where women here suffered seriously in health for lack of proper sanitary arrangements in buildings where they are employed.

The Ingersoll Local Council have been successful in securing the passing of a by-law in that town prohibiting expectoration on the streets and in public buildings.

The Victoria Local Council reports the addition of five more societies in affiliation this year, showing the growing confidence felt in the usefulness of the Local Council in that city. The Ottawa Local Council has been taking active measures towards the establishment of a Sanitoria near that city for the treatment and care of tuberculosis. They are also trying to secure the suppression of the circulation of pamphlets which have been distributed in the houses, advertising certain medicines, and have also been taking steps to secure vacation playgrounds for children of the city. Through the efforts of the Local Council of Vancouver, a course of lectures to men, and one to women, on "First Aid to the Injured," have been held, the Council contributing the sum of $30 for the necessary equipments.

ALLEGED IDOLATRY

A WRITER in a London weekly speaking of the American novel thus expresses himself, "The mixture of breathless gush and crude sentimentality, set in an atmosphere of crying insincerity, which characterises nine-tenths of the American novels which are published, is the natural result" of the idolatry which is paid to American women. This is a rather curious explanation, but such sentiments seem to be generally expressed by the modern English reviewer—as witness an article entitled "The Credit Side of The American Ledger," in a recent number of *The Academy*. The writer reviews at some length Professor Hugo Munsterburg's book, "The Americans," and has this to say regarding the American woman: "From her youth up she is treated and educated as a superior being. In reality she is the last word of ultra-individualism. Reared in an atmosphere of privilege rather than duty, even before marriage she enjoys all the social freedom of the married woman." Truly it would seem that from the European point of view every American woman has what we call on this side of the Atlantic "a good time." As to blaming the "idolatry" of women for the "breathless gush and crude sentimentality" of the American novel, the writer is surely ignoring the frequent tendency of the American literary or journalistic production to "over-emphasis," as Mr. W. A. Fraser has called it. There is such a liberal use of adjectives

that such words as "superb" and "grand," to say nothing of the overworked "elegant," become meaningless and one turns with relief to the Englishman's "not half bad," or the Scot's dry "I've seen waur." This gush is the natural weakness of a new country and will be outgrown when the nation finds herself. It is not singular that a country which is continually asserting that it has the best of everything should exalt its womankind into a lower order of seraphim. Of course, there is crying insincerity about all such alleged adoration, but the latter is only an aspect not the cause of American shallowness. In the meantime, the American women surveys herself complacently as she is pictured by Gibson or Christy and probably approves of the amended declaration: "All men are born free and equal, but all women are born superior."

MORE SHAWISMS

THAT delightful person, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, is being talked about and written about to an extent which, as a certain magazine declares, he must find very gratifying. It is difficult to dodge paragraphs about the gentleman whether one reads English or American journals. His views on social questions are sometimes amusing and invariably startling. In fact he frequently seems to be playing the part of the mischievous small boy who delights in making staid and respectable people jump. Mr. Shaw is always setting off social and political fire-crackers for the pleasure of the explosion. The views of his Lady Geraldine on the momentous subject of husbands are worth quoting: "Geniuses are morbid, intolerant, easily offended, sleeplessly self-conscious men, who expect their wives to be angels with no further business in life than to pet and worship their husbands. Even at the best they are not comfortable men to live with; and a perfect husband is one who is perfectly comfortable to live with. Do you suppose that I am a bit less happy because Sir John does not know a Raphael from Redgrave, and would accept the last waltz cheerfully as a genuine something-or-other by Bach in B minor? Our tastes are quite different, yet, where will you find such a modern Darby and Joan as we are? . . I believe that community of taste for art has just as much to do with matrimonial happiness as community of taste for geography or roast mutton and no more."

AN INTERESTING PAMPHLET

THE fifth transaction of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, has recently been published in attractive form and contains six articles, among which are "Papers concerning Rupert George, Captain of H.M.S. *Hussar* (1794)," and "Some U. E. Loyalist Epitaphs." The latter article, by Miss Sara Mickle, gives some quaint old inscriptions and is written with a literary grace too rarely found in essays on historical subjects. One amusing epitaph was discovered in an "eastern town, not so very far from Toronto":

"Ye weak, beware; here lies the strong,
A victim of his strength.
He lifted fourteen hundred pounds,
And here he lies at length."

"When at Chicoutimi some years ago, a search in the neglected churchyard, knee-deep in grass, tangled weeds and tall oxeyed daisies, revealed the following tender record of one who must have been 'lovely and pleasant in her life,' for of her it is said, 'She is speaking to God and to his angels of the friends she left behind her on earth'."

In many of the epitaphs the addition of the word "Loyalist" shows the esteem in which the name was held and most modern Canadians will agree with the writer's conclusion:

"The few scattered examples of these wayside records that have been given go to prove that the 'King's men,' as they were sometimes called, remained true to their principles—small wonder they were proud of the name, United Empire Loyalists, for it contains a prophecy."

ENGLISH TEETH

MRS. JOHN LANE has lately written an article for the *Fortnightly Review* in which she declares that the English have little regard for their teeth. She becomes positively pathetic on the subject:

"As England never considers the millions she annually spends in gunpowder, why does she not pause in her martial career and spend a few thousand pounds in tooth-powder? . .

Toothache is undignified; there is nothing interesting or romantic about it! There is about it a touch of the ludicrous which its concentrated anguish does not justify. It is curious that so intense a suffering should be so undramatic; but it is the one agony which does not desert us this side of the grave, and which even the genius of a Shakespeare would hesitate to bestow on his hero or heroine. Anguish comes to them in many ways, but the great poet discreetly avoids teeth."

This is one respect in which the Canadian can claim superiority over the Old Countryman. The English complexion may make the Canadian cheeks look dull and sallow in comparison but the Canadian teeth exhibit fewer cavities and a greater wealth of gold deposit than the neglected grinders of the British Islanders.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND LADY GREY
From a photograph taken during their recent visit to Toronto
(Copyright by Galbraith Photo Co.)

THE SPELL OF THE CITY

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, during his brief visit to Canada, gave the people of the Dominion some wholesome advice about keeping away from the cities and remaining in the small towns and rural districts. Excellent advice it may be, for cities have been recently described as "a disease of civilisation." And yet there is in the dirty, noisy city the magnetism of humanity, the call of the crowd. The country boy leaves the farm with all its delights of country air, pure milk and quiet evenings and spends a few years in the hurried, frantic life of the department store. Then he goes back to the country home and enjoys it wonderfully for the first twenty-four hours. Then he begins to get lonesome, pines for the hard pavement, the clattering cars and the unfragrant flight of the automobile. The author of "She" was very much in the right about where most of us should live, but he left out of count, as so many advisers do, the strong fascination of the crowd, the strength of the desire "to see what the others are doing."

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

A GROWING EXPENDITURE

PRESENT indications point to a huge increase in the yearly expenditures of the Federal Government. The country is growing. The demands from all portions for expenditures on capital and on current account are yearly increasing. The Federal revenues are growing beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine, but the expenditures are equally promising. There was a time, when the Liberal politicians in opposition thought the increase in revenue and in expenditure was criminal, but they now realise, in power, that their views were impossible. This is not said to attempt to discredit them in any way, but simply to show that criticism of a government by an opposition may not always be just or well based.

On the top of the natural growth of revenue and expenditure comes a well-supported demand for greater Provincial subsidies. These payments have grown as follows:

SUBSIDIES OF PROVINCES.

1873	$2,921,400
1883	3,606,673
1893	3,935,765
1903	4,402,503

After July 1st of the present year there will be two new Provinces and the annual expenditure will be increased as follows:

SASKATCHEWAN.

For Government	$ 50,000
In Proportion to Population	200,000
Because of no Provincial Debt	408,775
Compensation for Public Lands	375,000
Public Buildings	93,750
	$1,127,525

ALBERTA.

Ditto	$1,127,525
Total Increase	$2,255,050

The other Provinces are anxious that the Provincial subsidies, now reckoned at 80 cents per head of the population, shall be increased. They claim that the Fathers of Confederation did not foresee that the Provinces would have so many requirements, nor that Federal revenues should develop so rapidly. That the latter have grown remarkably may be seen from the following comparison:

DOMINION REVENUE.

1873	$20,813,000
1883	35,794,000
1893	36,168,000
1903	66,037,000

Thus while the Dominion revenue has trebled, the payments to the Provinces have scarcely doubled, will be little more than doubled after July 1st, 1905, when there are nine Provinces instead of seven. Or to put it in a fairer way, say the Provincial Governments, while the Federal revenue has increased forty-six millions, the payments to the Provinces has increased less than three millions.

It may be pointed out, however, that the Dominion Government has never found any difficulty in disposing of its revenue. The expenditure has increased as follows:

FEDERAL EXPENDITURES

1873	$19,174,000
1883	28,730,000
1893	36,814,000
1903	51,691,000

At the same time the net public debt has increased from one hundred million to two hundred and sixty million.

In addition to the necessary growth of Federal expenditure and the probable increase in Provincial subsidies, there is the naval contribution which is to take the form of maintenance of Halifax and Esquimalt, and the building of the new transcontinental railway from Winnipeg to Moncton. Again, the present political situation is likely to lead to generous ex-

penditures of all kinds. The present administration will find many special pleas for expenditures because it has recently put a great strain upon party fidelity. In all such instances, experience has proven, governmental spending shows a decided tendency to develop rapidly.

FORESTS *VS.* TAXATION.

MR. Thomas Southworth, director of Forestry for Ontario, says that he hopes to live to see the Province of Ontario derive a yearly revenue of $30,000,000 from its forest reserves. This is the most startling statement that has been made in Canada since Dr. Saunders made his estimate of the wheat-growing capacity of the West. If this is possible in Ontario, it should be equally possible in Quebec and British Columbia, and proportionately possible in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Mr. Southworth figures it out this way. Ontario's present forest reserve comprises 7,000,000 acres. An acre of forest land is supposed to produce annually, according to experts, 720 feet, board measure. Allowing for water areas in the Ontario reserve, for spots not well seeded, and for waste in cutting, 300 feet b.m., would not be an unreasonable estimate of the merchantable lumber. He allows fire losses to reduce this to 150 feet b.m. per acre per year. On 7,000,000 acres this would produce 1,050,000,000 feet annually. At $5 per thousand this would mean $5,250,000 a year. By increasing the reserves to 40,000,000 acres, as he thinks may reasonably be done, $30,000,000 a year may be secured.

Mr. Southworth is not a dreamer; he has been studying this problem for years. His estimate is based upon careful study and much investigation. His views are given in full in an exhaustive article in the January *Canadian Lumberman* which is worthy of close study on the part of those interested in lumber and in provincial revenues.

This estimate means only 75 cents per acre per annum. The Prussian Crown Forests yield a net income of $1.45 per acre under an expensive system of management. The Crown Forests of Saxony yield $4.50 per acre per year, net. A Nebraska experiment has shown that as much as 1,200 feet of pine per acre per year can be grown on the sand plains there. At $5 a thousand this would be worth $6, and at $10 per thousand it would be worth $12 per acre. This is some of the evidence on which Mr. Southworth bases his belief that 75 cents per acre for Ontario is a moderate and unambitious estimate.

MR. THOMAS SOUTHWORTH
Director of Forestry for Ontario

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISSATISFIED

THERE is a continuous rumble of dissatisfaction in British Columbia over the relations of that province with the Federal authority. The amount of money collected by the Federal Government in British Columbia and placed in the Federal treasury is considerably larger than the amount spent by the Federal authority in that portion of the Dominion. Consequently there is a cry for "Better Terms."

The Canadian Pacific Railway was built partly to induce British Columbia to come into Confederation, but the people there are not willing to have this work for ever considered as a "crowning mercy." They claim that this railway was the salvation of Canada as a whole, that it has been of immense benefit to Eastern Canada by affording a market of great value to eastern merchants and manufacturers.

They go so far as to state that for one dollar of the benefit to British Columbia it has been eight dollars to the rest of Canada.

The building of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway opened a way to the Kootenays for the people of Eastern Canada, and the granting of a bonus to it was made to serve the interest of Manitoba and the Territories. When that bonus was given, freight rates on certain materials were lowered, but none of those materials were of British Columbia origin. Therefore, it was not built peculiarly and specially in the interest of the Province by the Pacific.

The construction of the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific "represent the enterprise of eastern politicians and eastern railway men and eastern interests." British Columbia's interests were not consulted and were not considered. Therefore it is not to be said that Canada has undertaken to promote these enterprises for the benefit of British Columbia.

Just here it may be remarked that the attitude of the Grand Trunk Pacific management towards British Columbia has deepened the feeling of discontent in that province. At first it was proposed to put in the charter a provision that the British Columbia part of the road should be built eastward through British Columbia simultaneously with the building westward from Winnipeg. This clause was withdrawn, but Mr. Hays wrote a letter to Senator Templeman assuring him that this principle would be observed. Afterwards, the Grand Trunk Pacific management demanded, as the price of fulfilment, immense subsidies in land and concessions from the British Columbia Government. This seems like a piece of sharp practice and it should receive the attention of the Dominion Government.

To return to the main subject: British Columbia feels that a greater share of Federal attention should be paid to that province. There are many railways required. Since 1882, some 115 railways have been subsidised in Canada, of which only five are in British Columbia. Of the twenty-eight millions paid out in subsidies, only one and a quarter millions were for British Columbia roads. Then there are industries to be encouraged in the same way as manufacturing in the east has been encouraged by tariffs and bounties. The provincial grant is inadequate to British Columbia's needs.

This discontent may or may not be wholly just, but it is quite evident that it demands serious attention. Manitoba has been filled with settlers and gridironed with railways. The Territories have been the especial care of the Department of Interior, and much has been done to assist in their development. British Columbia has been somewhat neglected. Her time has now come. Her needs are great. She is quite justified in keeping her claims well advertised and she deserves every consideration at the hands of the remainder of Canada. If Canada is to be a united country, justice must be done to every province. No part of the Dominion should be coddled at the expense of another. The measure of British Columbia's claim is her contribution to the general revenue.

IMPERIALISM SIMPLIFIED

SAYS the iconoclastic *Saturday Review:* "The Empire will not be on a sure basis until we have established through all its parts a community both of Imperial rights and Imperial duties."

Freely translated, this means: (1) A Governing Body for the Empire in which every organised part shall be represented. The Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland does not now represent the Empire.

(2) A general foreign-commerce policy to be observed by all the units.

(3) A general inter-imperial trade policy approved by all the units and tending to develop each one with the least damage to the trade of the others.

(4) An Imperial navy, controlled by Imperial, not British power.

(5) An Imperial army, controlled by Imperial authority. This army would consist of both British and Colonial regiments, raised, equipped, and maintained by the units perhaps, but in time of war coming under a truly central and representative body.

(6) The transfer of the control of the colonies from the British Parliament and

the British Cabinet to newly constituted Imperial bodies.

Is Great Britain ready for this? Are the colonies ready for it? Whatever the answer may be to these two questions, this is the goal toward which we are somewhat heedlessly but perhaps wisely drifting.

THE HOWE STATUE

In December last Halifax unveiled a monument to Nova Scotia's greatest orator—Joseph Howe. The statue is the work of Hebert, who seems to be Canada's favourite sculptor. It was cast in Paris, and is nine and a half feet high. With its pedestal it attains a height of twenty-seven and a-half feet. On either side of the statue are bas reliefs representing scenes in Howe's career which are historic—one, the famous trial for libel; the other, Howe addressing the House of Assembly. On the sub-base, beneath the stone on which is the name Joseph Howe, is the following inscription:

JOURNALIST, ORATOR, POET,
STATESMAN, PROPHET,
PATRIOT, BRITON,
BORN AT HALIFAX, DECEMBER 13,
1804.
DIED IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE
JUNE 1, 1873.

Then comes a sentence from one of his speeches:

> "I wish to live and die a British subject; but not a Briton only in name. Give me, give my country, the blessed privilege of her constitution and her laws; let us be content with nothing less."

On the four cartouches on the corners of the sub-base are the following inscriptions. representative of outstanding qualities of the great Nova Scotian:

"INTEGER CIVIS." "DICENDI PERITUS"
"VIR PROBIS." "JUSTITIAE VINDEX."

A verse of one of Howe's noble poems, "Our Fathers," might fitly be quoted in connection with the erection of his own statue. The province that he loved has been true to his teaching in honouring the man who wrote these lines:

"The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The dust he honoured—while the sacred fire,
Nourish'd by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honour the Dead, and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues—higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest flowers.

THE HOWE STATUE
Erected in Halifax in December

A NOTABLE DISCUSSION

A NOTABLE discussion regarding the respective virtues of United States and British publications has been proceeding in Toronto. The London *Outlook* took occasion to remark that it could not understand why Canada allowed her postal and tariff regulations to facilitate the introduction of United States literature. Mr. W. A. Fraser, the Canadian novelist, whose home is only an hour's train-run from Toronto, replied at some length in the Toronto *News* of May 16th. He stated that the English magazines are cheap in price, cheap in matter, and decidedly inferior, that British authors and artists are poorly paid; and that British novelists write books in which we "find filth, adultery, immoral suggestions, sin clothed in the apparel of desire, salted with a pinch of weak denunciation in the way of squaring the author with an outraged public." He particularly condemns Mrs. Humphry Ward and Marie Corelli, but also pays his respects to "The House with the Green Shutters," "The Queen's Quair," and "The Masquerader." He admits that United States literature suffers from over-emphasis, but commends it for its wholesomeness.

A reviewer in a London daily paper, in dealing with three volumes of current fiction, labels them "shockers." These three are "The Secret Passage," by Fergus Hume; "Sins of the City," by William Le Queux, and "The Conscience of a King," by A. C. Gunter. He says: "Crime and mystery, puzzling for a time, but eventually happily settled, these are the unfailing subjects of the sensational tale-mongers' unsublime art." The reviewer might have included in the list Conan Doyle's latest Sherlock Holmes tales. All the books that have to do with murders and other heinous sins are likely to have little to do with literature—they are written by men without ideals, and, one is almost tempted to add, without morals.

This letter brought a defence of English publications from Mr. William Tyrrell, a Toronto bookseller. He easily meets most, if not all, of Mr. Fraser's arguments. Of the United States weeklies, Mr. Tyrrell says:——

> "Apart from the fact that *Collier's Weekly* is, like many other American Magazines, both boastfully confident of all things appertaining to the United States, and ever ready to be anti-British, they are both of them decidedly inferior to any of the British illustrated weeklies, such as the *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Black and White*, or *Illustrated London News*."

Of the magazines, Mr. Tyrrell points out that the Cosmopolitan is persistently, and Scribner's occasionally anti-British, while the two leading feminine magazines "give a large share of their columns to the fostering of a shallow and sentimental make-believe of culture, as undesirable as it is useless." He then refutes Mr. Fraser's argument that British magazines are "cheap," and says:

> "I take the responsibility, however, cheerfully, and even at the risk of introducing 'doubtful literature' into the home of some 'simple' Canadian, I append the following list of British magazines, and would say of them (with a full knowledge of what I say) that, judged by literary or artistic standards, they are, as a group, unsurpassed and seldom equalled by any periodicals in the world:—Blackwood's Magazine, The Studio, Chambers' Journal, The Strand, Boy's Own Paper, The Captain, Graphic, Illustrated London News, Fortnightly Review, Black and White, Pall Mall Magazine, Contemporary Review, The Sketch, Windsor Magazine, The Queen, Pearson's Magazine, Nineteenth Century, Lady's Realm.
>
> Unfortunately, many of these have not the wide circulation in this country which they deserve, but this is mainly because of postal conditions, which greatly hinder the importation of British periodicals, and which also

give every advantage to their competitors from the United States."

Mr. Tyrrell then answers the argument that United States artists are superior to British by pointing out, what all cultured Canadians know, that the *Studio* is the most artistic publication issued in the English language, and that no United States weeklies can compare in artistic value with the *Graphic* and other British illustrated weeklies. That British authors are poorly paid is also denied—though no denial is necessary.

Comparing authors, Mr. Tyrrell points out that United States authors seldom have any sustained strength. "The bulk of them produce two or three works of very unequal merit and then are heard of no more." He denies that popularity is a test of greatness and eulogises the greater artistic value of English fiction. He concludes:

"Be it far from me to excuse or encourage the reading of fiction that will debase or degrade, but the adult mind cannot always be content to live on the bread and milk diet which seems to be Mr. Fraser's highest ideal. Are we always to remain children and be satisfied with the limitations of a 'David Harum,' or 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch'; to accept as sufficient works of fiction like 'The Virginian,' or 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come?' These are good so far as they go, but, like much of present-day American fiction, they deal (well, it is true) but chiefly with the obvious things of life. The things we can see and taste and hear, and handle with our hands, must always interest us, but there lie in the human heart matters of deeper and more subtle interest, hidden wells of emotion and passion which must always fascinate and attract so long as human life endures."

A CANADIAN SCIENTIST

THERE is nothing so likely to bring home to a reader the folly of wasting time on current fiction as a short course of study in science—even the reading of a popular compendium. The latest work* of this kind comes from the pen of a graduate of the University of Toronto, now resident in Washington, Pa., Robert Kennedy Duncan. It is difficult to decide,

HAMPDEN BURNHAM
Author of "Marcelle"

after reading his book, whether he should be labelled a scientific journalist or a journalistic scientist, since the book is so cleverly prepared for popular reading and at the same time deals purely with scientific investigations and discussions. Molecules, atoms, ions, corpuscles, radio-activity, organic and inorganic evolution, and all the other subjects peculiar to modern scientific investigation and speculation are discussed in the light of recent discovery. Yet, the discussion is never overloaded with scientific phraseology. It is a popular treatment.

There is no doubt that much of the scientific knowledge of to-day is new—hence the author's choice of title, "The New Knowledge." It comprises both the new physics and the new chemistry. The heat of the sun, the nature of electricity, all "contemporary natural knowledge" has been greatly extended by recent investigations. Hertz's discovery of electro-magnetic waves; Moissan's revolutionary work with the electric furnace; Rontgen's X-rays; Rayleigh's and Ramsay's discovery of the rare gases of the atmosphere; Dewar's liquefaction of hydrogen; Becquerel's and the Curies' discovery of radio-activity, and all that this has meant

*"The New Knowledge," a popular account of the new physics and the new chemistry in their relation to the new Theory of Matter, by R. K. Duncan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 263 pp., illustrated.

MARSHALL P. TALLING, B.A., PH.D.
Author of "Inter-Communion with God"

—these are some of the notable recent additions.

In addition to a discussion of the larger problems there are explanations of curious phenomena—how a comet's tail, twenty million leagues in length, grew in two days; why there are magnificent red clouds around the sun, some of them 60,000 miles in height; how clouds are formed by the bombardment of solar corpuscles, and so on. In fact, any serious-minded individual will find in this volume sufficient information and food for thought to last him many a day.

A CANADIAN WRITER

REV M. P. TALLING, B.A., Ph.D., is a "Durham Old Boy," and was born in the town of Bowmanville, where he received his public school and collegiate training. In 1888 he graduated from the University of Toronto and two years later he completed his course at Knox College, afterwards taking a charge at St. James Church, London. After seven years of ministerial work in London he resigned his pastoral work to take a post-graduate course and finally received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Wooster University. Since that time, Dr. Talling has been engaged in literary work. His first book, "Extempore Prayer," was issued two years ago and is now in its fourth edition. It has been officially recommended for use in theological colleges in Canada and the United States. "Inter-Communion with God,"* a new work from his pen, is highly recommended by Dr. Milligan, Moderator of the General Assembly, by Rev. Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe College, and others. Regarding it the *Canadian Baptist* says: "It is sure to make a stir, owing to the new and striking way in which the author presents the religious man as investigating his own relations to God."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Something should be done towards a revision of Horning and Burpee's "Bibliography" of Canadian Fiction. Perhaps the Canadian Society of Authors would undertake the task, and in that case these two gentlemen who prepared the volume might be members of the committee. In any case there should be a revised edition within the next year, or at least an appendix with corrections. In this volume the following books are erroneously classed as fiction:

Roughing it in the Bush, Mrs. Moodie;
Life in the Clearings, Mrs. Moodie;
Reveries of an Old Mother, C. E. Lewis;
Backward Glances, Thomas B. Smith;
Pen Photographs, Daniel Clarke;
Scenes and Adventures, J.W.D. Moodie;
Hudson's Bay, R. M. Ballantyne;
Winter Studies, Mrs. Jameson;
Stories of New France, Machar and Marquis;
Stories of the Maple Land, Miss Young.

And no doubt there are other similar mistakes. Gardner B. Chapin is classed as a native author, while the evidence is to the contrary. Mrs. C. F. Thompson's "Sketches from Life," Toronto, 1876, is omitted, as are Mary Catherine Crowley's three books, "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Strait," and "Love Thrives in War." There are other notable omissions, and there are many points which need clearing up. "Kaboosa," by

*"Inter-Communion with God," by Marshall P. Talling, B.A., Ph.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mrs. Anna L. Snelling, is another work whish might reasonably be included. The Ballantyne and Kingston lists are imperfect. If the Society of Authors will not take up the task, perhaps the Library Association will step into the breach. Much good work has been done, and the longer the remainder of it is undone the more difficult it will become.

RIDING AND DRIVING

IN spite of the fact that the American Sportsman's Library is edited by so unfair a person as Caspar Whitney, the volumes are valuable. This is especially true of "Riding and Driving,"* the virtues of which are due no doubt rather to the authors than to the editor of the series. Each author is a specialist in his work and also an enthusiast. He aims to give knowledge and also to help popularise one of the greatest and most wholesome of pleasures. The successful breeder and handler of horses is the man who recognises that there is a scientific side to riding and driving. The farmer's son who knows nothing of this philosophy or science will never rise to be a great breeder or owner. Yet this is a business which will absorb as much mental effort as any other. Besides, the expert handler is the man who can get most from an animal with the least expenditure of that animal's effort, and he is the one who has good, well-trained horses suitable for race track, horse-show, or other exhibition work. This profusely illustrated volume aims to give the citizen-owner of horses all the knowledge which is necessary to his success as a rider or driver.

A NEW NOVEL

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM delights in writing a novel with a mystery, and his latest production, "The Master Mummer,"† has the inevitable mystery appearing in the second chapter

MR. JACK LONDON

Mr. London's new book "The Game" is attracting considerable attention. Mr. London has also written "The War of the Classes," "The Call of the Wild," "People of the Abyss," "The Sea-Wolf," all published by Morang & Co.

in the form of a pretty girl, while the third chapter contains a murder that fairly conducts the reader into an unpleasantly murky condition of affairs, which, however, clears successfully. In fact, the hero and the heroine are last seen in a charming old garden where lavender and mignonette are the "insistent" odours. The story is only mildly mysterious, after all, and has too distinct a flavour of "The Prisoner of Zenda" to be regarded as stimulating or original. There is only one Princess Flavia and Anthony Hope is her creator. However, the book is much more delicate in literary workmanship than such clumsy imitations as "A Puppet Crown" and "Graustark." Mr. Oppenheim's story is suitable for an afternoon in the hammock or on the Niagara boat.

NOTES

There was one notable French settlement, or attempt at settlement, in Upper Canada about the beginning of the century. The story is interesting though it has little bearing on the general trend of events, nor

*Riding, by E. L. Anderson, and Driving, by Price Collier, in one volume. New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Morang Co. Cloth, 441 pp. Illustrated, $2.00.

†"The Master Mummer," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.

has it any importance in general history. What there is to know of the settlement is contained in a thesis prepared by a Yale graduate, Lucy E. Textor, and published in the "University of Toronto Studies," History and Economics, Vol. III, No. 1. Considering the opportunities, the author has done extremely well.

The histories of the United States are increasing in number with each successive publishing season. The Macmillan Co. are issuing a six-volume work by Edward Channing, a man whose name is greater than his accomplishment. The language of the first volume is often ludicrous. For example, describing the landfall of Columbus, and the vessels waiting for the dawn, he says:—"When daylight came the land turned out to be an island." What public school essayist could match that phrase for inelegancy? Nor is this an isolated failure to choose words which are proper and dignified. This volume deals only with the period between 1000 and 1660. The material is fairly well handled, though it can scarcely compete successfully with Fiske. Nor, according to the scholars, does it add anything to our knowledge of the period. (Toronto: Morang & Co., $2.50).

Mr. John Mackie, a Peter-like follower of Henty, writes a story entitled "Rising of the Red Man." (London: Jarrold & Sons.) It will interest the boy to whom it is given, but it will not ensure a proper conception of the reasons for the half-breed rebellions or the character of Louis Riel. It is over-coloured.

Louis Pendleton's "A Forest Drama" has its scenes laid in Canada. Even the heroine's name—Alberta—savours of the West.

The Victoria *Colonist* speaks highly of the growing group of authors in that city. This includes Vincent Harper whose first volume "A Mortgage on the Brain" has just been issued; D. W. Higgins, author of "The Mystic Spring"; Gordon Smith, whose stories have appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE; T. L. Grahame, Miss Cameron, C. H. Lugrin, and N. de Bertrand Lugrin (Mrs. Shaw). Vancouver also is the home of several authors of note; Mr. Henshaw, Harold Sands, Mrs. Lefevre and others.

Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec, the well-known educationist, has written two stories which have been published in one volume by the Quebec News Co. "The Little Sergeant" is a tale of that memorable Christmas of 1775, when Montgomery appeared before the gates of Quebec. "That Norwood Business Romance" deals also with an historical incident in the history of the Quebec district at the time its pioneer wooden railway was constructed. The volume is illustrated with Quebec scenes.

"Marcelle," by Mr. Hampden Burnham, the author of "Canadians in the Imperial Service," and "Jack Ralston," a new Canadian historical novel of the time of Frontenac in New France, is announced for publication about the 1st of June. Mr. Benjamin Sulté speaks well of Mr. Burnham's romance, which will be published in Canada by William Briggs, of Toronto.

The title of Mr. W. T. Dawson's collection of essays and addresses, "The Evangelistic Note,"* is somewhat unfortunate, as it suggests Moody and Sankey and Gospel hymns. Anything further removed from the ordinary trap-clap of the modern "evangelist's" address than these essays it would be difficult to imagine—they are virile and lofty in sentiment and the form of expression is undefiled English that suggests Henry Drummond, and yet has a quality all its own. The essays are written by a man who is not only possessed of deep religious feeling, but is also possessed of literary culture and a remarkable gift of picturesque expression. The address on "Self-Reservation," delivered to the students of Yale University, New Haven, is the most striking in a collection that has not a weak member.

Dr. Andrew Macphail, of Montreal, has written a volume entitled "Essays in Puritanism." (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) The five essays deal with five wonderful characters: Jonathan Edwards, John Winthrop, Margaret Fuller, Walter Whitman and John Wesley. The essays are fairly well done, although one hesitates to recommend them as model literature.

*"The Evangelistic Note," by W. T. Dawson. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Idle Moments.

NIGHT

He looked into the great glass globe,
And wondered much just why
Those gold fish didn't try
To have a rest or go to sleep,
And not forever—ever keep
On swimming by.

He thought of just the proper plan—
"D' poor fings cannot wink,
It's dark dey need, I fink—"
And so into the water clear,
The household pet—that baby dear!—
He poured the ink.

Margaret Clarke Russell.

IT REMINDED HIM

THE best remedy against a lapse of memory is the piece of thread tied about the finger. But there is a well-authenticated case of a man whose wife tied a piece of thread around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut.

On his way home to dinner he noticed the piece of thread. "Yes, I remember," he said, and, smiling proudly, entered the usual shop and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Why, I cut your hair this morning, sir!" said the astonished barber.—*Exchange.*

STODDARD'S "PSALM."

Some years ago a biography of Longfellow appeared. The author sent a copy to Richard Henry Stoddard with a suitable inscription on the flyleaf. Mr. Stoddard, who was a great friend, of

"Father, it's raining." . . . "Oh, well, let it rain." "I was going to, Father."—*Punch*

CURATE'S WIFE (given to nerves):—Hoppitt, would you mind seeing me as far as my house? The lane is so dark.

CHERRY CLODHOPPER:—Well, I'd rather not, mum. I promised my young woman I'd chuck that all up.—*From Judy.*

course, interested in everything pertaining to the poet, seated himself before the fire and spent two hours in going through the book. The work proved to be particularly strong on the anecdotal side, apparently not altogether to Mr. Stoddard's liking. Reaching the last page, he turned back to the flyleaf, drew a pencil from his pocket, and wrote below the inscription:

Lives of great men all inform us
That, when we are safely dead,
Liars large, immense, enormous,
Will write things we never said.

LARGE FARMS

"Yes, sir," resumed the western farmer, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around the little table; "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough a straight furrow until autumn. Then he turned round and harvested back.

"We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due at one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see, it was laid out in counties.

"And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was going around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."—*Tit-Bits.*

A BARGAIN

Prince Bismarck, it is said, once had to confer the Iron Cross on a hero in the ranks one day, and, thinking to try his humour on the man, he said: "I am authorised to offer you instead of the cross a hundred thalers. What do you say?"

"What is the cross worth?" quietly asked the man.

"About three thalers."

"Very well, then, your Highness, I'll take the cross and ninety-seven thalers."—*New York Daily Tribune.*

LOGICAL

A believer in mental healing recently inquired of a friend's small son: "How is your father?"

"Father is feeling bad, and complains much of his health," said the boy.

"That's all nonsense," replied the friend; "the next time your father complains, you must tell him that it is all imagination. Tell him to brace up; there is nothing the matter with him—he just thinks he is sick."

Two or three days after the gentleman again met the boy, and inquired about the health of his father. "Father thinks he is dead, sir," replied the boy.—*Argonaut.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF WILD ANIMALS

THE photography of wild animals is an interesting study in itself, for the conditions are such as to make the work of the photographer extremely difficult. To photograph a wild animal in its natural habitat requires an amount of time and patience which few people have at their disposal. In such cases the only thing for the animal photographer to do is to place his camera in position near the burrow or feeding ground of his subject, connect the shutter by means of a fine tube with his place of concealment some twenty or thirty feet away, cover his apparatus with leaves and, bulb in hand, patiently await developments. And even then it is a rare chance if he succeeds in getting even a passable photo of the animal in question.

THE WOODCHUCK

There are, however, various other ways of accomplishing the desired result. If, for instance, the photographer can gain the confidence and friendship of the wild animal, the work may be done under more favourable conditions. But, although the process of making friends with wild life is interesting in itself, it requires scarcely less time and patience than the more direct method.

Perhaps, after all, the most satisfactory results can be secured, with the least effort, by taking captive the animal to be photographed, and placing it in natural surroundings under such conditions that it cannot escape until the work of photographing is finished. The two accompanying photographs will serve to illustrate. The wood hare was photographed in its natural habitat in the thickest of a wooded ravine, but it was tied to the foot of the shrub in such a manner that it could not escape. In such cases, of course, care has to be exercised that the strap or cord does not injure the animal's leg, and that it does not show in the picture. The picture of

THE WOOD HARE

the woodchuck, on the other hand, was taken among the shrubbery of an enclosed garden, sufficiently resembling the shrubbery of the woods to appear natural. In both cases the animals had been taken captive some days previously and were released as soon as a satisfactory photo was secured.

DISEASE CARRIED BY SPRAY

A FRENCH military surgeon in Algiers has recently found that spray driven ashore from a stormy sea can effectively transmit disease germs. Carrying on his investigation at Bab-el-oued, near Algiers, at a point where a number of sewers discharged into the sea, he found that the spray, which was driven some 150 feet ashore and high into the air, contained three times the number of germs ordinarily present in the air. This spray forms a mist which permeates the houses near to the water's edge, and in it a number of virulent bacilli were found. When a gale is blowing off shore the effect is still more pronounced, and the proportion of germs increased, and the investigator is convinced that steps should be taken to protect shores from sewage pollution.

PAPER FROM PEAT

IRISH paper manufacturers are discussing with great interest the project undertaken by William M. Callender, of New York, to manufacture paper from Irish bog peat. The process is being put to the test near the famous bogs of Allen, in the heart of Ireland.

ANSWERS TO MAY PROBLEMS

THE word puzzle found few solutions and not one completely correct. A.B., Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, comes nearest as follows:

"Black" to "Green."
Bleak.
Break.
Breek.
Greek.
Green. Five changes.

"Green" to "White.'
Greet.
Three
Threw.
White. Four changes.

"White" to "Black."
While.
Whale.
Leach.
Chalk.
Black. Five changes.

"Wrong" to "Grown."
Grown. Transpose.

The last part of the answer is incomplete, as only one letter may be changed at a time.

Several excellent solutions have been received for the division problem; notably those from "Jean," Moosejaw; F. E. White, Hedley, B.C. (long); R. H. Phillimore, Montreal (long); W. M. Marshall, Goderich; and F. E. Cann, Oshawa. The first solution is as follows:

7ab)x77xx7(cde

(*a*) Now b x e, must end in 7, and 7ab x e = x777. There are two combinations, 1.7 and 3.9.

(1) Now 7a1 x 7 cannot end in 777.

(2) Now 7a7 x 1 cannot give x777, so these numbers will not suit.

(3) Now 7a3 x 9, if a = 5, would give 6777, which would be satisfactory.

(4) Now 7a9 x 3 would not give x777, no matter what a would become.
Therefore divisor is 753.

(*b*)

```
      1
753)x77xx7(23
    1506
    ----
     27xx
     2259
     ----
      5xx7
```

The first digit in the dividend may be 1; substitute and test by dividing.

In this way the last figure in quotient could not be 9, for in multiplying we get 6777 and 5xx7 is the greatest value.

(2) The first digit may be 2; substitute and try

```
753)277xx7(369
    2259
    ----
     52xx
     4518
     ----
      6xx7
      6777
```

When x, x are 8, 5 as can be readily seen the problem works.

Therefore 753x369 = 277857, the dividend.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

THE first session of the Ontario Assembly under the Whitney Government was prorogued on May 25th, having lasted for two months and having been characterised by few new measures. The amendments to the license law, while not of a drastic nature, were such as seemed to meet with the approval of the public. Those licensed hotels that were merely bars and were equipped with practically no accommodation for the travelling public, have in many cases been refused a renewal of license, others have received temporary permits, and in other instances better accommodation has been demanded. It is intimated that during the recess the Government will consider the whole question, with a view to further amendments in the law, and reduction of licenses.

In railroad legislation the Government has announced that the system of railroad subsidies is not to be continued and that the perpetual franchise to electric railroads will not be considered with favour. The cancelling of the second power concession to the Nicholls syndicate may result in "the adoption of a policy which shall give cheap electric service to the communities of Southern and Western Ontario."

Undoubtedly, the most remarkable measure of the session was the University Act, which, in the aid extended to the Provincial University, and in the creation of a large public hospital in connection with that institution, showed an educational policy of breadth and liberality in keeping with the growth and needs of the Province. The second clause of the Act empowers the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council on behalf of the Province of Ontario in contract with the Trustees of the University of Toronto to pay to them an annual sum not exceeding thirty thousand dollars per annum for a period not exceeding thirty years. Of the money so to be raised $300,000 may be applied towards reorganising Toronto General Hospital, and $50,000 in and towards the erection of a residence for men students. The board appointed by the "Act incorporating the University Residence Trustees" to receive donations, to erect the residence and to manage and administer the same shall be Edwin Canfield Whitney, of Ottawa; the Honourable Samuel Hume Blake; Zebulun Aiton Lash; Joseph Wesley Flavelle; and William Thomas White, of Toronto.

The "Succession Duty Amendment Act" provides for an additional duty where more than $50,000 passes to any person by bequest. The act does not apply to property devised or bequeathed to any corporation or association, or any person or persons for religious, charitable or educational purposes to be carried on within the Province of Ontario.

CANADA'S CREDIT

IT is an evil omen for the Empire that the British public is not investing as freely as in former years in Canadian securities, though Canada's credit never stood higher than at the present moment, and the Danaë shower of profits from the development of her chief national asset—the illimitable grain fields of the Northwest—is now falling into the treasury of every Canadian business. Last year provincial, municipal, corporation and Grand Trunk Pacific bonds to the value of more than £10,000,000 were sold in Canada, and British purchases amounted to little more than five per cent. Investors in the United States took about seventeen per cent., while all the Grand Trunk Pacific bonds are held by an American firm, and the remaining half were taken by Canadians.

There is reason to believe that British holdings in established Canadian undertakings have been slowly but surely diminishing in aggregate amount for some years past, and it would be interesting to know whether this process of withdrawing the tentacles of British capital—a "dying octopus," according to a transatlantic economist—is going on elsewhere in the circuit of our Imperial interests.—*London Outlook.*

TURBINE BATTLESHIPS

THE British Admiralty is asking for tenders for turbine machinery for a new battleship. This is a sign that the new idea in marine propulsion has made an impression in very conservative quarters. The *Victorian* and *Virginian* may be epoch markers as well as record makers. —*Montreal Gazette.*

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS

IN Germany, the railroads are owned and operated by the Government, and nobody ever heard of traffic being blocked by a strike, says a writer in a United States magazine. In Austria the story is the same. In Australia it is the same. In New Zealand it is the same. Nowhere on earth, so far as I know, has there ever been a strike when the principle of government ownership was in operation. Take those cities of England where the street cars are owned and operated by the city government. Who has ever heard of a strike on those lines? From Liverpool to Birmingham and from Birmingham to Glasgow, you will find the principle of public ownership applied with perfect success and nowhere has the operation of public utilities by the public been stopped by a strike.

It seems almost impossible for the people of our great cities to learn the lesson taught by our own troubles, and taught further by the object lessons furnished us by nationalities which are not such cowardly slaves of the corporations as we seem to be. The most amazing feature in American life to-day is the audacity with which predatory corporations ride forth, like the feudal barons of olden times, to strike down the average citizen and rob him of what he makes as fast as he makes it. Individually, we have plenty of courage, but, collectively, we are the most cowardly creatures on earth. The communal spirit seems to be dead within us. Public opinion is in its infancy. The strength which lies dormant within us because of our numbers seems to be a fact of which the masses are totally ignorant.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE

THE first session of the eleventh Legislature of the Province of Quebec was prorogued on May 20th. During this session, Mr. Parent resigned, and Mr. Gouin succeeded to the Premiership. Some notable changes were made in the revenue laws. A tax of two cents per $100 upon the transfer of stocks and bonds was adopted; non-resident commercial travellers having no place of business in Canada, must pay $300 each for a license; navigation, telegraph and trust companies must pay special taxes. An additional subsidy of $50,000 was granted in aid of elementary schools. Premier Mercier's law granting a hundred acres of land to the parents of twelve living children was repealed. The original idea was that the parents would grant the land to their sons and thus colonisation would be induced. Disappointment at the results and the presence of fraud led to the repeal.

IMPERIAL PROGRESS

THE London Chamber of Commerce has sent out a notice to the Boards of Trade in the Empire, convening a congress of Chambers of Commerce, to be held in London, in June, 1906.

The proposed congress will be the sixth of the series, the fifth having been held in Montreal in 1903. It was attended by 500 delegates.

The present notice is only preliminary, but a number of suggestions are made as to the subjects to be discussed. They include the commercial relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies, intercolonial trade relations, bounties, codification of the commercial law of the Empire, and bills of exchange and lading. The subject of the defence of the Empire and many other important questions will be discussed.

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

Painted by Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), who is perhaps the greatest English painter of landscape. "Colossal in power, he was also tender and delicate in harmony of tint and subtlety of drawing," says Ruskin. This picture was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1899, for $100,000, it is said, and bequeathed by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it now hangs

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The Life and Works of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

HE must indeed be either a dullard or a hopeless Philistine who can inspect the treasures of the Turner Room in the National Gallery of London without carrying away an unforgettable impression of marvellous genius, of exuberant fancy and of fairy-like colouring. That room, specially reserved by a grateful nation for Turner's masterpieces, is a veritable shrine of British art, so that it is with satisfaction we record the fact that within its four walls are daily to be seen numbers of appreciative visitors of every class in life.

Joseph Mallord William Turner, "whose life was in every sense a remarkable one for its humble origin and for its splendid results," was born in 1775, the son of a hair-dresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. From a very early age young Joseph Turner gave unmistakable signs of natural talent, becoming at fourteen a student of the Royal Academy, although as a boy he never received a single lesson from a drawing master. In 1800, whilst as yet only twenty-four, Turner was elected an Associate, and two years later a full Academician of the Royal Academy, where in the course of the next fifty years he exhibited no fewer than three hundred pictures. Possessing in a strongly-marked degree the genius that is near allied to madness, the successful painter led an eccentric and somewhat mysterious existence, a large portion of which was spent in travelling amongst the most famous cities and scenery of France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. Italy, of course, supplied the English artist with the most favourable material for his romantic imagination and his untiring brush, so that it is to his southern wanderings that we owe his magnificent pictures of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage in Italy," of "Crossing the Brook," of "The Bay of Baia near Naples," and of that truly gorgeous piece of colouring, "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus," of which we give a reproduction in these pages. Here the artist has chosen the moment when the Greek hero, standing on the poop of his galley, mocks the distant and helpless form of the one-eyed Cyclops, whilst fairy forms in the brilliantly-lit waves assist the Greek sailors in moving their vessels away from the rock-bound coast out to the open sea, all glittering in the sunrise. Somewhat similar in idea and treatment to the "Ulysses" is another very famous work —"The Sun of Venice"—wherein the historic city appears like some rainbow-hued and unsubstantial celestial vision hovering above the misty lagoon, upon whose waters are depicted innumerable picturesque fishing boats with bright-coloured sails. In all these works we see the azure skies and seas, the soft golden atmosphere, the rich vegetation, the classic ruins and the merry peasants of the sunny South presented before us with a poetic charm and a brilliancy of colour that have never been equalled,

far less surpassed, by other landscape painters.

Nevertheless, neither the magic of Venetian sunsets and Roman ruins, nor the softer charms of the valleys of the Rhine and the Loire, could make this truly national painter indifferent to or contemptuous of the more sober beauties of his own native land, which he has depicted for us in a vast number of compositions, both in oils and water-colours. The quays and shipping of the River Thames and the neighbourhood of Chelsea seem to have had an especial attraction for this erratic artist, as numerous works testify; but Turner wandered far afield over different parts of the kingdom, and with ceaseless energy and unfailing skill painted the ruined castles of Wales and the grim cathedrals of the North and Midlands. Nor did Turner overlook the artistic elements to be found in the then newly-discovered powers of steam, as may be seen in his well-known picture, "The Great Western Railway," in which an express train is represented as tearing along a high embankment in a luminous mass of steam, mist and struggling sunlight. In fact, by his early perception of the beautiful that can be found in the prosaic and ordinary surroundings of modern life, Turner distinctly forestalled the ideas of a much later genius of our own age, the late John McNeil Whistler.

Though universally recognised as the leading landscape painter of his day, and consequently gaining large sums of money by his labours, Turner continued to prefer a life of squalor and strict retirement to the last, finally dying in December, 1851, at the age of seventy-six, under an assumed name and in humble lodgings at his favourite resort of Chelsea, then a quiet country village rather than a suburb of the great spreading city of London. The body of the eccentric artist was, however, buried beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, an honour that was highly deserved, both for Turner's wonderful merits as a painter and also for his unique generosity in bequeathing to the nation the set of superb masterpieces that now hang in the National Gallery.

As in the cases of Raphael, Titian and other world-famous painters, Turner's working life can be divided into three distinct periods, corresponding with his youth, his manhood, and his old age; whilst of these three his middle period exhibits by far the richest colouring and the freest execution. Although an original genius in the highest sense, the influence of two earlier artists is distinctly traceable in Turner's productions: that of the French painter, Claude Lorraine, in his earlier pictures; and of Richard Wilson in his later and inferior works. As a young man Turner had a boundless regard for the method and effects of the great French landscape painter, whom he tried to rival and surpass in various pictures, one of which, his "Dido Superintending the Building of Carthage"—an idea suggested by the well-known passages in Virgil's Æneid—gave him complete satisfaction. By a special request in the artist's will this grand picture now hangs beside a fine specimen by Claude Lorraine in the National Gallery, where any visitor, by comparing the two canvases, can at once perceive the inferiority of the English artist to his French model.

Turner's favourite and, perhaps, most characteristic painting is "The Fighting Téméraire Dragged to Her Last Berth." This work, which has long been one of the most popular pictures in the National Gallery, was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1839. The subject was suggested to the artist by the spectacle of the gallant old man-of-war being tugged out of Plymouth harbour in order to be broken up. The *Téméraire*, originally a French battleship captured in Aboukir Bay, had played a leading part under Captain Eliab Harvey in the Battle of Trafalgar, so that public sentiment was aroused by the decree of the Admiralty to destroy this historic but useless old servant of the British Navy. The splendid sunset on this occasion, of which Turner was an eye-witness, combined with a pathetic interest in the glorious old hulk, induced the artist to throw all his unrivalled powers into this particular work with a success that can only be fully

ULYSSES DEFYING POLYPHEMUS, THE CYCLOPS—BY TURNER

From the picture in the National Gallery, London

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE—BY TURNER

From the Oil Painting in the National Gallery, London. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1839

realised by those who have seen the rich but sombre colouring of the original painting.

The three works which have just been described serve admirably to illustrate Turner's marvellous and varied schemes of colour. In the "Dido at Carthage" we should note the perfect restraint used in the whole composition, where tender greys and browns predominate in the great buildings in the foreground, and the water is of a cool agate-green shade, whilst a pale yet mellow atmosphere is shed over the whole scene. It is very different with the "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus"—judged of some critics to be Turner's grandest conception—where the whole canvas appears one bewildering, yet exquisite riot of light and colour. The deep sapphire-blue sea is made to sparkle like jewels in the early sunbeams, which suffuse the savage rocks, the fleecy clouds and the Greek ships with deep, rosy tints. The three primaries of red, blue and yellow are lavishly used, whilst the whole picture seems bathed in a golden glory, such as is sometimes to be observed in the works of the old Venetian masters, from whom Turner doubtless drew much of his inspiration. In strong contrast with this gorgeous piece of colouring is the sombre study of the "Fighting Téméraire," in which the inky-black forms of the grand old battleship and its attendant steam tug stand out distinct against leaden sea and sky, only faintly illumined by the expiring rays of a fast-sinking blood-red sun. But for the one lurid streak of reflection cast on the calm opaque waters, this picture may be termed a veritable Nocturne, of which the *motif* suggests the later art of Whistler.

Before concluding this little sketch, it is necessary to allude to the great art critic whose name is especially associated with Turner's pictures. John Ruskin, the great apostle of the beautiful, both in art and nature, whilst still a very young man, conceived an intense admiration for Turner's style and method of painting.

DIDO SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING OF CARTHAGE—BY TURNER

From the Picture in the National Gallery, London

The artist, who was then a very old man, seems to have shown himself more amused than flattered by such lavish praise from a youthful enthusiast; but the early judgment of Ruskin, though extravagantly expressed, has rarely been disputed by public or by artists, who still regard Turner as the most brilliant and original landscape painter Britain—and perhaps Europe—has yet produced.

The Turner Method

By THE EDITOR

IT is almost impossible, in a magazine, to bring home to those who have never seen a Turner picture any definite idea of the Turner method. The flat reproductions to which a magazine is limited fail to convey the beautiful blending of reds, blues and yellows which make his pictures a blaze of glorious colour. The accompanying reproductions of some of his famous oil paintings can give only an index to the magnificence of his conceptions and the ambition in his choice of subject.

There is one point which may be emphasised: that Turner is seldom true to nature. His picture of Venice is different from the real Venice; his picture of any particular scene is different from the scene itself. Further, his monochromes and water-colours are often of "a slight, allusive nature," because they are but sketches, not finished pictures. Only his later water-colours are real pictures. Turner is thus a complex subject for study or discussion.

Goethe pointed out that Rubens showed himself *above* nature, and proved that art is not entirely subject to natural necessities but has laws of its own. So with Turner. He was the first of the Impressionists. He sought to "paint the atmosphere, the envelopment of coloured objects seen at a distance, rather than the things enveloped." First he painted nature as the masters painted it; then he painted it as he saw it; finally, he painted it as he interpreted it. In the last stage he was *above* nature, using his intelligence to produce an art which might rival nature's glories. He was a genius in impressions. He created colour enigmas which only a sympathetic student of his work may solve. No Venice, no Rome, no Carthage, no sea, no Alpine landscape, no Arundel Castle could be so suggestive as his pictures of these—because he added to and glorified what he saw. He exaggerated as the poet exaggerates—in order to deepen and magnify the impression which he desired to make. "He strives to do that which strikes him in what he sees, to see it more completely, to show it to others as the sole thing to be seen therein. . . . In a boat lashed by the tempest all that subsists is the impression of headlong flight before the wind, and a leaping over obstacles, the straining of masts, the letting loose of the atmosphere, the baffling of the sea."

For the amateur the *Studio's* special Turner number will be found the most useful guide to his work. Here is a quotation from one of the articles:

"Withal, Turner is English—English in his subjects, English in his passion for nature, English in his colour. His foremost subject is the sea, not the mere grey or blue line of the horizon setting off a landscape, or some unused lagoon, wherein are generated and multiply the puny lives of an inferior animal existence; 'tis the open, redoubtable, ever-varying sea, at times under control although in motion, occasionally narrowed in the confines of a port but with an outlet on the infinite. He has gone in quest of the moments when the water is itself, when it possesses a physiognomy, is not a simple track cloven by ships, or a mirror into which one gazes; but when it is at one and the same time an obstacle and a help, akin to an uncertain character, and quivering with a passion that is unstable and restless, yet proper to it. It is, moreover, the great highway by which England communicates with the world's immensity, and through which the British Empire is in touch with its colonies."

AGRIPPINA BRINGING HOME THE ASHES OF GERMANICUS—BY TURNER

A Picture of Imperial Rome about the time of the Birth of Christ, the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill in the distance

MALTA—THE HARBOUR AT VALETTA

A Day in Malta

By JEAN TEMPLER

ON the early morning of March 23rd, 1904, the *Grosser Kurfurst*, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, sailed into Valetta harbour, island of Malta. On board were eight hundred pilgrims from North America, bound for the Holy Land. The pilgrimage had been arranged by the World's Executive Committee of Sunday-school Workers, and the chief object was to attend the World's Fourth Sunday-school Convention in Jerusalem. A tour was also to be made to the chief ports around the Mediterranean. Madeira, Gibraltar, and Algiers had already been visited, and now we were to spend a day in Malta.

There are three islands in the Maltese group. Malta, the largest, is 17½ miles long and 9¼ miles wide, and together with Gozo and Comino, form a crown colony of Great Britain. Naturally barren and rocky, they have been rendered fertile by industry and toil. About one-third of Malta is still unfit for cultivation and very sparsely inhabited; consequently the people are crowded into villages and towns in the eastern part. The population is rapidly increasing, and at the present numbers over 2,500 to the square mile, making it one of the most densely populated districts in Europe. The British Mediterranean fleet spends the winters in her harbours, and a large naval and military force is stationed in the place. The military garrison is said to be the strongest in any of the British colonies. History records very little previous to the Christian era, but since that time Malta has held an important place in the records of the races that have dominated the Mediterranean. Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans and Arabs in turn held sway; but by far the most interesting period in its history was from 1522, when the famous Knights of St. John secured a charter of the island from the Spanish House of Aragon. They held it until 1798, when Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt with his fleet, dropped anchor in Valetta and compelled the brave knights to surrender. In the wonderful fortifications built on every available position the name of the knights has been perpetuated.

Long before dawn the island was sighted, and an eager, expectant company had gathered on the upper deck and the forward part of the vessel. We could make out the indentations in the northern

shore, and there were many speculations as to which was St. Paul's Bay. One smart fellow, an American preacher, announced confidently that he could point it out for he knew exactly what it looked like, having seen some recent photographs. Ten minutes later we heard him exultantly exclaim:

"There, that's it! Don't you see St. Paul's statue on that little island in the bay?"

Some were convinced, and were quite rather barren appearance. At irregular intervals were low stone fences terracing the sides of the hills, and enclosing any areas of land fit for cultivation. Very little foliage could be seen, but to relieve the monotony of the landscape was an occasional carob tree and some straggling masses of the prickly pear.

As we approached our destination, the city of Valetta could be seen on Mount Sceberras, the rocky ridge which runs out from the land into the middle of the

MALTA—ANOTHER VIEW OF VALETTA HARBOUR

sure they could see the statue. Others were doubtful. All felt much disappointed and the preacher decidedly crestfallen when a messenger from the captain informed us that we had passed St. Paul's Bay long before dawn. The disappointment was so keen that the captain promised us we should see the bay before the day closed.

The outlines of the island began to stand out distinctly. The reddish grey soil covering the hillsides, which sloped upward from the shore, presented a bay like a tongue and forms the two harbours, Marsamusceit on the west and Valetta on the east. Standing on the point of the ridge was Fort St. Elmo, one of the first strongholds built by the famous knights. Many changes have doubtless been wrought and the whole modernised and materially strengthened. As we studied the details of the almost impregnable fortifications, we began to understand why Malta was first called the "key to the eastern Mediterranean."

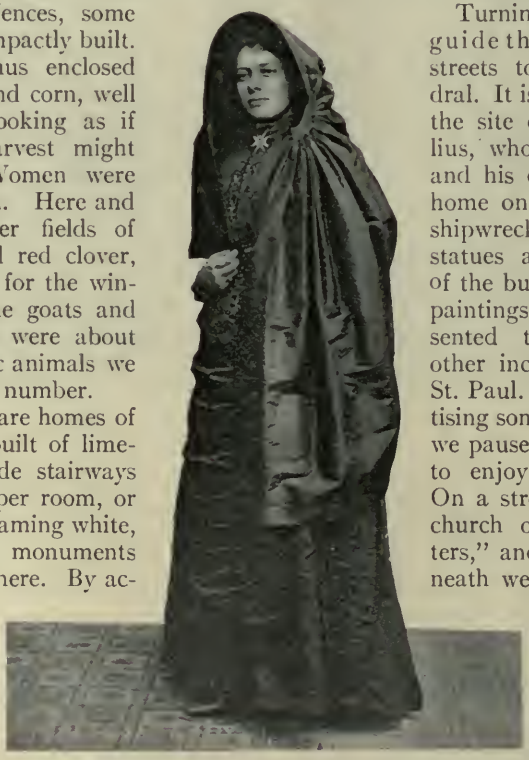
As we passed the point, other fortifi-

cations loomed up before us, and we felt as if running the gauntlet when we passed, between rows of bristling guns, through the narrow entrance into the land-locked harbour of Valetta. We cast anchor several yards from the quay, and the small boats were kept busy for nearly two hours landing the pilgrims. Carriages awaited us and we were soon driven to the station, where we were to take the train to Cetta Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island.

Securing our tickets we passed through a sloping cement tunnel. Brass handrails ran along each side and a double row of electric bulbs studded the ceiling. The railroad coaches stood in readiness, and we were carried through another tunnel 1,800 feet long, hewn from the solid rock. A dimly burning oil lamp at each end of the coach was our only light, and we were glad when we emerged into the light of day. From our car windows could be seen, stretching miles away to the right and to the left, the stone fences, some loosely, some compactly built. In the plots thus enclosed were potatoes and corn, well cultivated and looking as if an abundant harvest might be gathered. Women were assisting the men. Here and there were larger fields of sulla, a beautiful red clover, which was raised for the winter feeding of the goats and donkeys. These were about the only domestic animals we saw in any great number.

The small, square homes of the natives are built of limestone with outside stairways leading to an upper room, or the flat roof. Gleaming white, they looked like monuments scattered everywhere. By actual measurement many of the houses were found to be not more than ten or twelve feet square, and in the one room ate and slept large families. As one might suppose, the sanitary condition was much below the average. When about two miles out from Valetta we saw to our right the handsome country residence of General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke, the present governor of the island.

After a ride of seven miles we reached the station. A steep climb brought us to Cetta Vecchia, the ancient capital, overlooking a small fertile valley. Many of the native gentry and some of the British officers reside here, in comfortable homes, which are surrounded by beautiful gardens of rare flowers and tropical plants. Snow and frost are unknown. Commodious barracks for the British soldiers topped the opposite ridge. Looking southward we could see Casal Dingli, while just beyond it the highest peak on the island rose 750 feet above sea-level. Over the steep cliffs that rise almost perpendicular from the southern shore, could be seen glimpses of the Mediterranean waters.



A MALTESE WOMAN WITH "FALDETTA" OR HEAD-COVERING

Turning, we followed our guide through the narrow streets to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is supposed to occupy the site of the house of Publius, who had received Paul and his companions into his home on the occasion of their shipwreck. Paintings and statues adorned the interior of the building. Some of the paintings on the ceiling represented the shipwreck and other incidents in the life of St. Paul. The choir was practising some Easter music, and we paused for a few moments to enjoy the sweet melody. On a street near by was the church of "The Little Sisters," and in a grotto underneath we saw a statue of St. Paul and one of St. Luke.

Few of us had known anything of the catacombs that undermined the old city, and it was with new in-

A CROSS STREET SCENE IN VALETTA

terest that we accepted the lighted tapers and entered the chambers of death. On we went through the winding rock tunnels, stopping here and there to note in the walls, niches and cavities where had once rested human remains.

"Sometime Christian hide here," our guide informed us. "They make writin'," and he pointed to some inscriptions on the walls. We were unable to decipher them, and he, evidently not wishing to spoil his credit, hurried on and left our questions unanswered. Many of the passages were so narrow that we carried off on our clothing some of the damp mould that covered the walls. Half an hour's tramp through this musty, deserted underground city of the dead was quite enough, and we were glad to get out again into the bright sunlight and balmy air of the delightful March morning.

Standing on the station platform when we arrived, were a number of British redcoats, waiting to take the train to Valetta. I was soon engaged in conversation with one who was a teacher in gymnastics. Taciturn and uncommunicative as Englishmen usually are, the Canadian flag had proved an excellent talisman on this occasion, and I learned many things of interest.

"What is the principal religion on the island?" was one of my first questions.

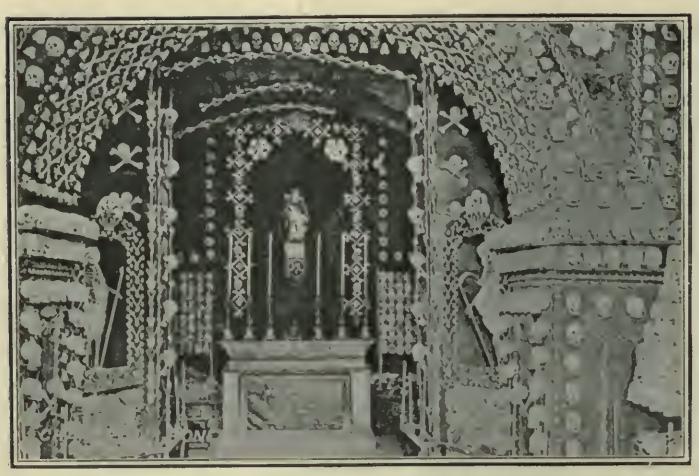
"Well," he answered, "most of the natives and some of the soldiers are Roman Catholics, and the festivals and ceremonies of their church keep them busy."

"And the rest?" I ventured.

"English Church mostly," was the answer.

"What about your schools?" I queried. "Have you good schools?"

MALTA—A TYPICAL STREET IN VALETTA



MALTA—INTERIOR OF CHAPEL OF BONES IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, VALETTA

"Fairly good," he replied. "They are conducted after the manner of the board schools in England, but are not so well equipped."

"What language do you teach?"

"The Arabic was almost the only language used," he answered, "until last year, when a law was passed making English compulsory. In fifteen years English alone must be the language of school and court."

The whistle of the approaching train warned us to be in readiness. As soon as the passengers were seated and the train had moved out towards Valetta, I again began my catechism.

"What do you consider the main characteristics of the natives?"

"Quick temper," he replied. "You see, they are an admixture of Spaniards, Italians, and Arabic blood."

"What language do they speak?"

"Mostly Arabic, with a number of corrupt Italian words."

"Are they industrious?"

"Fairly so," was the answer, "but the men see to it that the women are always on hand to do their share of the work." "Speaking of the women," I said, "What a peculiar head-dress they wear! What do they call it?"

He smiled. "Faldetta, I believe. When I return to England I shall take one to my sister."

"When the women are not working in the fields how do they busy themselves?" I asked.

"Have you not seen them making lace?" he asked. "If I had known you were interested I could have shown you some lace-makers in Cetta Vecchia quite near the station. However," he added, "they are to be seen in Valetta too. I am quite sorry," looking at his watch, "that I cannot take you to see the women at their homes. I must go to my class as soon as I arrive, and we are almost there."

I was anxious to gain as much information as possible, and hurried the next

MALTA—ROYAL OPERA HOUSE IN VALETTA

question: "For what is the island principally noted?"

"Honey and fruits are the principal exports."

"Is the soil good?"

"Yes, it is very rich, although quite thin. You may know that much of the soil was brought here in ship-loads by the Knights of St. John. Have you heard of them?" he asked.

"Yes; but I do not know much about them."

"Well, you see they built wonderful fortifications in many parts of Malta. Some are now in use, but many have fallen into ruins."

But further speech was impossible, as we had entered the tunnel. When we drew up at the station the soldier asked me for my Canadian flag, and in exchange offered me a badge which he had worn through the South African war. The exchange was made and, touching his cap, he stepped quickly from the car and was lost in the crowd, while I rejoined my companions.

Valetta proved even more interesting than the old capital. The main street runs along the ridge of the rocky prominence on which the city is built. The cross streets descend on each side by steep flights of stone steps to the water's edge. The houses are built of stone, and for the most part have flat roofs, while from many of the windows project wooden balconies. The public buildings are large, substantial structures, among which is the finest naval hospital in Europe. We saw several very large and handsome Roman Catholic churches, the most interesting of which was the Cathedral of St. John, another monument to the memory of the famous knights. The floors were inlaid with rich and many-coloured marbles, and before statue altar on pillars memorial tablets had been placed to commemorate the lives of some of the Grand Masters.

The Governor's Palace, once the residence of the Grand Masters, contains a large hall used as an armoury. Two rows of pillars run the full length of the room, and from each column hangs a suit of mail once worn by these stalwart knights of the seventeenth century. Enclosed in a cabinet hangs the trumpet that had sounded their retreat from the island of Rhodes in December, 1522. The carriage in which Napoleon had ridden was pointed out. Near by stood several cannon that had been used by the knights when he attacked their forts.

The picture gallery of the palace contains many beautiful and costly paintings. One of the finest represents the assassination of Dragut, the noted Turkish naval commander who had conducted one of the most famous sieges recorded in history. At the end of the gallery a door opened into the Council Chamber, and we had a glimpse of the elegant upholstery and the beautiful tapestry draped around the walls. The members of the council were gathering for the afternoon session, and we were permitted only a momentary glance before the doors were closed.

As we were leaving the main street to return to the boat the milk vendors were driving in their flocks of goats; and it caused much merriment among the pilgrims to see the housewife appear at the door with her pitcher. The little milkmaid would squat behind the goat and secure the desired pint or quart of milk, and then follow on to stop in answer to the next call.

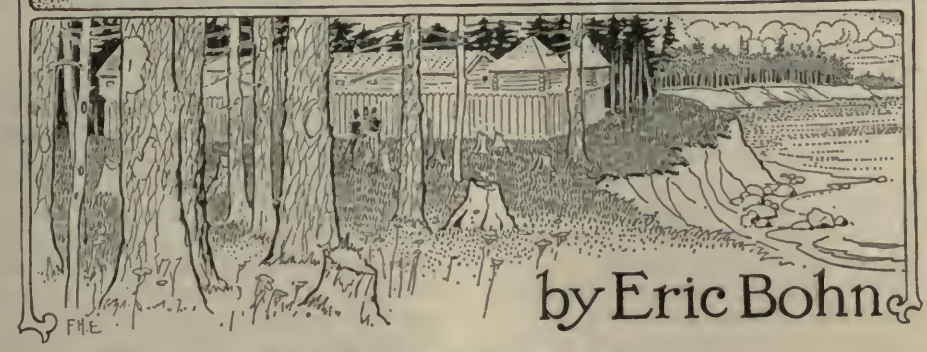
When the great ship swung out of the harbour and headed westward we knew that our good captain had not forgotten his promise. We were yet to see that bay celebrated in Bible story.* Just before the sun went down we looked into the placid waters of St. Paul's Bay. Our imaginations were busy as we leaned over the railing of the *Grosser Kurfurst* that afternoon. Every detail of that tragic scene that had been enacted upon these waters more than nineteen hundred years ago, stood out vividly before us. The shadows of evening began to fall, and once more our good ship was bearing us eastward.

That night as we were borne onward to the shores of Greece, we dreamed of the mail-clad knights in battle array, captained by the brave Tarsian soldier, whose names will ever be inseparably connected in our minds with the far-famed island of Malta.

*Acts, chapters xxvii and xxviii.

"Some men were splitting pine logs into slabs and hewing them down for roof planks . . ."—*The Builders*

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohne

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago.

CHAPTER XXV

THE woman went out to interrogate her husband and Helen returned to her writing, but in a few minutes Latimer came in again.

"Is them letters you are at?" he asked, as she folded a sheet and slipped it into her reticule.

"Yes," she replied, "I hope to send them away when the lake opens."

"Your post will be long in going," he said, wagging his head. "It may take a month to clear the ice off the bay; and there ain't a single post-office anywheres this side o' Little York, and being as the Yankees fight well on the lakes, it might be dangerous to send letters that way, even if they was open."

"Letters will keep," replied Helen, serenely. "And the Americans cannot always have it their own way."

"I didn't say they could, only what you have writ down will be an old story before you get it off your hands."

"Old stories are said to be the best, you know."

"So I've heeard. It's none of my bizness anyhow, an' as I tell my old woman, you can do as you durned please."

He threw back his head and cackled in apology for his rudeness, while Helen folded her tablets and put on her wraps to go out. The hazy sun was still an hour high. On the hill she could see her future home with walls up and rafter poles in place, and not far from it sounded the "yo-heave" of the men, who with long pikes were raising the logs of the larger house.

Gathering up her skirts to keep them out of the melting snow, Helen hastened over to the scene. Harold was superintending the men on one side of the building as she joined him.

"Thát'll be our new home, sweetheart," he said, nodding toward the first building. "How do you like it?"

"Logs all round, it looks queer," was her answer.

"Yes, but the shingles have to go on yet."

"What about doors and windows?"

"They will cut holes in the sides to-day and put them in afterwards."

"What a ninny I am not to think of it! How hard the men work!"

"Yes. This house, too, has to be up to-night, and made ready for shingles as well."

"Oh! if the rain would only keep off."

"Yes, that would be grand. In the meantime we are all doing our best."

Some men were splitting pine logs into slabs and hewing them down for roof planks; and already some were being laid on the rafters of Helen's house. Others were preparing shingles for it, climbing walls and cutting apertures. Doorways, jamways, chimneys, were all being made. Every one was busy.

By the next afternoon, much had been accomplished. Each man's coat was off —work was unabated—no rain had fallen —but heavy clouds covered the sky—and Bateese's prediction seemed likely of fulfilment.

The shingling of Helen's house had been finished. A log fire was burning on the andirons, while men were doing their best in many ways to make it habitable.

"Can I have my boxes brought in now?' Helen asked of Harold. "There's the first drop of rain."

"Yes, if the rubbish can be cleaned out of the way."

"Emmeline and I will see to that."

Then Bateese and the soldiers brought over what was personal for Helen's cottage; while she, Harold and Emmeline did the rest.

In the preparations of the officer's house, progress had been slower; but as it was evident that rain would be upon them by night, the energies of the men had been taxed to their utmost. Bit by bit the place was put in order, and load after load of goods was brought in and piled at random even before the roof was closed in.

"The shingling must be finished no matter how it rains," cried Captain Payne. "And every man shall have an extra ration of grog when it is done. The officers will occupy this house to-night, no matter what happens."

The promise of extra liquor, for all were wet, stimulated to greater exertion, and valiantly the men obeyed orders. By night rain came down in torrents. Though drenched to the skin, the shinglers continued their work until the last one was laid, and beneath the sheltering roof of their new cottage, Sir George and his officers gathered together before the night closed in.

Still the walls of the barracks were only partly up, and for that night the men, notwithstanding the rain, were obliged to return to their old quarters. So with the women in the *Bumble-bee*, Harold and Helen in their new cottage, the officers in their house and the men in their old camp, the night wore on.

By-and-bye the east wind veered to the south. With warmer air and rain the snow and ice melted rapidly away. But toward morning another change came. The wind swept to the west and increased to a hurricane. Savagely the frozen surface of the bay broke up, toppling huge waves over each other in fury, and forcing the ice blocks out to the freer space along the eastern shore. So mad was the wind, so wild the elements, bursting free from the icy grip of winter—that the lake at Beausoliel tossed mountains high in a white-capped sea of foam. The trouble, however, was not in the distance, but at hand.

During the earlier hours of the night, tired out by their day's work, the men slept soundly, notwithstanding the tempest. The pine-needle padding of the roofs of the camp in some measure protected the bunks from leakage, and as the soldier heeds not the storm, save when summoned to duty, on they slept. By-and-bye the wind increased in savage

fury. Stakes loosened, camp poles swayed, and at the earliest dawn the sentry sounded the alarm. But it was none too soon. The men had scarcely time to spring to their feet and don their jackets before the crash came. There were oaths and yells and confusion; clashing of timbers and popping of heads through the debris; while not a few derisive laughs rang out above the sound of the slashing wind.

"What a devilish row!" cried Corporal Bond to Hardman as they fell over each other in making their exit. "A complete flattener. Pray God none o' the boys are killed!"

"It beats all," returned Hardman, as a flying stick struck him on the head and knocked him over. But he was up in a moment vigorously rubbing the place. "Jimminy, Isaacs! Lucky the women are in the boat!" he yelled out.

"Is it though?" cried the Corporal, as a wild shout came from the stormy bay beneath them.

"Ba Gosh, vat's de matter wid de *Bumble-bee*?" yelled Bateese, who, after crawling from beneath a stack of pine poles rushed to their side. There was commotion down there, no doubt, though what it was the darkness hid from view. Away went Bateese running with tremendous strides and followed by the others, realising that possibly the women might be in danger.

Protected from wind and wave by the island already mentioned, the ice between the latter and the shore withstood the force of the tempest the longest. At the northern end of the protected channel lay the *Bumble-bee*, and while stationary in the ice the storm failed to rouse the occupants. The sudden veering of the wind, however, changed the flattened surface into a boiling cauldron. Tumultuously the ice was broken into fragments, and the little ship frozen solid at her moorings for the whole of the winter, was suddenly tossed like a toy upon the seething waters.

Latimer and his wife were both roused by the lurch of the boat. As an old seaman, he knew at once what had happened, and rushing for his cable-rope called loudly for assistance. At the same moment the terrified women screamed for help, feeling the boat tossed like a cockle-shell beneath them.

"Shut up!" cried Latimer. "Don't make fools of yourselves! This ain't the first sail the *Bumble-bee* ever made."

"If it ain't the first, it's the last," retorted his wife, fiercely.

"Bet your bottom dollar she'll make many another yet. Hello, Bateese! Ketch this rope when I throw it."

But the distance was too great.

"Hold on, wait a meenit," and Bateese ran to a pile of young beeches that had been cut as pike poles for building.

"That tarnal Frenchman," muttered Latimer. "The rudder's broken and we'll drift out of reach before he's back again."

But Bateese knew better.

"Tie loop on rope," he yelled, as he hurried back. "Den we catch heem wid pole."

"Here's one for ye," and with tremendous effort Latimer threw out the line again. As it uncoiled, the end fell between blocks of ice some feet from the shore.

"Dere, I tole you him no reach de bank, but nevare min' we catch heem all de same." And stretching out to his utmost he hooked the fork of the beech into the open end of the cable and drew it in. Being tense there was barely enough to reach the shore.

"Give us more rope," shouted Bond. Another yard was paid out.

"Not another inch to spare," cried Latimer.

But the men had hold of it and were pulling with all their might. Still the force of the current and the blocks of ice were a match for them, and it was not until reinforced that they succeeded in drawing the boat in and lashing it to a tree.

Necessity for self-control was now over, and Bateese sprang excitedly on to the *Bumble-bee*.

"Oh, ma Emmeline. Mon chere ami!' Throwing his arms about his wife, "mine sweetheart—vive ma reine."

"Oui, Oui, Bateese!" she replied, the tears running on each side down her face, "but don't be so fooleesh!"

The Englishmen were less demonstra-

tive. Hardman extended his hand to help his wife to terra firma—she vowing, hysterically, that she would never sleep on that old thing again; while Bond chaffed his wife good-naturedly for "raisin' such a din in the fo'castle of the bloomin' boat."

By this time it was daylight. The bugle sounded the men to mess, and the day promising to be fine, orders were given to push the barracks for the men, and to occupy them the coming night.

Having followed our heroine and the officers and soldiers of the two companies of the 100th through their long and arduous march, locating them finally at Penetang; and watching with interest their efforts at the establishment of a fort, we must bid them adieu for a time and return to the east, in order to record other incidents, which have an important bearing upon our story.

CHAPTER XXVI

ONLY twice did Maud Maxwell receive letters from Dr. Beaumont during the three months that followed that memorable morning when the companies started out on their long march. One was from Quebec, in which he gave details of the journey and an account of the dance at the citadel; but he made no mention of his flirtation, or of his meeting with the beautiful Louise de Rochefort. On the whole the letter to Maud's mind seemed cool. At this she felt piqued, more than she cared to acknowledge to herself. The devotion declared by the ardent lover on leaving, notwithstanding the coolness with which she had received it, seemed scarcely sustained. Why so sudden a change? Had he forgotten her already? Was he contented to woo nature in the wild woods of the west in place of the maiden to whom he had so recently declared his passion?

But the next letter from Montreal was more cheering; for although the canny Scotch inherited from his mother seemed, in the first part of the letter, to have thrown a damper upon his passion, the conclusion was in much better form. There was a warmer ring in it—a plea for the future—a touch of genuine sentiment.

"You may not think of me," he said, "or if you do, only as one whose presence is not missed; but I think of you as my guiding star, my beacon light, beckoning me onward through the forest—over ice and snow—along river and lake—to a little spot in the west which is to be my home, and please God, *yours also*." Then he signed himself, "By all that is holy," as one "who will ever be true."

The coolness of the one letter followed by the renewed passion in the other had a good effect upon Maud. Although she read the latter a little indignantly and laid it aside, before long she took it up and read it again.

"He has no business to write me in that strain," she commented to herself. "So cool at first, and then almost as if we were betrothed; when there is really nothing between us. Still I do not dislike him. He is such an independent fellow and so strong and true." And although her eye flashed, she heaved a little sigh.

It was the beginning of April—the very time that the men were pitching their first camp on the bay of Penetang. She knew it not but speculated much about them. How the doctor looked and how Mrs. Manning had stood the journey?

"If he had only remained in Halifax," she soliloquised, "I would have done my best to be her companion. I am sure I am strong enough." And seizing hold of a horizontal bar, placed at the end of her room for gymnastic purposes, she drew up with both her hands and placed her chin above it, repeating the exercise until she was tired. "Colonel Mason says I am a good shot, too."

"At it again," exclaimed her sister Eugenia, who at this moment entered the room. "I consider such exercises exceedingly indelicate for a young lady. To think of a daughter of Judge Maxwell gesticulating and throwing her limbs about in such a wild way is simply shocking."

"You are about the only person who has the opportunity of being shocked by my gymnastics," said Maud, elevating her eyebrows. "It cannot be such a dreadful thing or Dad would never have had the bar put up for me."

"You were a spoilt child, and he just humoured you."

"Bless the dear man for doing it. Come now, Eugenia, just try it once. You've no idea how delightful it is to pull yourself up on this cross-bar."

"How dare you ask me? I couldn't think of such a thing." And the large blonde tried ineffectually to look severe.

"Oh, yes you could; and what's more, I've something interesting to tell you. Still I shan't say a word unless you try my cross-bar."

"What impudence!"

"You know the conditions," said Maud, tossing her head and commencing to put on her hat. "It's quite easy to try. You can keep your feet so close together that a cat couldn't see between them. All you have to do is to hold on, and pull yourself up. See, even with my coat on I can chin the bar with one hand. You surely can with two."

"Don't be silly!"

"Bah! it's just the finest exercise."

"But what's your secret, Maud, without this silly nonsense?"

"If you try my bar, I'll tell you."

"And won't you if I don't?"

"Not while water runs nor grass grows," said Maud, in mock solemnity, buttoning on her gloves.

With an air of resignation, Eugenia walked up to the pole. She was taller and heavier than Maud. Consequently, when she stretched out her long arms and took hold, her knees bent ungracefully a foot above the floor. Maud slipped behind her sister to hide her amusement.

"Now draw yourself up with all your might," she cried. "You must put your chin on top of the pole."

"I can't," exclaimed Eugenia, who, with all her tugging could only raise herself a few inches and then let herself suddenly down again.

"You must," said Maud. "Any child could do better than that."

After another strenuous effort Eugenia stopped in disgust.

"There," she exclaimed, sitting down to rest. "I have humoured you in your childish folly, what have you to say to repay me for my trouble?"

"Well," returned Maud, unbuttoning her coat and taking a seat opposite her sister; "it's about Captain Morris. When I was at Pennington's last night he was there. From pure accident we were alone in the library for a short time, and he proposed to me."

"Humph! that's the third young man who has been silly enough to do it already this year."

"I can't help that," said Maud, gravely. "If they have no better sense than to be enamoured with my poor face, I am sure I am not responsible."

"You are not, eh? And what was your decision this time?"

"Just what you might expect. After declaring the grand passion, instead of asking for a return of his love, he requested permission to at once ask father for my hand. I suppose that's the English way of doing it."

"And what did you say to that?"

"That my surprise was very great, I couldn't think of such a thing, and that I was too young and inexperienced even to dream of falling in love."

"Captain Morris is of good family and very wealthy," said Eugenia, reflectively. His father left a fine estate in the south of England, I understand, and the Captain is his eldest son and heir."

"I don't care what estates he has," was Maud's angry rejoinder. "If I ever marry a man it must be for what he is, not what he has."

"Very true, my dear," returned Eugenia who viewed things generally from a material standpoint. "Quite correct sentiments; but I have sometimes noticed that incidental fortunes are not necessarily a bar to matrimony. Usually they are the reverse. And Captain Morris himself is irreproachable."

"I know that he's nice and all that," said Maud, "and has charming manners. I expect his regiment will remain here for a long time yet, as all the other troops have been ordered to the front, so I shall have ample opportunities of seeing him again."

"Well, my impression is that he is the best of the lot; and when desirous of winning your hand, you should give him the chance—"

"Of winning my heart?"

"Certainly. Another thing, it is not a bit fair to entangle so many men, and then throw them overboard one after another."

"But, my dear, I don't wish to entangle them. If they cannot control themselves, but must needs fall in love, it is surely not my fault. Perhaps you would recommend me to cut off my hair, pull out my front teeth, and scratch my face, in order to avoid similar catastrophes in the future.

"Don't talk nonsense, Maud. You know very well it is not your face that does it."

"'Pon my word, am I so ugly as all that?" interrupted Maud with seeming surprise.

"It is your manner, and what they call your character, as well as your face," said Eugenia, seriously.

"Well, Eugenia, I wish you'd leave me to myself. I really like them all. I can tell you candidly that I have not positively refused any of them and they are still my friends."

"And how long is this condition to last?"

"Ask me a year hence and I will tell you." And with a flushed face Maud left the room.

CHAPTER XXVII

FROM the time he was stationed in Halifax, Captain Morris had always been a welcome visitor at Judge Maxwell's. The possibility of being a prospective suitor for the hand of one of the daughters, only increased the cordiality of the reception; and notwithstanding Maud's seeming refusal, he still availed himself of every opportunity to press his suit. Social functions of one sort or other were of frequent occurrence, and Maud accepted his attentions, although she effectually parried any direct renewal of the offer of marriage.

Captain Morris was about thirty years old, and had seen a good deal of life. Having abundance of means, as well as his commission, he had always been lionised on returning home from the wars. Yet each time he had gone away again heart free. Perhaps he was getting a little bit blasé. Possibly he overestimated his importance in his own particular set, when he imagined that much of the kindness extended to him was with an ulterior object.

Be that as it may, the first look he had of Maud Maxwell was a beatific vision to him—a picture that would not be blotted out. It planted itself on his inner consciousness, leaving an impression that deepened each time they met.

There was a freshness, beauty and mental vigour in this young maiden that were new to him; and the fact that his personal influence over her matured so slowly, made him all the more desirous to win her love.

As May opened, Halifax became additionally alive from the arrival of more troops from England. It was but a little place in those days, not numbering more than eight thousand people. Consequently, what interested one interested all, and the whole place was astir to witness the landing.

Colonel Battersby, the commanding officer, was under orders to remain in the Lower Province, if necessary; but if not to push on by boat to Quebec, and from thence to Montreal. The first interview he had with Sir John Sherbrook and Colonel Mason settled the matter.

"We are well defended already," said Sir John. "War vessels command our harbour and coast line, and the regiments stationed here are all the Citadel needs. No, my dear Colonel, I am glad to say that in the east we do not require your services; but in the west, particularly in the Upper Province, we do. That part of the country has a good future before it; and we must stick to it, for, when settled and developed, it is destined to become the garden of Canada."

"One of the chief reasons why the Yankees want it and why we are bound to keep it," returned Battersby. "Will the St. Lawrence be clear of ice now?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Mason. "The season is early and the river is open already. Molson's steamers can tug you as far as Montreal. If not wanted there, you can march overland to Kingston."

"Sir James Yeo has had two new vessels built this winter," said Sir John. "This will help our Ontario fleet; and

when you arrive he will be able to transfer you to any point along the lake shore that may be necessary."

"I am glad of that," replied Colonel Battersby. "I have always had a desire to go west. At home we are just beginning to realise what Canada is, but before this war commenced, you might go from January to December without hearing the name even mentioned."

"What you say is true enough," was Mason's comment. "They send us poor devils out here and then forget us. We might almost thank the Americans for bringing on the war, and opening the eyes of Englishmen to the fact that we have half a continent here, still under the old flag."

"Is now and ever shall be," said the Governor.

"To that I say Amen," said Battersby. "But we must not forget that the fight is not over. The Americans are a strong people—like ourselves, of Anglo-Saxon blood—and they are making a stiff fight to enlarge their territory. They have not forgotten their victories of '76."

"I grant that, Colonel, but they will never succeed in this northern region, whatever they did in the south."

"Not while England can send out her continental regiments," said Mason. "So far this year our men have done well. Witness the defeat of Wilkinson at the famous old mill of Lacolle."

"Yes," said Sir John, "but that would not have happened, if Major Handcock had not received timely reinforcements from the Fencibles and Voltigeurs."

"What is Sir James Yeo likely to do on the lakes this year?" Colonel Battersby asked, looking alternately from one to the other.

"We are too far off the scene of action to know exactly," said Sir John, "though I believe he intends with his raw recruits, aided by a force under General Drummond, to attack Oswego as soon as the lake opens. By-the-way, Mason," he continued, turning to that officer, "could you not spare Battersby a company out of your own regiment?"

"If he has room on his troop ship to take them we could," was the answer.

"Thank you; the more we have the merrier. You know we had several hundred emigrants in our voyage out. They land here, so we can easily take your men."

In the afternoon of the next day, in a field above the town, a review of all the troops was held, and it was decided to close by selecting from the garrison brigade the company which was to go west. The day was bright and warm, and the news having got abroad that a division from the Citadel was to accompany Colonel Battersby's regiment up the St. Lawrence, many of the townspeople hastened to the commons to witness the parade; and among them the Misses Maxwell.

"There is room, young ladies, in our carriage," said Mrs. Mason, who drove up with another lady, "and with us you will have a better view."

The offer was a welcome one, and they drove to the top of a little crescent, commanding a full view of the parade ground. Colonels Mason and Battersby stood a short distance away, watching the evolutions which had already commenced.

"Your men have lost nothing of precision by their four weeks at sea," said Colonel Mason.

"No," responded Battersby, drily, "they seem to hold their own even with troops accustomed to discipline on land?"

"Our garrison men are always well drilled," said Mason.

"Of course! Only I'm astonished that soldiers fresh from the ocean should lose their sea legs so soon."

"Well," said Mason, as his own regiment swung round, and marched past over the smooth green sod on the double-quick, "your men are a credit to their Colonel, and I don't see why you should not select the company you want to take, yourself. Have you a choice?"

"'Pon my word, of the men, no. They all look like well-drilled fellows, with clean jibs, straight backs and honest mugs. It would be hard to make one."

"Of the officers have you?"

"Not from the way in which they command their companies. Still, you have one man I should like to have on my staff if you can spare him, and taking him, I would expect to take his company also."

"Who is that, pray?"

"Captain Morris. He made a record for himself in Spain and would do excellent service out west if he had the chance."

"By George, you have touched the apple of my eye," exclaimed Mason, who in making his offer had in mind the efficiency of the companies themselves, without reference to the officers who led them. Captain Morris is the best officer we've got. He has seen the enemy's guns in many a campaign; and between ourselves is recommended for promotion."

"Promotion will come quicker if taken out west than here at the Citadel," said Battersby.

"Sure enough. I gave my word and will stand by it. If you will form the squares I will speak to Morris now."

The ladies in the carriage had not been inattentive listeners. The unexpected announcement startled the Misses Maxwell. By-and-bye, while the final manœuvres were being accomplished, Colonel Mason joined them.

"So you are going to send some of our brave boys away?" said Mrs. Mason.

"Yes, a few of them. It will prevent the fellows from rusting, and give those that remain a little more to do."

"Unfortunately, our brightest man is in command of the company you are sending off," said Mrs. Mason.

"That's usually the case. The office seeks the man and not the man the office," returned the Colonel, with a glance at the occupants of the rear seat. "And men of promise are always favourites with the ladies."

"If I were a man I'd like to go, too," said Maud. "I only wish I were one."

"I'm afraid you are not tall enough, my dear," said the Colonel, looking gravely into the flashing eyes of the girl. "Five feet five inches is the lowest height at which I would enlist a soldier."

"I would put on high-heeled boots."

"No use, Miss Maud. Recruits are always measured in their stocking feet."

And he went away laughing.

The troops were formed in lines four deep, facing the crescent; and on a signal from the Colonel, Captain Morris approached. For a few minutes the two were in earnest conversation. Then with a salute, Morris returned to the head of his column, and attention was called.

"Men of the garrison corps," said Colonel Mason in ringing tones. "We welcome to our midst the officers and men of Colonel Battersby's column. We are always glad to see comrades from over the sea. Their stay with us, however, will be short. To-morrow they sail for the St. Lawrence River. But they will not go alone. Our garrison is a strong one and much as we dislike to part with our men, we can spare some. So I have to tell you that the officers and men of Company C will go with them to help to fight the battles of our country and our King. Three cheers for Company C."

Loud hurrahs followed, and with cheers for the visiting and garrison corps, the review ended.

The ladies drove back in the carriage together—Mrs. Mason having invited the Misses Maxwell to a cup of tea before walking home. The consequence was that on leaving the Citadel near six o'clock they were overtaken by Captain Morris and Dr. Fairchilds. The latter already had been captivated by the blonde, and availed himself of the opportunity of leading the way with her.

"Were you surprised at the Colonel's announcement?" Maud asked of the Captain as they dropped into line behind the other two.

"A soldier learns never to be surprised," was his answer. "We expected some would be ordered west for the garrison is full; but who would be chosen was an enigma."

He looked straight into Maud's face.

"I heard Colonel Battersby give you great praise," she said, "but perhaps it is a military secret?"

"Not necessarily, if said in public," was his answer. "Still I may not specially deserve it. The army is full of brave men."

"Your name would not have been mentioned unless there had been good reason."

"Well, even granting that, what good can come of it, when the maid I adore cares neither jot nor tittle?"

"Much good," was her answer, but she did not return his look. "A larger

life and promotion would be sure—the very things I would want if I were a man."

"Do you wish you were?"

"What is the use?"

"Your words should stimulate one, anyway, but can you say nothing more, Miss Maud? We leave so soon—to-morrow—a soldier's life is in his hand. Give him something to hope for and fight for as well."

"Am I not trying?" she replied, with one of those bright flashes which did such havoc among the men. "Higher rank and future glory!"

"Fudge!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I could buy a colonelcy if I wanted it, without drawing a sword or leading a man to battle, if that is all."

"The Captain Morris Colonel Battersby was talking about, could not," said Maud, contracting her eyebrows and looking grave again. "He was a genuine man and every inch a soldier."

"Thank you for your approval," and notwithstanding his effort at self-control, Morris' face flushed with pleasure.

Dr. Fairchilds and Eugenia had paused at the door-step. For a moment the four chatted on.

"Will you call again, Captain Morris, before you leave?" Maud asked.

"I have only to-night, and it may be late, but I shall be very glad to come."

The door opened and in another minute, returning the bows of the gentlemen, the ladies entered.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"ARE you playing fast and loose with Captain Morris?" Eugenia asked, as she and her sister were dressing for dinner.

"I never play fast and loose with anyone," was Maud's answer. "I explained everything to him a month ago, why repeat it again now?"

"He is still devoted to you, surely you must have a preference."

"Not necessarily, my dear, but that reminds me. This will give me a good opportunity to send a letter to Mrs. Manning. I promised to write her. They say the troop ships will carry the mail with them; and taking mine as far as Montreal, perhaps Little York, it can be forwarded overland to Penetang."

"Have you written your letter already?"

"No, but I shall have time immediately after dinner—Captain Morris does not come until nine."

The meal over, she repaired to her room and took out her tablet, quill-pen and horn ink-stand. For weeks she had been hoping for a letter from Helen, but none had come. Still she had much to tell, and the hour was nearly gone by the time her letter was finished and the envelope addressed.

She did not, however, seal it at once. Alone in her room she sat for a moment tapping her forehead. Then she took out another sheet and commenced writing again. This time it was to Dr. Beaumont in reply to the two she had already received.

While writing she was in deep thought, carefully weighing her words. She put them down more slowly than in her longer letter to Helen. As she finished, the big bell in the church tower struck nine. For another moment she paused. Then placing the letter in a small envelope, and addressing it, she put it in the larger one to Mrs. Manning, and sealed the letter in three places after the manner of the time. As she finished a message came that Captain Morris had arrived.

"Montreal will be your headquarters, no doubt," she heard her father say as she entered the room.

"It will be farther west than that, I hope," was his answer. "Still, we are willing to go anywhere. My men are quite excited over it. Being veterans, one would think they would be indifferent; but it is so long since they were in battle, that they are just itching for a fight."

"Human depravity—human depravity!' exclaimed the Judge. "It can't be over a year since you left Europe. Surely they had enough of it then."

"You forget, sir," said Morris, "that it is the soldier's life, his daily occupation—his meat and drink—and that a long interruption from everyday occurrences only gives zest to a return to old conditions."

"Still it is lamentable! however essen-

tial to our glory," said the Judge, shaking his head.

"It should not be lamentable when the cause is just. Empire was always maintained by the sword and always will be."

"No, no," said the Judge. "The arts of peace are winning their way now. We may not do without the cannon yet, but please God, the time will come when 'the lion shall eat straw like the ox, the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and a little child shall lead them.'"

"Will that time ever come?" said Maud, her brows contracting. "I suppose it would be grand if it did."

"Not in our time," said Morris. "But if we prove the strength of our sword we may hasten it on."

"The inevitable paradox."

"Paradoxes are the truest lessons of life."

"The soldier's life is an instance. He fights that peace may reign."

"He is an enigma," said Maud.

"No, he is the most human of men," said the Captain. "Being true-hearted, he can love as well as hate. He can face the cannon's mouth without flinching an inch, and the next moment shed tears over a comrade's grave. When storming a stronghold, he can see his best friend shot down by his side, and step over his body without giving him a look, even though it wrings his heart to do so."

"I can understand that," said Maud, gravely, "and a woman could do it, too, if it had to be."

"I know one woman who could," said Morris, and Maud's face flushed as she turned it away.

At this moment the knocker sounded, and Miss Maxwell ushered in Dr. Fairchilds.

"Knowing how fond you are of whist, Captain," she said, "I asked the Doctor over for another rubber before you go. I hope you and Maud are both agreeable."

"Eugenia is fond of surprises," said Maud with a sharp glance at her sister; "but I shall be glad to have you for my partner, Captain, if you can spare the time."

"Thank you, but our game must be short. I am due at the Citadel at eleven, and a soldier has to obey orders to the minute you know."

Soon the table was arranged and the four sat down to play.

In cutting for deal the choice fell to Maud; and when she turned up queen of hearts for trump, Eugenia smiled significantly. By-and-bye the first two games were over, each side scoring one.

"Now for the rubber," said the Captain. Again it was Maud's deal and again she turned up the queen of hearts.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Fairchilds. "Your hands have been red all evening."

"Not only that," said Morris, smiling across the table, "but my partner's have always been hearts."

"Peculiar," said the doctor.

"Very," said Eugenia.

Maud bit her lip.

For a while the game was played in silence, she and the Captain gradually winning. Finally his deal came, and cutting, the king of hearts turned up.

"I score you one better," he exclaimed to Maud. Their eyes met and a ripple went round the table. The game was soon finished. They had won the rubber.

Refreshments were served and half an hour later the gentlemen rose to go.

"My queen of hearts," said the Captain to Maud in a low voice, as she accompanied him to the hall.

"To-night you were my king," she replied, with a little laugh. "King of hearts in our little game."

"And what is life but a game," he answered, "with hearts for trumps, which we all try to win?"

"Oh, Maud!" exclaimed Eugenia, who was coming out of the drawing-room with Dr. Fairchilds. "Could not Captain Morris take your letter for Mrs. Manning? He could put it in with the rest of the mail."

"I shall be delighted," said the Captain, turning again to Maud, "and for that matter will post it at Montreal instead of here."

"Really I wouldn't put you to that trouble for anything," said Maud, casting a glance of annoyance at her sister. "The post will go by the same boat as you do, and if I take it to the office in the morning it will be sure to be in time."

"I am not certain of that," said Fairchilds. "It takes twice as long to send a letter to Quebec or Montreal by mail as it does to go in person. Putting it in the office will not guarantee a quick delivery, I assure you."

"Still it is unimportant," persisted Maud, who shrank from making the Captain the unconscious bearer of a message to Beaumont. "I am sure Captain Morris will have quite enough to attend to without burdening himself with my paltry dispatch."

"No trouble at all," reiterated the Captain. "I have a number of documents to take care of anyway, and I will just put yours with the others in safe-keeping."

While the rest were discussing, Eugenia had gone for the letter, and now handed it to Morris. Maud saw that further resistance was useless, without being disagreeable. The address ran:

"Mrs. Manning,
Wife of Lieutenant Manning,
Under command of Sir George Head,
Harbour of Penetanguishene,
Georgian Bay,
Upper Canada."

In those days letters were matters of importance even to persons unconcerned, and outer wrappings were the public property of all. Hence the reading aloud of the address caused no comment.

"Yes, Miss Maud, I am delighted to take charge of it, and shall forward it to the end of its journey as soon as I possibly can. While in my possession it will be a reminder of the one who wrote it; and the moment it leaves my hands, I will send you word, telling how soon I expect it to reach its destination."

Maud with throbbing heart murmured her thanks.

The Captain tried unavailingly to secure another minute to themselves, and with an indefinite understanding that they might speak with each other the next day, he took his leave.

But circumstances were not favourable. Every moment of his time was occupied, and it was from the deck of the ship that he again saw Maud in the distance. The vessel had parted from her moorings and was floating out into the harbour, when he discovered her among the crowd on the wharf. Instantly his helmet was raised —a little handkerchief fluttered for a moment in the breeze, and gradually the distance widened between them.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tusitala

BY J. G.

A POET, with lips set in lines of pain,
So sang, amidst the dreariness of life,
Of comradeship, of fortitude and strife,
Of children's joys, as brief as April rain,
That we can feel the manhood of the strain
Thrill thro' our days, like call of Scottish fife,
Until, with bravest thought, the world seems rife,
And winds of fresh sea-healing sweep the brain.
That sleeper 'mong the far Vailima hills
Who told us wondrous tales of land and sea,
And found a Treasure Island in his art,
Showed in the smile with which he braved life's ills
The strength that lifts the world eternally—
The ever-boyish, manly hero heart.

Electoral Management

(A Reply to Mr. Ames)

By A CANDIDATE IN THE LATE ELECTIONS

CAN elections be run without corruption? Can the great political evil of our day be eradicated? Is it possible for clean men to engage in politics and win elections by the same honourable means that they win success in business? Many clean men answer "No" and will have nothing to do with politics. Many practical politicians answer "Yes," but with a hypocrisy the brazenness of which only those on the inside can appreciate.

In the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE a man who has proven his ability to win answers "Yes," and outlines the methods by which it can be done.

There is a great deal of strength and force in his points. I have shared in the management of more than one campaign that has been won by the same kind of thorough organisation without resort to corrupt methods and a few months ago I warmly agreed with just such contentions as are made by Mr. Ames. But there is one radical omission in Mr. Ames' argument. I want to make that omission clear and ask if there is any other solution to the problem it raises than the one I point out.

An organisation such as was used in Montreal and, in a less thorough manner, in many cities and by both political parties, requires a large corps of workers. How many of these men are paid for their services? I do not mean that they are bribed. The men whose votes or support have to be bought, are not the men wanted for such work. They must be men whose honest support can be depended upon, but they must also be men in the same grade of life as the men they canvass, and not one in ten of such men can afford to take the time from daily work unless they are paid what they otherwise would be earning and perhaps a little more. It is easy to stretch such payments to the point where they become bribes to the men themselves, or provide funds for bribing others, but it is also obvious that up to a certain point there is nothing in the nature of a bribe about them. Where does the money to pay all these men and the other legitimate expenses of a campaign come from? Does it come out of the pocket of the candidate or are there others whose public spirit is so great as to lead them to contribute large sums to what they have no private interest in?

Let us see what it means to run an election in the manner outlined. I will take the St. Antoine election, where Mr. Ames was the successful candidate, as an example of one conducted with the most thorough organisation, yet without any resort to bribery or worse methods. I will agree that no election could be run in a cleaner manner. Let us see where that lands us.

There were in that constituency eleven divisions, each with a chairman, secretary, telephone man, clerks, caretaker of rooms, messengers, etc., say at least ten. In each division there were six to eight polls, and at each was a captain, scrutineer, special constable, telephone man and from four to ten "hustlers." Striking an average that means seventy-seven men employed in each division, or 847 in the constituency. How much would it cost to pay those men a reasonable wage for a day's work? The usual tariff on both sides in Toronto is $4.00 a day, and I doubt if Montreal is any cheaper, which means $3,388 for part of the work on election day. But that is not all. The four to ten hustlers did not go after their men on "shanks' mare." They had at least six carriages, single or double, at each division and these cost at the lowest average $5.00 each, which in the eleven divisions, each with six to eight polls, means a cost for livery alone of $2,310. I pass over Mr. Ames' implication that the rigs were "loaned." It is the one false

note in his article. Nobody believes that liverymen are filled with such generous public spirit that they will empty their stables for a killing day for love or glory. They are not in business for their health. In every city and town in Canada where there is a real contest every rig that can be had is engaged long before election day, and there are few of them not paid for. Thus the one final day of the election must with incidentals added have cost at least $6,000.

But that is only a fraction of the work or expense. Firstly, there is the maintenance of a political club, with rent, fuel, caretaking and a dozen other expenses to be provided for. Then there is a thorough, systematic canvass for "eligible" manhood suffrage voters in which volunteers can give substantial assistance, but only paid workers will do thoroughly. Then there is another canvass for the revision of these lists, with detailed evidence to be collected and sifted. Then the keeping of the lists up to date, with every change of residence or employment or death for 8,000 voters kept track of. Then comes the preparation of hundreds of letters, pamphlets, circulars, editorials, identification cards, notices of meetings; and the addressing, sorting and delivery of thousands of letters. Mr. Ames says 20,000, but I sent out nearly that many with an organisation not to be compared in thoroughness to his. Double that number or five to each elector on the average would not be overdoing the work. Then comes the heaviest work of all—the personal canvassing of a score of "friends" who could not begin to do the work without devoting their whole time to it. Keep that pace up for two months and he will be a clever financier indeed who keeps within $10,000.

I am not guessing when I state these figures. I know what it costs to do this work for I have had to pay for it. In the late Provincial elections I determined that while I would put up the hardest fight I was capable of, have the most complete organisation, permit the paying of men who worked for me their fair pay for the work done, as for any other work, I would not, on the other hand, allow any paying for votes directly or by any subterfuge, and of course, no resort to personation or any other such means. I did everything that lay in the power of a candidate to do to stop every form of bribery, and I am quite certain that not $100 went in paying for doubtful votes. Yet in spite of that policy, honestly and effectively carried out, it cost over $4,000 to run my election Comparing the organisation which I had with that which elected Mr. Ames, I have not the shadow of a doubt that his cost at least $15,000. Who paid for it?

But some one will say, "Yours must be a very corrupt constituency." It unquestionably is. In the last Dominion election the successful candidate simply bought his way into the House. His opponent's failure was due to his unwillingness or inability to spend as much money, not to any scruples of conscience. I have learned from reliable sources of so many individual instances of bribery and payment for services, that I have no hesitation in saying that that election cost the present member and his party from $15,000 to $20,000. I know that in a previous election the cost to one candidate outside of any party funds exceeded $6,000. I know that in another election the successful candidate spent $9,000, according to his own statement to me. In still another election two wealthy men contested the riding and their agents openly bid for votes in front of the polls. With a single exception, when the candidate was poor and his chance hopeless, there has not been a contest in this riding in the last twenty years in which the cost on each side did not exceed the amount mentioned for my own election. Nor is the riding an abnormal one. I remarked to a man of Cabinet rank, a member of either the present or the late Government of this Province—I will not say which—that my riding was an exceptionally corrupt one. He looked at me with a funny smile and replied:—"There are just about seventy such ridings in this Province."

But that is somewhat aside from my point. Briefly, I say that in no close city constituency accustomed to hard-fought contests can an organisation at all complete be run through an election at a cost of less than $3,000 to $4,000; and that the man who attempts to follow Mr. Ames' advice will find himself $10,000 poorer when he has squared up accounts a month

after the polling, or rather after the time for filing protests has expired.

But there are more serious features than the money cost. Payments made for work done in an election are, in most instances, illegal though not morally corrupt. The consequence is that every candidate is forced to have an organisation to run his election which is unofficial, which makes these illegal expenditures in such a way that they cannot be fastened on him, while he shuts his eyes until such time as they are opened by the necessity of redeeming the promises made by his too zealous workers. That organisation is primarily for legitimate, though illegal, expenditures; but being thus formed in secret to evade the letter of the law, it is not to be wondered at, that it usually develops into wholesale evasion of the spirit as well. The law in its present form forces every live candidate to be a hypocrite on pain of having his election voided and himself held up to opprobrium, when in reality he is no worse than most of his fellows. I say every "live" candidate. I have known some who were as innocent as a babe of the manner in which their election was won.

Yet another and the most important of the results of these facts. If elections must under the present system cost several thousand dollars, where does the money come from? It may come in two ways—from the candidate, or from party funds which are largely from headquarters. If from the first, the necessary consequence is that the privilege of sitting in Parliament or even the Legislature is the prerogative of the rich only. We will be but a degree different from the state of decaying Rome when the wealthy distribute their money to buy the suffrages of a free people. Will the men who thus buy their way into Parliament be scrupulous guardians of the public monies, or will they be on the look-out for a chance to reimburse themselves out of the public funds? But, it will be said, most of our representatives are not wealthy men. Quite true, but what is the alternative? Omitting safe seats in which there is no real contest, the only other alternative is that the necessary funds are supplied from party headquarters. And that is, in fact, where most of the money comes from. The calculations of the headquarters' managers are based on a scale that the ordinary close constituency will require about $2,000 assistance; but varying from $1,000 in good country constituencies where the people have not been educated to the use of money, up to $5,000 in hard-fought, important city constituencies, and occasionally that amount is greatly exceeded. An average of $2,000 in each constituency on each side may be an over statement as to the late Provincial elections, but it certainly is not as to the late Dominion elections. That would mean a total in the Province of Ontario alone of $400,000 in each election, and I do not believe I am at all overstating the figures. It is, of course, impossible for any one to get such figures accurately, but I have been sufficiently interested to get all the information possible from many and varied sources.

From what sources do such enormous funds come? For what purposes do the men who contribute to these amounts spend their money? Does a man, for example, who contributes $15,000 to one party do it for love of the cause, or does he expect to get it back in a railway subsidy, or a Government contract, or a more favourable tariff? It must be obvious to any man that the men who do contribute large sums to the election funds are the very men who are looking to get it back in some form with generous interest. And in the end, who pays the piper? *There is one possible, ultimate source, and one only. The people of the country foot the bills of both parties—the honest and thrifty provide the funds that are scattered among the dishonest.*

I am not a pessimist but neither do I believe in shirking the task of following unpleasant facts to their logical conclusion. I agree that there is a vital difference between the wholesale bribery which so often prevails, and the payment of the necessary expenses of a thorough organisation. But yet both lead to the same end—the alternative of making the Houses which represent the people the preserve of the rich or of providing enormous party campaign funds. So long as it is necessary to conduct a system of canvassing, and to organise the getting out of the vote, so long will the necessity for such campaign funds con-

tinue, and with the necessity the fact. Nor will legal prohibitions of these acts have any other effect than the organisation of secret forces without either legal or moral responsibility.

Is there any possible remedy? I can, for my part, see but one—compulsory voting. The citizen who will not take the trouble to go to the polls, cannot complain if he forfeits the privilege on the next occasion. If no candidate is satisfactory, he may put in a blank ballot; if he cannot for good cause be present, he may have the penalty removed at the time. But if he must wait to be dragged or bribed to the polls, the country will be the better without his assistance till he has learned better. With such a rule no organisation to get the vote out is needed or excusable. If there is any other way in which the curse of corruption can be rooted out I shall be glad to learn of it, but for my own part I fail to see any remedy less drastic than that of the compulsory vote.

To a Poet

BY KATHERINE HALE

HE brings the careful flower who has had time
To pick and choose and loiter by the way,
Who, drugged with ease, can claim the Sweet and say
"This flowery mead I love: so hear I stay."

But you, my poet, who have ridden hard,
And lost a dozen ways and courted strife,
What have you brought for me, in living leaves,
Out of the strange gold forest we call Life?

You have journeyed fast! Scarce time to break
This rosy branch, through which old life runs new,
What care I if 'tis bourgeoning or bare?
It shows you have passed through.

It means that you, too, know those awful aisles,
Those tangled verdures, joy and passion-rife
Through which we have to ride so fast, so fast,
There is no time to pluck a branch of life.

Yet, you have brought to me this dewy branch—
The greatest conquest of the greatest art—
A fast-torn, living, breathing piece of life
Out of the wondrous forest of the Heart.

The Antiquity of the "Ronald"

A Donald Story

By W. Albert Hickman,
Author of The Sacrifice of the Shannon.

PART II.

Resumé of Part I.—Caribou, in Nova Scotia had two Canadian fire-engines, the Caribou and the Ronald, the latter being presided over by Donald McDonald. A third engine was purchased from the United States and arrived the day before the big fire at the Academy. The three engines were called out, and as there was considerable rivalry between Donald and Mr. Ezekiel Smith, the engineer of the new engine, an interesting test followed.

THE new Academy was a high brick building well up on the hill, and plainly in sight of the central wharf. Its museum contained scientific collections worth as much as the building itself, collections of which the loss would be irreparable. They must be saved at whatever cost. But independent of this the Academy was Caribou's pride. The institution was a hundred years old, and the new building had drawn heavily on the town treasury. Within twenty minutes after the alarm the word had gone from mouth to mouth, "It's the New Academy!" and nearly every man, woman and child in Caribou had gathered on the hill where the great building towered above them, indistinct through the smoke. The lower windows on the south side glared red, and there came the sound of cracking glass. The fire had started in the furnace room and was working through to the ground floor. There was an air shaft that ran from the basement to the roof, and Kerr felt that if he could keep the fire away from this he had a chance of saving the building.

The men worked hard, and a few minutes saw the lines of hose coupled all the way down to the water. Then a whistle blew, two nozzles kicked and two glistening streams sprang into the air, and with a tearing up of gravel and the crash of breaking glass, went roaring into the smoke to try to save the Academy. "It's the new engine!" the word came up, and the crowd cheered. Then above the shouts and the noise there came on the night air the throbbing whirr of the "Caribou," and two more streams hissed up and battered their way into the furnace room. A moment later and the "Ronald's" nozzles spat viciously, and one of them so unexpectedly jerked the men who were holding it that it swerved, and the stream removed a spectator and a flower bed before it could be controlled.

It was hard to tell which engine was doing the best work. The fire was so far confined to the ground floor and the basement, and as the water poured in Kerr got more and more hopeful. Finally there could be no doubt about it; the blaze at the windows was blackening down. At last, where the flames had been roaring white ten minutes before, there was nothing but a sullen crimson glare, and the smoke was more than half steam. The fire was under, and the lower floor could be controlled by a single stream. In ten minutes more they would be able to get inside the building and finish the work. The crowd was preparing to go home to bed when a single voice shouted:

"Look at the roof!"

Kerr ran back until he could see. From a skylight in the centre of the sloping roof came a thin stream of fiery smoke. The worst had happened.

"Good heavens!" he said, "it's the air shaft. Here, boys!" he roared, "fetch up the extension." The big extension ladder, the only one they had that would

reach to the roof of the Academy, was backed up and the cranks manned. Slowly it worked its way upward until it reached the third story windows. Then came two or three sharp cracks and the ladder swayed, buckled and crashed down, the men jumping for their lives. Two of the guides were broken and could not be repaired in time to be of any use. Kerr stood speechless for a moment. Now there was but one chance.

"Fenton," he thundered, "go and tell them at the engines that we've got to get water into that hole from the ground or it's all up —and go like the devil!" And Fenton went.

When they heard the news Jimmy said: "Well, well! so they've broke th' extension; Mye!" and he went back and tried to coax on the "Caribou." Mr. Ezekial Smith said something to the effect that he guessed the "Dewey" could do it if it could be done. Donald said nothing, but he took off his cap and scratched his head for possibly ten seconds while he gazed absently at the reflection of the engine torch in the pool of water under the "Ronald's" boiler. Then he called Jim McIntyre, who was standing in the edge of the ring of spectators, and made a remark that caused that individual to forcibly annex a horse and express waggon that had been hauling water for the engine and disappear up the wharf in the darkness, standing up and lashing the horse with the reins. Mr. Smith came over from the "Dewey."

"Your friend left in a sort of a hurry!" he ventured affably.

"Aye!" said Donald, "he's breengin' a leetle more coal. A wiz theenkin' a might need a leetle more." Now this was the truth, but not the whole truth. Donald remembered the Albertite, remembered how it had burned with a white flame that made the stove-pipe of the white-washed stove crack with the heat. He had told McIntyre to drive for his life, to bring down the three sacks and to say nothing to anyone. Then he turned on the "Ronald's" blower, and as it trembled and roared he glanced into the fire-box. It was clear that with that coal the "Ronald" could do no more than she was doing. He listened to the grind of the "Caribou" and looked at the whirling wheels and glinting cranks of the "Dewey," with the two figures standing over her. A vision of the old *Dungeness* came up. "An' they tried t' make her do twelve after I left her!" he grinned.

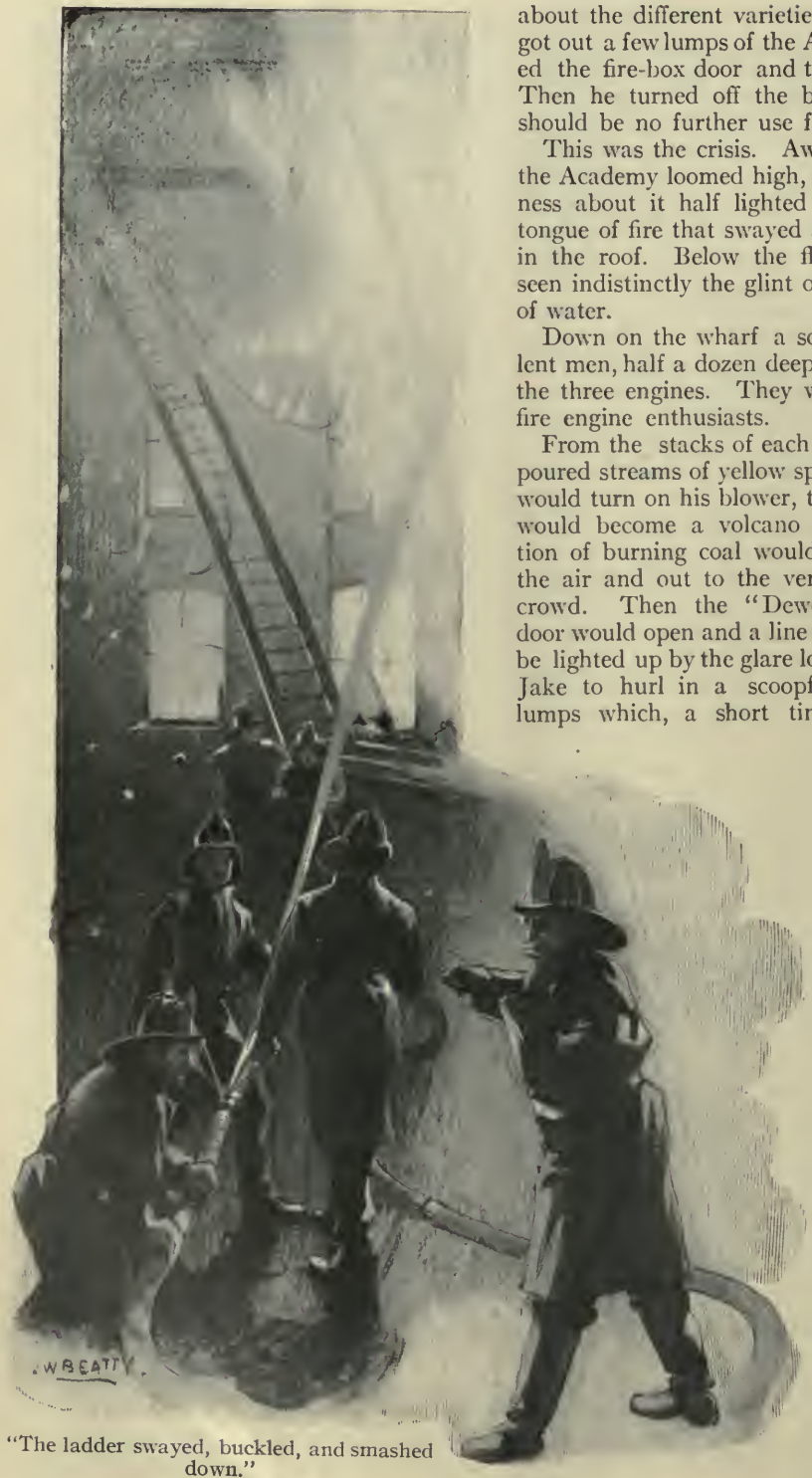
The "Ronald"—her cylinders were stronger than they build them these days —her boiler, he knew all about that— and he had tested it up to eight hundred pounds water pressure—until the water had "seeped" through between rivets— and the main steam pipe was grand— why not! He stuck the engine torch where it would shine full in the face of Mr. Ezekial Smith and Jake. Then he took a monkey-wrench round behind the boiler and surreptitiously screwed down his pop-valve until that protecter of the public wouldn't have moved with a pressure of 600 pounds of steam under it. By this time the pounding of horses' hoofs could be heard at the head of the wharf and, while Mr. Ezekial Smith and Jake were watching the precipitate arrival of Jim McIntyre, Donald examined the "Ronald's" steam gauge.

"A hoondred 'n' eighty poon'," he murmured; "fery good pressure!" and he closed the connection between the gauge and the boiler and hung a small bunch of waste on the cock to conceal the fact. As McIntyre heaved off the coal sacks and restored the team to its rightful owner, the order came down to stop the engines. They were going to use one stream from each engine and put on the big nozzles. When they stopped, the "Dewey" and the "Caribou" each began to blow off vigorously. Mr. Ezekial Smith examined the "Ronald's" pop-valve. There was no sign of a movement.

"Yer hippopotamus ain't much on the steam!" he said. Donald was poking around with a long-nosed oil can, and glancing at the flames that were coming out of the hole in the Academy roof. The reply was more suave than usual.

"She's fery even—extraoordinar' even," and with the nose of the oil can he indicated the steam gauge, at which Mr. Smith looked. Then the signal to start came down and Mr. Smith snorted as he left.

After getting underway again Donald cut open one of the sacks. It was an uncertain light in which to tell much



"The ladder swayed, buckled, and smashed down."

Drawn by J. W. Beatty

about the different varieties of coal. He got out a few lumps of the Albertite, opened the fire-box door and threw them in. Then he turned off the blower. There should be no further use for that.

This was the crisis. Away up the hill the Academy loomed high, with the darkness about it half lighted by the single tongue of fire that swayed above the hole in the roof. Below the flame could be seen indistinctly the glint of flying clouds of water.

Down on the wharf a solid ring of silent men, half a dozen deep, stood around the three engines. They were Caribou's fire engine enthusiasts.

From the stacks of each of the engines poured streams of yellow sparks. Jimmy would turn on his blower, the "Caribou" would become a volcano and an eruption of burning coal would be fired into the air and out to the very edge of the crowd. Then the "Dewey's" fire-box door would open and a line of faces would be lighted up by the glare long enough for Jake to hurl in a scoopful of selected lumps which, a short time afterward, Mr. Ezekial Smith, with the aid of the blower, would hurl out again through the stack; and then the "Dewey" would justify Mr. Smith's assertions as to her steaming powers, by enthusiastically blowing off. Jimmy McKenzie had looked at the fire on the Academy roof—and it didn't seem to lessen. He worked at

the "Caribou" until the sweat was running down his nose and ears and into his beard, and she was blowing off as often as the "Dewey." She made noise enough at any time, but under Jimmy's persistent efforts her whirr increased until she literally howled, with a great vibrating howl, and the howl came echoing back from the walls of Carlton House, over on the point.

Mr. Ezekial Smith had also, in his leisure seconds, studied the tongue of fire on the Academy roof, and had gradually become worked up. He left Jake to stoke while he attended to other things. Apparently without particular reference to the "Dewey" or to any individual, his language took on elements of picturesqueness until his efforts of the morning by comparison sank into insignificance. He swore subconsciously and continuously, and in any particular five minutes seldom repeated himself, until Jake, telling about it afterwards, said that three times he drove the water out of the glass. This may have been a superstition. During the whole of this performance he kept mopping the moustache into a vast variety of shapes. His work on the "Dewey" had its effect. Her persistent tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck could seldom be heard. It was drowned either in the stuttering thunder of her blower or the scream of escaping steam from her pop-valve. The vibration from her flying pumps was so great that, in spite of Jake's and Mr. Smith's efforts, she had danced her fore wheels around the eighth of a circle, and was churning them up and down and plastering her attendants with mud. It was the "Dewey's" climax, her ultimate; she was doing magnificently, there was no doubt about that; Mr. Smith would "be blank damned if any—— man alive could make her do more." Just at that moment Mr. Smith's glance wandered and fell on the "Ronald." His eyes became fixed and he gazed at her in half-paralysed amazement. He walked over.

Donald had stuck the engine torch in its socket and was sitting on the quivering coal box, smoking vigorously, and every few seconds opening the door to throw in a few handfuls of Albertite. This was the old engineer's absolute element. A great impregnable peace had settled down on his soul, and he luxuriated in the presence of an infinite inward calm. To make absolute the enjoyment of most of us the outward as well as the inward conditions must be perfect. For Donald's particular, though somewhat anomalous, constitution they were perfect now. The black spaniel was lying on a folded sack within five feet of the coal box. The three inch black pipe, of memorable history, was drawing magnificently. From the old "Ronald's" shaking stack, which was patently red hot, proceeded a column of white flame that looked as though it might come from a blast furnace. The big seething boiler, with its safety valve screwed down, held Heaven knows how many pounds of steam, and, according to all the canons of engineering precaution, there was no reason why it might not explode at any moment and scatter the resulting remnants of Donald and the black spaniel and Mr. Ezekial Smith to the winds of the deep. The ponderous athwartship fly-wheel, on which Donald had used up limitless emery cloth, was just a great glittering halo, and the rods were dancing up and down as though they were running direct-connected to a dynamo. In fact, the "Ronald," as Jake commented later, "was goin' more like a sewin' machine than a fire engine."

Mr. Smith looked from the pump to the column of white flame and from the column of white flame back to the pump. And she was doing it so quietly. The blower wasn't on! He walked round and looked at the pop-valve. Not a wisp of steam! He walked back and looked at the steam gauge. A hundred and eighty pounds! Was it a nightmare? Was he the Smith that knew as much about fire engines as any man in the United States, or if he wasn't, who was he? Could this old-fashioned, single-pumped monstrosity do better than the "Dewey" ever had done or ever could do? Donald was still heaving Albertite into the fire-box. Out of the corner of his eye he noted Mr. Smith's peregrinations, and once his lip trembled. Then his face resumed its normal inscrutability. At last Mr. Smith found his voice:

"Gentle Jehoshaphat!" he murmured. Donald arose wearing a smile like that of a little child.

"A joost been openin' her oop a bit, y' see," he ventured in explanation.

"I guess you have," said Mr. Smith. "By the livin' jumped up, but you can stew me if she ain't makin' more turns to the minute than the "Dewey" is now, an' with them big cylinders too! An' she ain't even blowin' off!"

"No," said Donald, meditatively, with an expression leading to the inference that up to that moment the fact had escaped his notice, "thut's unusual. She usually blows off, but—weel, to-night she hasn' got the coal she's been accoostomed to." Mr. Ezekial Smith gasped, and swallowed three or four times in rapid succession.

Bang! There was a report like that of an eight bore gun. Mr. Smith jumped violently. It was the "Ronald's" water glass that had burst, and Donald disappeared into the steam and shut the valves. He had to use the try-cocks after that. As he skirmished around with the engine torch, hunting for little pieces of glass, which he put in his pocket, he grinned covertly as the fancy passed through his mind that the "Ronald" had probably burst her water glass after hearing the conversation that had passed between Mr. Ezekial Smith and himself.

The expositor of the virtues of "Dewey's" stood for a full five minutes longer and glared, half stupefied, at the white column of flame and the beating pump of the "Ronald," stood until Jimmy came over from the "Caribou" and joined him, and gazed also in speechless amazement. Donald, in the meantime, had gone back to firing with Albertite, and was explaining in detail to the interested ones in the crowd how water glasses frequently burst from not being properly annealed.

Then as the minutes passed, the crowd silently, one by one, ranged up beside Jimmy and Mr. Smith, and gazed at the "Ronald's whirling machinery, and at Donald, the wizard of the *Dungeness*, who was walking from the coal box to the try-cocks, and from the try-cocks to the coal box, and leaving a trail of smoke like a fresh-fired steamer. Jimmy studied the steam gauge and tapped it vigorously. A hundred and eighty pounds; that was all.

"A ken't she wiz a gran' guid engine," he said, as he went back to the neglected "Caribou," "but a deedna ken she c'd do thut. Eef a deedna' see th' gauge mysel' a wud ha' sayed thut Tonal' wiz twistin' her tail soomway—he's a queer Tonal'!" And so thought Mr. Smith, as he returned to the dancing "Dewey" and Jake Anderson. From that time on the attraction of the "Ronald" was too much for him, and every few moments he would stare in her direction, and then mop his moustache and stare again.

In the meantime there had been great excitement on the hill. The Mayor and Garton were there when the extension ladder fell, and the latter, after a lightning calculation, said he didn't believe any engine, after pumping up that hill, could get water into the skylight. However, he said, as Mr. Smith was saying about the same time, that if it could be done the "Dewey" could do it. A few moments later Kerr stopped the engines, turned off one stream from each and put on the big nozzles. Then the stream from the "Caribou" was left to look after the lower part of the building, the other two nozzles were turned upward and the signal sent down to start again. The "Dewey's" stream started with a series of jumping spurts, smashed out the glass in a third story window, and a second later was washing the eaves. The stream from the "Ronald" arched up softly, came down in big spats, and then, within ten seconds, went hissing up even higher than the "Dewey's" while the crowd yelled. Within thirty seconds it began to lose ground, while that of the "Dewey" crept steadily upward until it was washing the slates eight or nine feet above the eaves and within twenty feet of the burning skylight. Garton was dancing around and rubbing his hands.

"Isn't that splendid work?" he said.

"Magnificent!" said the Mayor.

Now the "Ronald "was barely wetting the eaves while the "Dewey's" stream was still working up foot by foot. It reached to within fifteen feet of the skylight, and there it stayed. Then—from the point of view of Garton and the Mayor and the others who had never been really initiated into the peculiarities of Donald's internal construction—there

"Yer hippopotamus ain't much on the steam," he said

Drawn by J. W. Beatty

happened a most extraordinary thing. The "Ronald's" stream left the eaves and began to crawl slowly upward until it was about half way between the eaves and the slates that were being pounded by the "Dewey." The uninitiated noted this phenomenon with some curiosity and said nothing. With the others—those who had sat around the whitewashed stove with Donald and the black spaniel on winter evenings, or those who had known the Donald of the *Dungeness*—it was very different. When the "Ronald's" stream began to crawl, which happened to

be coincident with Donald's slowly giving the throttle a quarter turn, they nudged each other in the ribs and grinned. Henry McNeil, who used to be in the *Dungeness* with Donald, was getting excited.

"I knowed that if somethin' like that didn't happen soon there was likely to be a hell of a bang down on the wharf," he said. Then for a little the "Ronald's" stream held steady. This corresponded with a period when Donald was putting in more Albertite and noting favourable symptoms. Then from overhead came a roar and the crash of more breaking glass. It was the fire bursting out the last of the glass in the skylight. Kerr looked, and his hope gave out. At this moment, down on the wharf, Donald gave the throttle one full turn to the left, and went back to sit on the coal box, and up on the hill Garton and the Mayor gasped in profound astonishment. The "Ronald's" nozzle quivered and kicked, the men holding it struggled and yelled for help, and then with a whistling, singing hiss, the great stream shook and danced up higher than the peak of the Academy roof, swung back and forward for a moment, as the men on the nozzle reeled with the strain, and then ton on ton of salt water from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, driven by the old "Ronald," roared down into the blazing air shaft, while the "Dewey" was washing the slates fifteen feet below.

For a few seconds there was silence, except for the hiss and thunder of the water striking the burning timbers. Then the crowd rocked in a long continuous cheer, which was rather for Donald and the "Ronald" than because the Academy was saved. Donald heard the cheer and smiled, while he remarked to the black spaniel that he hoped the Albertite would hold out. It did. Beyond the basement and the air shaft the Academy was injured but little, and the great collections were untouched.

The next morning, as usual, the black spaniel reposed in his particular end of the coal bin, but on one sack of Albertite instead of three. The engines were back in their places and, with the exception that some red paint was missing from the wheels of the "Dewey," looked much as before. All the enthusiasts, with the Mayor and Garton, were there. Garton had no theories to advance. Mr. Ezekial Smith turned up a changed man, so much so that Donald tried to comfort him by being jocular. But Mr. Smith had come to regard Donald with a great reverential awe, and every once in a while could be seen looking at him with an expression of uncertainty. He went up to the "Ronald's" great boiler, the boiler that he had been villifying not twenty-four hours before, and patted it solemnly.

"Well, sir," he said, "that's a great engine!" and he heaved a sigh.

"Oo, she's fair, she's fair," said Donald, cautiously, "but last night she deedn' ha' th' coal she's been accoostomed to. But thut's a gran' good engine y' got theyre, noo, thut 'Dewey.'" Mr. Smith shifted uneasily and tried to smile, but for some reason the moustache would not get properly bunched.

"Say!" he said, "you might let a cuss down a little easy."

"Ma deear mon," said Donald, "a'm een airnest, pairfectly een airnest; 't takes a gran' good engine t' reach th' eaves o' th' Academy."

"Well, how about yer 'Ronald' then? I guess she reached 'em all right."

"Aye, but thut's deefferent. Y' see, a leetle extra theeckness een a booyler aften cooms een handy," and Donald smiled benevolently. Mr. Smith wiped his moustache solemnly. He could see no connection between the thickness of a boiler and the things that had come to pass. Later, when the rest had left, he and Donald sat down and talked fire engines and engines in general, and Mr. Ezekial Smith learned things of which his philosophy wotted not. That evening he left for Deweyville, N.Y., and the glory of his coming was greater than the glory of his departure.

Sometime later, owing to some secret information obtained from Jim McIntyre by Dr. Sanderson, the Town Council presented Donald with an S. Smith & Sons gold R.G.S. watch. Inside the back of the case was engraved:

"Donald McDonald, Esq., from the Caribou Town Council, in recognition of his services in saving the New Academy

"Conoondrum," he said between puffs, "d' y' know, a believe 't took near on to fower hoondred poons t' bur-rst thut water glass"

Drawn by J. W. Beatty

at Caribou at the risk of his own life, and incidentally of the lives of several of his fellow men."

One evening in December, when the last of the copper-red sunlight was glinting on the first skim of young ice up in the mouth of the West River, Donald sat out by the door of the engine house and figured on a shingle. On a box beside him were some pieces of broken glass and a pair of callipers. At last he finished and refilled the black pipe.

"Conoondrum," he said between puffs, "d' y' know, a believe 't took near on to fower hoondred poons t' bur-rst thut water glass."

THE END

DR. ALFRED THOMPSON, M.P.

Canadian Celebrities

NO. 63.—DR. ALFRED THOMPSON, M.P.

OUT of the Yukon there came to the present Parliament of Canada the "northernmost" representative of the people of the Dominion and the Empire, in the person of Dr. Alfred Thompson. This representative of the gold territory is the successful candidate of the Independent Yukon party, in which Liberals and Conservatives were combined for a common cause in the late election.

The fact that the Yukon is thousands of miles from the chief supply centres of Canada makes this far northern child of the Dominion like a distant possession seeking to acquaint itself with the affairs of the home land, and endeavouring to get the older relation to learn more exactly what the new land wants and how it should be supplied. To this end Dr. Thompson will have largely to bend his energies. The issues that are fought out on party lines with such deadly earnestness to a great extent in and among the older provinces will be less a matter of vital concern to the far northern member and his constituency.

Coming from the richest placer district on the continent, if not in the world, Dr. Thompson represents a people who produce millions in virgin gold annually to enrich the Dominion. The Yukon Territory has produced since 1896 over 120 millions in gold, which, reduced to Avoirdupois, is over 242 tons. This gold is scattered with free hand through the avenues and channels of Canadian trade each year. Since 1896 it has averaged from ten to twenty million dollars a year. In the be-

ginning much of this vast output was represented in trade going to the United States side, but Canada has made rapid strides toward gathering in what is her own from the Yukon. Dr. Thompson comes eager and ready to demonstrate how Canada may gather more of this trade to herself. While producing millions in gold annually, the Yukon cannot do so without buying millions of dollars worth of foods, clothing and machinery, and the major part of this comes from the older provinces of the land of the maple leaf. In this the Yukon and the older provinces find their common bond, and Dr. Thompson's mission will be largely educative as well as representative. He will endeavour to edu cate the commercial centres of Canada as to the needs of the Yukon.

Before Dr. Thompson left Dawson for Ottawa he had a convention called to get the opinions of the miners on a proposed mining code for the Yukon, and gathered opinions direct from the Yukon importers and traders as to what to lay before the manufacturers and before Parliament relative to strengthening Canadian trade in the north.

The heaviest work Dr. Thompson has in hand, perhaps, just for the present, is the attempt to crystallise the present unstable *mining regulations* of the Yukon into a permanent set of *mining laws* passed by Parliament and unchangeable except by Parliament. The present regulations may be changed any time by an order-in-council. Another heavy project which may be dealt with by him is the great problem of getting water into the Klondike placers in quantities sufficient for hydraulic mining. A giant government system has been proposed for furnishing hydraulic properties. Fuel is becoming far too scarce and costly and the cream of the gold is fast disappearing, so that the water question becomes rapidly a great problem involving the life of the camp. Water at low cost will enable the operators to work low grade properties profitably, and this must be done to maintain the camp.

Dr. Alfred Thompson is a man thirty-six years of age, and full of vigour and action. He came to the Yukon in 1900 from Hants County, Nova Scotia, and after practising medicine and saving $1,800 the first few months, he made a lucky mining investment in a claim on an old moose pasture on Dominion Creek. "It was pure bull luck," says the Doctor, "that the claim turned out well, and I was given a start."

The Doctor now is a heavy Dawson real estate and property owner, and vitally interested in his constituency. While he has practised medicine ever since coming here, he always was active in politics in a manner that won him the respect of the Klondike. He ran once for mayor of Dawson, and was unsuccessful in bucking a whiskey ring, but soon afterwards was elected a member of the Yukon Council, the legislature of the territory. He resigned from the Council to run for Parliament, and after a hard-fought battle of six weeks' campaigning on the famous Yukon creeks, often riding twenty miles a night to and from meetings with the temperature fifteen to thirty degrees below zero, he was elected by a splendid majority as candidate of the Independent Yukon party. He sits in Parliament as an absolute Independent, although in principle a protectionist and Conservative. He was opposed by Fred. T. Congdon, former Governor of Yukon Territory.

Dr. Thompson was born in Hants County, Nova Scotia, in 1869. He was educated in the common schools of the county, meanwhile working hard much of the time to give himself his own education. After serving as a clerk in a store with his uncle, and gaining a little pecuniary footing, young Thompson pluckily undertook to become a professional man, and succeeded. He studied medicine in Dalhousie University, Halifax, and in 1869 received the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. For a time he was house surgeon in the Victoria General Hospital, then practised in his native county, and in 1899 joined the great rush to the Klondike. In the Klondike he always has been an active man, and is highly esteemed in every walk of life. The Doctor is Past Master of the Yukon Lodge, No. 79, of the Masonic Order. On the whole the Yukon has a young, vigorous and able representative, and a man from whom the Dominion may expect to hear something while in Parliament. *Charles Reed Settlemier.*

The Wreck of the "Will o' the Wisp"

By NORMAN DUNCAN, Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," etc.

WHEN first I fell into chance talk with him on Castle Hill, I made eager use of my opportunity, for his seemed indeed to be an acquaintance worth the cultivating. Nowhere in Newfoundland, from the ports of the West coast 'round Cape Ray and Cape Race to the northernmost harbours of the shore and the straits, nor yet in the water-side drinking-places of St. John's, where odd folk congregate for a yarn and a nip of caustic rum, had I come upon a figure so invitingly grotesque.

He was stubby and exceeding fat, with a leg lacking and two thumbs too many. and though he managed to hop hither and yon in a fashion surprisingly light, his manner of getting about had a hint too much of the furtive and fearful to escape remark. One instinctively suspected him of crime—wondered what manner of pursuit he feared; and there was this about it, too—that one hoped he would never be taken.

The impression of the first glance was somewhat deepened in disfavour by the nearer sight of his countenance, wherein there lay an expression of evil cunning, at once indubitable and impossible of exact description. There were three thick rolls of flabby flesh under his chin, and a puff of fat under each of his quick little eyes; and from the puffs to the lowest chin, which was half submerged in the folds of a black cravat, the broad, mottled expanse was covered by a stubble of gray beard, save where a ragged scar on the left cheek kept it bare and livid.

There were other scars; the one ran from the angle of his left ear over the crown of his head in the shape of a thin crescent, cutting a wide, ghastly swath in his wiry gray hair; a second lay on his forehead, over the right eyebrow, to which, though by nature drooping to a glower, it gave a sharp upward twist, so that the old fellow was in good humour or bad according to the side of the face presented at the moment.

But never before, I fancy, did a man's eyes so bluntly give the lie to his every feature. Albeit of an occasion the old dog drank to excess, they were clear blue; and they were steady, deep and mild—altogether incompatible with the hang-dog attitude, the sharp, sidelong glance, the leer of cunning. They presented a singular puzzle. How it came that eyes so unsuited to that fantastic countenance yet benevolently beamed from it was quite past the guessing.

There were two circumstances of a significance so peculiar, so mystifying, that even the town gossips had long ago abandoned all effort to explain them. My good friend (as he soon became)—he was of the name of Nicholas Top—never failed to break into muttered imprecations when in the course of his peregrinations he came to the crossing of King Street with Water. In so far as one might discern, there was nothing in that busy neighbourhood to excite the ill-temper of any man; but at such times, as though courting the curious remark he attracted, his crutch would strike the pavement with an angry pat, his head wag and nod, his eyes malevolently flash; and he would so hasten his steps that it was no easy matter to keep pace with him, until once past, he would again turn placid and slow.

Nathaniel, the foster son, was a mystery yet more obscure; and I am sure that the poor lad himself, brood as he might—and doubtless did—could never contrive to solve the puzzle of his life. He was a merry, well-favoured boy of fifteen or thereabouts, the son of Nick's old skipper, Tom Calloway, who was lost with the *Will o' the Wisp* on the Devil's Reef, off the Labrador coast, when Nathaniel was a lisping child. It was not strange that he should abide with his dead father's mate, the town gossips could account for that. The marvel was that rough old Nick Top, whose coat was never but of the shabbiest, should deck out the son of Tom Callaway, who was drowned without a dollar to his credit, in a manner so preposterously extravagant

that the beholder was moved to stop short and wonder.

Nicholas Top was desperately poor; but there was no end to that lad's apparel—to his tweeds and overcoats and topcoats, to furs and his shoes, to his cravats and what-not; and each single item of that vast wardrobe must be speckless and in the fashion, else Nick would make fuming haste to provide another. But it was in the matter of ornament, so to speak, that the lad was the more extraordinarily conspicuous. He was a mighty temptation to highwaymen; he had a great diamond in his shirt bosom, diamonds on his fingers (there were seven rings in all, which were frequently changed for seven yet more brilliant), diamonds on his cravat; a massive gold chain lay across his waistcoat, like a cable, and bulging the pocket, which must surely have been enlarged to contain it, was the most profusely bejewelled and most gigantic gold time-piece I have ever beheld. Thus to the astonishment of the town they went abroad—old Nicholas Top, hopping along in a threadbare blue coat, and Nathaniel Callaway, all unconscious of the incongruity, parading like a prince.

The mystery went a deal further. When first I dined at the little cottage—it was Nick Top who gave the invitation—I was utterly bewildered by the strange circumstances of the occasion. At one end of the table sat Nathaniel, cheery, precise in speech, exquisite in manner; and there was spread before him, laid on delicate china and silver and glass, all the delicacies that St. John's might have offered a nabob at that season. At the other sat the grotesque, scarred, shabby old foster-father, with manners and speech of the forecastle, dining heartily on salt-junk and cabbage and hard biscuit, laid upon coarse ware, with but a bottle of rum to grace it all. The third chair was set at Nicholas's end of the table; and the guest, to his chagrin, was invited to partake of Nicholas's fare of salt-junk and cabbage, without so much as passing mention of the toothsome food laid out for the lad.

"How d'ye like that fresh beef, b'y?" asked Nicholas, abruptly of the boy.

Nathaniel laughed pleasantly. "It's very good, sir," said he.

"He likes it!" cried Nicholas, fetching the table a hearty slap, and turning to beam on me.

It seemed to me that Nicholas might have liked it too; at any rate, his eyes were greedily fixed upon the juicy roast and he was running his tongue over his lips.

"How d'ye like them greens?" he burst out. "Eh? How d'ye like them greens?"

"The greens," said Nathaniel, looking up with a jolly smile, "are very good."

"He likes 'em!" Nicholas cried, as before. "Cod, he likes 'em!"

"It pleases Uncle Nick," said the boy, turning to me, a tinge of sadness in his voice, "when I like these—these—good things."

"Good grub, that lad has, eh?" said Nicholas.

I nodded.

"None better, eh?" the old man went on. "*You* couldn't get no better, could you?"

I said that no man could.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with vast satisfaction. "Not much!"

"Come, Uncle Nick," Nathaniel pleaded, laying a hand on the carving knife; "here's Mr. Cather come to dine with us. It's a great day. Won't you taste——"

The old man fairly jumped from his seat. "Not a bite!" he screamed. "Not a bite!"

Nathaniel withdrew his hand and sighed; and Nicholas sat down and fell sharply to work on the salt-junk.

"Mr. Cather—" Nathaniel began.

"Not a bite!" thundered Nicholas. "He'll not have a bite o' that fresh beef. Mr. Cather's t' dinner with *me*. Mr. Cather knows old Nicholas Top's too poor t' have fresh beef. Mr. Cather didn't come lookin' for fresh beef. He'll not have a bite of it—not a bite!"

Nor had I. That evening, I dined exclusively on salt-junk and cabbage and hard biscuit, with a glass of hard rum to top it off. But when next I sat at table with them it was as the guest of young Nathaniel; my place was at his side—within the glitter of his jewels—and my fare which was of the best, was topped off with a bottle of wine in place of the hard rum. As before, Nicholas partook of

cabbage and salt-junk, watching us the while with greedy, watery eyes.

"Like that fried chicken?" he asked me. "Well, I say! I take it you does. *He* feeds well," with a nod toward the lad; "don't he, eh?"

We both laughed heartily.

"Don't you spare it!" cried Nicholas. "Eat hearty. They's more where that come from."

"May the supply never run short!" said I.

He looked me fair in the eye with an air of deepest cunning and mystery. Then he pointed down—whether to the cellar or to the bowels of the earth there was no telling—and nodded in a way most knowing.

"It's paid for," said he, hoarsely. "Never you fear—it's all paid for."

There was no making head or tail of the puzzle. Men might wonder where the money came from, as they would. As for me, then and there I gave up guessing and thereafter I was content to enjoy the company of the grotesque old sailor and of the light-hearted lad as it came. I perceived however, as time went on, that Nicholas was indeed poor; and that this strange indulgence of his foster son was not to be accounted for on the score of a weak, misguided affection, though affection there was on both sides, and that of the strongest. Nicholas Top was firm as a rock in this—that the lad should be bred a gentleman of good parts, whatever the sacrifice involved. Neglect of school duty, departure from mannerly conduct, dawdling with the music or dancing masters, failure to be exactly truthful—such unhappy mistakes brought swift and severe punishment. Indeed, when once I begged for mitigation of the punishment he denied me in warm terms.

"I'm makin' a good man o' that b'y," said he. "Would you try t' stop me?"

My purpose was very far from that, as you may be sure; and so I meddled no more.

II

It was not long before I perceived that I was no longer cultivating the friendship of Nicholas Top—that he, indeed, was cultivating mine, and most assiduously. What his object might be was part of the whole mystery; it did not concern me at all, for I made sure that it would be disclosed in good time. The old man made up to me with all the wiles at his command; he took my arm in public places, bought me rum with a free hand at the *Anchor and Chain*, most heartily commended me to his intimates among the waterside characters, flattered me broadly and to my face; and from time to time he hinted that some surprising revelation was to be made concerning one for whom we had both conceived a strong affection.

"Fine lad, that young Nat. Callaway," said he. "Eh? Ain't he a fine lad?"

I agreed.

"He's a gentleman, *he* is—that young lad. Eh? Ain't he a gentleman? Come now, speak fair! Did you ever know a finer one? Eh? Did you?"

I admitted that he was as fine a lad as ever I knew, which so pleased the old fellow that nothing would content him but that he should buy me a second glass of rum.

"Won-der-ful privilege t' bring up a lad like that," said he, with a wag of the head.

I had no doubt of it.

"Hist!" he whispered, bending close. "It turns a man's heart to stone."

I was incredulous.

"Ah, well," said he, " you'll come t' my way o' thinkin' afore long."

All this was coincident with a sudden development of some mortal affection of the heart. The surgeons had told him (as he confided to me at the *Anchor and Chain*) that he was "like t' go t' Kingdom Come afore he knowed it." It took no extraordinary perspicacity to discover that he had chosen me as a prospective guardian for the lad, concerning whose future he was evidently much troubled. With this plan, when it was at last frankly stated, I readily fell in; for I was fond of the lad, and had no son of my own.

"Don't you be afraid," said Nicholas. "*You* won't get in no trouble. They can't touch *you*."

He was much relieved; he patted me on the arm; devoutly thanked God for the boon of my friendship, and led me to a secluded corner of the tap-room, whereupon and most solemnly he called for a bottle of rum.

"They's something you must be told,"

"'It's all paid for,' said he, hoarsely. 'Never you fear — it's all paid for'"

said he, when the maid had set bottle and glasses before us.

"Yes," said I; "there's a deal I must know."

"Ever hear o' the *Will o' the Wisp?*" he asked abruptly.

"She was a sealing schooner," said I.

"She was," said he. "Ever hear o' the *wreck* o' the *Will o' the Wisp?*"

"She was skippered by Tom Callaway," I replied, "and she was lost on the Devil's Reef, with all hands but one, on a winter's night. The survivor was——"

"Me," said he. "That's right."

He tossed off his liquor, toyed absently with the glass, looked over his shoulder in fear, and poured out more rum.

"Yes," I said; "it was you."

"Who owned that there schooner?" he flashed.

I did not know.

"Don't know who owned the *Will o' the Wisp?*" he exclaimed.

"Who did?" I asked.

"That," said he, with a cunning wink, "is the p'int!"

Then the habit of secrecy overcame him. The name of that man was surely on public record; but not another word would the old man utter. His talk veered from the *Will o' the Wisp;* nor could I turn it again in that direction. He downed another glass of rum at a gulp, and rose to go.

"Sure," he whispered, as he bade me

good-night, "I'm as like as not t' live two more year."

He stumped out backward, with a thick finger on his lips.

III

I began to fear that Nicholas Top would take a sudden departure from this life without disclosing the secret which so deeply concerned the fortunes of his foster son. For a time, the old man fought shy of me; and when, at last, he resumed his intimacy he was close-mouthed as a clam. During this period, my own agony of curiosity and dread—and the sad mood of the lad—brought me sharply to the resolve, that whatever the event, Nathaniel Callaway should be apprised of the source of his luxury on the very day that old Nicholas Top passed beyond those places where the revelation could work him injury. But, subsequently, I changed my mind; when Nicholas did, at last, "slip his cable," as he put it, it was clear to me that so sensitive a lad as Nathaniel had much better be left mystified.

One night in early winter I was summoned in haste to Nicholas Top's bedside. There had been a seizure, and he was greatly alarmed for his life. I found him propped up in bed, purple and gasping, but yet with a fond look for his foster son and a hearty hand for me.

"Nat, b'y," he said, "you'll be goin' down t' your lib'ry," this with vast pride, "while I talks a spell with Mr. Cather."

Here again, I remarked the strange difference between the things that were Nathaniel's and the things that were Nicholas's. The "lib'ry" to which the lad went was a warm, cosy place, furnished with all that might contribute to the comfort of a boy and delight his heart; but Nicholas's sleeping-room was bare and cold—carpetless, ill-provided; in appointment it was not above the station of a forecastle hand, such as he had once been.

"Mr. Cather, sir," Nicholas began, speaking in haste, "you'll take my lad? Fair an' square, sir, as between us, will you?"

He was eager for a positive answer.

"Yes," I replied. "You may depend upon me."

"Ah," he sighed, "he'll be made a gentleman of, will Nathaniel."

I expressed my intention to make a man of the lad—not only for the affection I bore him, but for the true worth that was in him.

"It's paid for!" Nicholas whispered hoarsely. He raised himself on his elbow; and, his eyes scared and staring, he repeated the gesture of pointing downward, which had previously so mystified me.

"Paid for?" I asked.

"Aye," he gasped, "it's paid for!"

For a time he lay quiet—exhausted, it may be, by the exertion of lifting himself, and by the emotion of horror into which some old event had cast him. I waited patiently for the story to come. That it would be one of bloodshed—of piracy on the high seas—I doubted; and I was right. Thas it would be one of wreck and wrong and low trickery, I was sure; and in this, too, I guessed to good purpose.

"She was a rotten old tub," he began, "that *Will o' the Wisp*—as rotten a craft as ever sailed a sealing v'y'ge. Tom Callaway was skipper, an' I was mate; an' we had a crew, all hands, o' sixty-three men. The gale cotched us off the Labrador, ten days out, somewheres handy to the Cape o' Winds. It came from the nor'east. Lor'! 'twas a hard gale, that—a wind full o' frost an' snow—the night black as a wolf's throat—the seas as high as the truck o' the foremast o' that old *Will o' the Wisp*. *I* knowed there was no gettin' out o' that there scrape. *I* knowed she'd wreck on that lee shore. It wasn't no s'prise t' *me*. When I seed the sky all blue-black t' win'ward with snow clouds, an' when the first puffs told me the sort o' wind we'd cotch, *I* knowed how 'twould be.

"'Tom,' says I, 'we're gone.'

"'Never you fear,' says he, 'we'll come out o' *this*.'

"Just afore night, nobody knowed where she was to. The rudder was smashed, the maintopmast carried away; an' she was drivin' blind with the wind. 'Twas so thick you couldn't see the tip of her jibboom from the windlass. When she struck, Tom an' me was for'ard. The big sea just lifted her up an' dropped her flat on the Devil's Reef. You ain't never seed that place? No? The big waves

break right over it—*right over it, man!* They smashed the *Will o' the Wisp* t' kindlin' wood an' washed the splinters on. Don't ask *me* what happened. *I* don't know nothin' about it. Don't you go askin' *me!* I'm not saying I didn't hear them poor men screech. I'm not sayin'

"'Nick!' says he, 'oh, Nick!' says he, 'where's them sixty-one men?'

"'Where is they?' says I. 'They're all dyin' t' leeward.'

"'Dyin?' says he.

"'Aye,' says I, 'drownin' t'other side o' the rocks.'

"'Nick!' says he, 'oh, Nick!' says he, 'where's them sixty-one men?' 'Where is they?' says I, 'they're all dyin' t' leeward'"

that. All I'm sayin' is that when I come t' my senses I had a grip o' that there reef an' was starin' straight into the eyes o' Tom Callaway.

"'Is that you, Nick?' says he.

"'I don't know,' says I. 'Is that you, Tom?'

"'Chokin',' says he, 'in the cold water?'

"The waves was breakin' right over that reef. 'Twas hard enough t' keep a grip o' them slippery rocks with the water tuggin' at your legs. There'd come a wave, smashin' atop o' you—Lor'! 'twould knock you flat an' grind your head agin the rocks.

"'Hush!' he said. 'Don't you cry no more, lad! Oh, don't you cry no more!' And so I left them"

Then there'd be a little spell when you could lie quiet and cotch your breath. Don't you go askin' *me!*" he burst out. "*I* don't know what them big waves was tryin' t' do! Don't you go askin' *me* no questions," in a quieter voice.

"'Nick,' Tom whines, 'I didn't do it a purpose. No, I didn't, Nick. You can't say I done *that*.'

"'A purpose!' says I. *I'm* not sayin' you did.'

"'You can't, Nick,' says he. 'No, you can't! I didn't mean to wreck her. I didn't mean t' wreck her *here!*'

"'Tom,' says I, 'was you goin' t' wreck that ship?'

"'Aye,' says he, 'I was goin' t' wreck that ship. But not here,' says he. 'Oh, God! not *here!*'

"He talked most wonderful wild about the sixty-one men; but I didn't hear no more for a bit, for a breaker hit me on the head, an' down I went agin the rock; an' when I got up"—he touched the long, ghastly scar on his scalp—"I had *this* split open.

"Well, Tom Callaway come crawlin' back. 'Nick,' says he, "twas the owner tempted me. She was insured, was that *Will o' the Wisp;* an' 'twas t' be share an' share alike. That man,' says he, 'will get a pot o' money out o' this here wreck. There'll be no one t' claim poor Tom Callaway's half. I ain't goin' t' live through

this, Nick,' says he. 'Oh, no, Nick! I ain't so strong as you. One o' them big waves 'll carry me t' leeward.'

"'Tom Callaway,' says I, 'what was you goin' t' wreck this ship for? Eh?' says I. 'What was you?'

"'I got a son to home, a motherless son,' says he.

"'Have you?' says I.

"'I have,' says he; 'an' I wanted t' make a gentleman out o' the lad.'

"'Gentleman!' says I. 'Sure the money wouldn't make a *parson*.'

"'Come, now, Nick,' says he. 'I ain't goin' t' live through this. But you will, Nick. I knows you will. Won't you look after that lad, Nick? Come, now! Won't you look after my poor lad?'

"'Tom,' says I, 'did the owner o' the *Will o' the Wisp* give you more'n word o' mouth?'

"'He did,' says Tom. 'I'd have nothin' t' do with the job till he give me a paper.

"'Tom,' says I, 'has you got that paper?'

"'Aye, Nick,' says he, takin' a little Bible from his breast pocket. ''Tis in there.'

"'Tom,' says I, 'you give me that paper. If I lives, *I'll* make a gentleman out o' that lad.'

"'Will you swear t' that?' says he.

"'I will,' says I; an' I did.

"Poor Tom give out afore mornin'. He could stick on no longer. 'Twas wonderful cold, an' the seas knocked him about, an' his grip got weak.

"'Tom,' says I, 'what'd you go an' say you'd wreck that schooner for?'

"'I loved my son,' says he.

"'You loved him too much,' says I.

"'Aye,' says he. 'But I'll pay for all he gets,' says he, 'in hell!'

"'Tom,' says I, "If I ever gets out o' this,' says I, 'I swear by the Book I hold t' see that your lad gets the worth o' all them pains!'

"There was no helping him any longer. I done what I could; but he had t' go. 'Twas the next sea that carried him fair off the rock an' drowned him with the rest o' the crew t' leeward. How I stuck on I don't know. I got this," again touching the scar on his scalp, "an' I got this," touching the scar on his cheek, "an' I got this," laying a finger on the scar on his forehead, "an' I lost my leg three weeks later all on accounts of it. I don't *know* how I stuck on t' them rocks till the *Never Say Die* hove alongside an' picked me up. I can't tell you. Don't ask *me*. *I* don't know nothin' at all about it."

The old man was tired out. He fell back on the pillow, and there I let him lie, waiting his good time to speak again.

"Hist!" he said, of a sudden. "Lift me up! Lift me up! I'm not breathin' free. Come close, sir—come closer yet. Hist! I've done an evil thing since then. Afore I shipped along o' Tom Callaway on the *Will o' the Wisp* there wasn't a man on earth I couldn't look straight in the eye. But I been doin' a rascally thing since then—a rascally thing, Mr. Cather, for the sake o' Tom Callaway's son an' the oath I took. Week in an' week out, from year's end t' year's end, I been blackmailin' the owner o' that ship! Hist! Bend your ear, Mr. Cather. I'll whisper his name. Hist!"

He whispered the name of the man. "What!" I cried. "It was not the Honourable Mr. ——"

"Hist!" he interrupted. "'Twas he. 'Twas that same Honourable Gentleman. He've growed into a big bug since the days o' the *Will o' the Wisp*. Feel under the pillow, Mr. Cather. Have you got Tom Callaway's Bible? Aye? The paper's within. Take the oath, Mr. Cather, that you'll make a gentleman o' Tom Callaway's son."

I did so without hesitation.

"'Twill be easy t' get the money," Nicholas went on. "He've a wonderful fear o' exposure, has that Honourable Gentleman. Tell him that old Nicholas Top left that paper t' *you*. *He'll* find a way t' put the money in your hand. Mark my words, Mr. Cather! Don't you never let him forget that you're hangin' about handy. Don't you *never* let him forget it! He've an office overlookin' the corner o' King Street an' Water. When you comes to that place, sir, do you swear aloud an' make believe that you're in a wonderful rage. *That* will fix him! 'There goes Johnston Cather, Esquire, an' he's wonderful mad,' they'll tell him; an' you'll soon see his white face at the window. Don't spare him. Make him pay. He've got it. Give the lad what's due him. Give him clothes, an'

grub, an' music, an' dancin' an' joolery. Make a gentleman of him, Mr. Cather—just like I done."

I was silent.

"It's paid for," Nicholas gasped, pointing downward. "It's all paid for by Tom Callaway."

He said no more for a long time.

"Shall I call Nathaniel?" I asked.

"I'm goin' somewheres soon," said Nicholas. "I don't know whether I'll report t' Tom Callaway or t' the good God Hisself. But I done my best. You'll bear me witness, Mr. Cather, that I didn't touch a penny o' that blood-money. You'll bear me witness, sir," he cried excitedly, "that I fared hard. You'll bear me witness that I never went above junk an' cabbage an' that I died in a room as rough as a forecastle. You'll bear me witness that the money all went t' Nathaniel. 'Twas his by rights, Mr. Cather, an' he got it."

Weakness overcame him. "And Nathaniel?" I asked, softly.

"Call the lad," he gasped. "Call Tom Callaway's son—Tom Callaway's son—an' *mine!*"

Nathaniel flung himself on the old man's bed. He had been weeping bitterly.

"Hush, lad!" Nicholas crooned. "Don't you cry no more. You're gettin' past your old Uncle Nick. *He* ain't no gentleman. Mr. Cather will make a man o' you."

"But I want *you*," the poor lad moaned bitterly.

Nicholas laid a malformed hand on the boy's head—fondly, tenderly.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't you cry no more, lad! Oh, don't you cry no more!"

And so I left them.

When Nicholas Top died I sought out the owner of the *Will o' the Wisp;* and I put in his hand the damning evidence by means of which the misguided old sailorman had so long extorted money to lavish on Nathaniel. There would be no more of it, I told him; it was all past and forgotten. But I exacted a promise that the lad should never be apprised of Nicholas Top's dealings in blackmail; which, as you may be sure, was readily given.

That night I talked long with Nathaniel—long and intimately of his future and mine; but of nothing else.

"You must trust me, lad," I concluded. "I have nothing more to tell you."

He looked up quickly.

"Nothing more," I repeated.

"There is nothing more I wish to know, sir," he said. "I trust you to keep and to give as you think best."

Nathaniel *was* a gentleman.

An Idyll of the Island

By T. W. KING

THE hotel was itself built upon made ground, and the wide verandah to the south projected over the lake. Near by, great steamers passed through the western gap as they slowly made their way to the harbour; but for their light—a sudden glare soon forgotten—this part of the verandah lay wrapped in the fog and the darkness of night.

"It's a shame to disturb this lovers' retreat,"—it was the voice of the lieutenant as he suddenly stepped from the drawing-room into the shadow—"but I simply must have a smoke!

"What, Dillon! You here? And the pretty widow is not far away, I'll be bound"—then feigning surprise:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Pendleton; I had no idea that you were so near! Near to me, I mean; I'm surprised you're so far from Dillon!"

"Oh, you can't tease me about Mr. Dillon," she answered merrily; "you see he has seated himself on the railing; if I venture too close, he will throw himself in the lagoon!"

"Dillon, do you hear what she's saying? I thought you Americans were more gallant!"

"What chance has a poor civilian to-night? This hotel is alive with epaulettes!"

"I don't like epaulettes!" said the feminine voice from the recesses of a steamer chair.

"Don't you believe a word of it, Dillon; she is holding my hand at this moment!"

"I'm not!"

"You are both gay deceivers," laughed Dillon; "but look; here comes the boat!"

In speaking, he swung himself fairly about; there was a light breeze stirring, and his hat blew off: in an effort to grasp it he lost his balance and fell headlong into the water! It was all over in a moment; the lieutenant threw off his coat and followed him; Helen alarmed the hotel, and a few moments later the rescuer and the rescued were in Dillon's apartment; all the men present insisting upon their immediate need of unlimited stimulant.

They descended to the drawing-room to find themselves at once surrounded by a bubbling sea of excited femininity; yet, through it all, Dillon was conscious that it was he, and not the lieutenant, who was causing the demonstration.

"Helen, what have I done?" he asked Mrs. Pendleton; she was seated at the piano, he was standing beside her, and the crowd had receded; "I seem to be quite a hero!"

"Don't you know?"

"No; will you tell me?"

"It's silly!"

"But I want to know!"

"You'll be angry!"

"I promise you that I will not."

"Well then, somebody started the foolish report that you had tried to commit—"

"Suicide?"

"Yes; because I refused you."

"But you didn't!"

"No, you didn't ask me."

"But I did!"

"Well then," she returned, with the smile that seemed to say so much, but which, at times, he knew meant so little; "I didn't refuse you!"

"The entire hotel is on tiptoe," said the lieutenant, approaching; "will you let me announce the engagement?"

"Jack," she remonstrated, "this joke has been carried too far! I am sure that Mr. Dillon has a *fiancee* somewhere in the 'States,' and—"

"You have two or three in the hotel! And how many in Toronto?"

"Now Jack—lieutenant, I mean—that's too bad! Don't you believe a word that he says, Mr. Dillon! In the meantime, you gentlemen will excuse me, I know; the situation has become too romantic!

"My flowers? Oh, yes, I am always forgetting them! Here's a rose for Mr. Dillon; and you want one too? Shall I give one to Jack, Mr. Dillon? Oh, yes, he saved your life; I will send him a whole bouquet to-morrow!

"No, don't come with me; I'll slip through the little reception hall upstairs without further adieux. Good night!"

II

In his room a few hours later Arthur Dillon struggled with conscience—or was it his heart's desire?—as he gazed upon the deserted bay and the great city beyond, now shrouded in shadow and silent in sleep. Helen's jesting reference to his "*fiancee* somewhere in the States," awakened memories, long dormant but far from dead! There was another girl—not his affianced wife indeed—but one who loved him far more dearly, he felt, than did the woman he hoped to wed.

Yes, he hoped to marry Helen; indeed, to-night he felt in his heart the sense of impending victory! Yet, with the prize within his grasp, there came a feeling of doubt and depression. Helen liked him of course; she would be loyal and true and affectionate always; but, after all, she had loved and suffered before he came into her life—she was no longer a girl—the first sweet passion of youth was spent!

"Had I gone to the bottom of the lake to-night," he reflected, "she would have been sorry, of course, but it wouldn't have killed her!

"She would have recovered by Fall," he said grimly; "she wouldn't have missed the regatta!"

But Jessie—that dear little girl in his former home; her love, he felt, was eternal. There had been no formal engagement between them. At times he had neglected—almost forgotten her. For the past year he had not even written her, nor had she

known his address, although, no doubt, she believed him to be still in Australia, where he had gone two years before to claim and collect his inheritance. But now in a day he might see her; she would come with a cry of delight to his arms, his years of neglect forgotten! She would love him always, he felt; was it not his duty to marry her?

"I will leave this hotel to-morrow," he said to himself; "I know what is right, and I know what is best!"

In the morning he told the lieutenant that he was going for a week to Muskoka. He spoke to every one of it as a few days' trip, but, when Helen encountered him, as he was preparing to leave, she frankly assumed that he would not return; and he clearly discerned that she knew that he was leaving the Island upon her account.

At parting, he asked her:

"Why did you say that I had a *fiancee* somewhere in the 'States'?"

"Haven't you?"

"No; not exactly!"

"Is she a young girl?"

"Yes, she is under twenty!"

"Are you her first love?" she asked him curiously.

"First and only," he answered.

"Then, my dear friend, why don't you marry her?"

"Maybe I will," he said lightly; "if you insist!"

"Good-bye," she said, "and good luck!"

"I am not going very far," he suggested; "I will see you again before long!"

"But you will see the other girl first!"

"No, really; I am coming back here, before I go to Kentucky!"

She walked with him to the ferry.

"Good-bye," she repeated; "good luck!"

"I will see you again," he protested.

She held out both of her hands in frank good-fellowship, and her eyes met his proudly, yet tenderly, as she said:

"I know what it means, my dear friend; we are not children you know! From my heart, I wish you good luck; and now, and for always—good-bye!"

III

He wrote to Jessie upon the following day from Penetanguishene as though their correspondence had not been interrrupted, assuming, as a matter of course, her continued devotion—he promised to come at once to her upon hearing that she was still alive and well, and anxious for his return.

"I have no right to mar her life," he murmured. "This letter will make her happy!"

Yet in his longing to see Helen once again, he gave his address at the hotel on the Island.

"There will be a dozen letters from Jessie by the time I return," he thought with a smile; "but no matter!"

But upon his return to the Island he was startled to find only one letter awaiting him. His friends had crowded about the desk—Helen among the rest! In the midst of their talk and laughter he had nervously opened the letter. There were but a few lines and at a glance he had read them. He was stunned for a moment; then, with a sigh of relief, he exclaimed:

"Oh it is good to be back with you all again!"

"We are all glad to see you again"; it was Helen who answered.

"I have something to show you," he said to her.

Together they sauntered to the corner of the verandah.

"Don't fall overboard!" she said, smilingly.

"No," he replied; "I have my bearings at last."

Then he gave her the letter; it read as follows:—

"DEAR ARTHUR,

"Your letter received. I am to be married sometime the last of this month is why I did not answer it sooner.

"Please do not write me any more—it's too late. "JESSIE."

"Are you glad?" she asked him.

"Yes, indeed; are you?"

"I am sorry that you are disappointed," she said.

"For goodness sake!" The strident tones of the lieutenant once more interrupted them; "you two in this corner again? Now I *will* announce the engagement."

"Why not?" said Dillon.

"Oh I don't know," she began——

But every one knew what was coming, when, hand in hand, and laughing like children, the three of them came to dinner.

By the Book

By ALBERT R. CARMAN

IT was a path that was untrue to its name; for it never suggested going anywhere, but rather that one might tarry on it with tardy and retraced footsteps. Still that was not the reason why the girl in her flowered muslin dress and her wide hat went up it now with hesitant and reluctant feet. It was so familiar to her that she never thought of it. It ended before her at the bottom of the low steps that led up to the wide and vine-shaded verandah of her home—the home where she had been born, where she had always lived, from which she had never been away, except for a rare holiday. It had begun at the latchless wooden gate which had swung open before her when she came in from the village street. It ran through a wilderness of overgrown flower beds and madly luxuriant shrubberies and tall grasses which proclaimed with every shimmer of rank green and every flaunting mass of untamed colour that the gardener was gone.

From the village street still came the chatter of young voices, growing fainter as they obviously moved along toward the entrance to the monster summer hotel with its staring area of white paint broken by lines of shuttered windows and the level march of the brown verandah.

The eyes of the girl were turned wistfully through the masses of tangled shrubbery toward the direction whence the voices came. The indefinite weight of a formless *ennui* lay on her heart. Always—always she lived here. Always—always the same. The village was an unwholesome eddy on a forgotten shore of life. Here circled in hopeless, vacuous imprisonment the derelicts who only awaited engulfment, and the feeble and the poor-spirited who dare not try their arms against the currents outside.

But that gay party from the hotel!—young men in boating flannels, coquettish girls in the latest summer garb, a perpetual splash of jest and laughter between them, life always swift and sparkling. How the empty heart of the girl envied them as she stood on the quiet path and caught the echo of their gaiety!

"If father had only lived!" she half sobbed aloud; and then looked fearfully up toward the sleepy old house with one of the upper shutters winking drowsily at passers-by, its lower hinge having given way. Bravely she forced the quiver out of her face; her mother must not see it there. With a morsel of a handkerchief she patted her eyelids to make sure that no moisture lingered. Then she practised a smile, but it could not quite conquer the sweet droop of her soft lips, though her eyes shone now with a light that was almost all love for her widowed mother, who "had only her" and who could not bear the uncaring world where her hero had fallen.

Just on the steps the girl stopped with a quick gesture of surprise. She had left her book by the bay shore where she had been reading that afternoon. Never mind. No one would take it. She would get it to-morrow.

II

She had a habit of marking in her books passages that appealed to her; and as no one else ever read them, she marked with more revelation of her inmost thought than otherwise she might have done. The book she had been reading that afternoon in the shade of a clump of trees by the lisping bay, was Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel"; passed—and condemned—long ago, no doubt, by the gay world at the hotel, but book fashions were as late as other fashions in reaching the somnolent village.

Early the next morning she hurried over to her little bower and found the volume high and dry, propped up against the bole of a tree. Surely she had not leaned it there! A piece of paper peeped from the end, marking her place neatly—a piece of note-paper—strange as Friday's footstep on the sands of Crusoe's Island. She picked it out of the opened book and turned it curiously over, and there was writing on it:—

"Greetings to You who marked this

book! For You were born twins with me into the rare country of good literature. This story has not been foolish to you, but infinitely deep and wise; so it has to me. Where it has caught the reflection of your inner self, it has of mine; where it baffles your eye, it baffles mine. We must have come together from the little Island in the Serpentine."

It was a masculine hand, firm and flowing, and yet a little difficult to read. Who could have left it? No one in the village, of course. It must be someone at the hotel. "The little Island in the Serpentine?" What did that mean? She had never heard of that. But at any rate it was clear that He liked "Tommy and Grizel"—that He felt the touches which had appealed to her—that—that she was in his world thus far, though the village did shut her in, and though he was of that gay flock that fluttered here for a few sunny weeks in summer and then winged back into that life whose shadows fell across her magic mirror.

III

That afternoon she did not go back to her little nest by the bay. Some one else had found it out and she was shy of being caught there. Perhaps a laughing party of them would come to see the girl who had understood Grizel! Well, they would find no one. But the next morning early, while the dew was still on the grass, she hurried along the empty path by the water's side and up to her eyrie, hardly knowing why she came, except to see the spot again. She was a little breathless when she got there; and then she knew why she had come—she had thought that there might be another message. And, apparently, there was.

A book leaned against the bole of the tree as before. She eagerly picked it up and looked at the back; it was Barrie's "Little White Bird." In the title page lay another slip of the same note paper.

"I wonder if you will like this. Perhaps you have liked it already. I know now that you are not at the hotel, for there is no woman there who could have marked that book as you did; and I know that you are a woman, else you would have left a message for your twin.

"Will you mark with a cross such of my markings as you agree with, and leave me this book here again? We will make 5 p.m. 'the closing hour,' and you will not see Peter Pan unless you stay after the gates are closed. I hope you will stay—when you feel that you would like to."

That night and all the next day she read and read in this quaint portfolio of literary etchings, and learned about "the little Island in the Serpentine," and who Peter Pan was, and what it meant to stay after "the closing of the gates." And when she felt that the mind of the wizard who wrote it had so penetrated her's that she could hardly tell one from the other, she would look at the margin, and there would be the strong line of emphatic appreciation drawn by the stranger. With a timid pencil she marked her cross—though not infrequently she hastily rubbed it out again. Then after long thought she might mark it in again—or she might not. It seemed as if her mental privacy were gone. That this distant Barrie, who was more of a name than a man to her, should have passed its hidden portals, seemed not so bad. He would never know. But this nearer one—who was all man and no name—that he should know—that she should mark the very spot where the secret springs lay with her revealing crosses—this was far, far different! So in the end, when she took the book back to the little nest among the trees, there were few crosses on its margin, and these opposite the more superficial passages.

But there were blurs in other places where she had rubbed out tell-tale crosses which her maiden heart had prompted before her maiden reserve could speak.

IV

When next she came back it was a magazine that lay against the tree, and in it was a gentleman's card. She turned it face upward and read:—

ROY L. FORREST
Boston, Mass.

On the back was pencilled in very small writing:—

"Oh! my twin, you were not honest. You dropped your veil. I know twenty women who might have marked what you

did; but not one who could have put down the crosses that you rubbed out.

"I set an example of frankness by leaving my card."

There was not a mark on the magazine, but it was cut and had been read. Not knowing quite what else to do, she took it home with her; and, sitting amidst the grass of the old garden, turned its pages. There were articles of various sorts to which she paid little attention, though one on an old Italian city, sketchily illustrated, awoke within her a momentary and hopeless longing. But the stories she read. One—a picture of rough life in the West—she lacked the interest to finish; another—a spattering of bright dialogue amidst the upholstering of dazzling wealth—she finished to the last heartless gibe, but it gave her a new contentment with her obscure life; still another—a pathetic character sketch—left her eyes wet; but the last it was that set her heart beating.

It was the story of a lonely musician who wandered the world over but could not find his mate. Again and again he thought that some fair woman, who was drawn to him by his marvellous playing, was she; but as often his heart turned from her with indifference. Then one weary night outside a great city, while moodily walking his loneliness into the dull apathy of exhaustion, he passed a way-side cottage and heard a girl's voice singing—and it was she at last.

Was it that she might read that story that the stranger had left the magazine?

So the next day she took the magazine and a book, and she did her hair in the way she thought the most becoming, and she put around her neck her mother's gold chain and in her belt her mother's watch that she might know the time to come home, and she went out by the quiet shore of the bay—and stayed until after five o'clock.

V

Every minute after the magic hour had passed, she felt that she must arise and run; but she told herself that he would surely see her which would be worse than staying as if she had forgotten about him. And she might easily have forgotten; for she usually stayed here long after five—and no one had ever before come to her bower.

Some one was now coming through the trees. Her heart, all unused to adventures, beat ridiculously. She nervously put the magazine in the grass under her skirt—he should not think she had expected to see him. Then she had it out again—he would think she was ashamed of bringing it——

A tall, shy-looking young man stood before her.

"My name is Roy L. Forrest," he said, tentatively.

She rose. "I enjoyed your magazine very much," she said in a stilted manner. It might have been stiff Miss Benson next door, thanking her mother for some early strawberries.

The lad hesitated; and then he faltered—"I am glad that you did."

She looked at him and saw that he was really embarrassed, at which she felt quite mistress of herself.

"You like Barrie?" she said enquiringly.

"Passionately!" A new light came into his eyes.

"I always have."

"Most people have—until these last things," he replied; "but the pure spirit of Barrie-ism was too much for them. I had begun to think that I was almost alone—and then I met you."

"You met me?"

"Well"—and he laughed a little in confession of his slip; then he suddenly went on—"Yes, I met you—met you more truly than I have since we began talking here."

The girl laughed now with an easy merriment. "We have not been getting acquainted very much, have we?"

"Not since we 'met'."

VI

One evening a few weeks later, the two were walking down the hushed street together from the hotel to the old garden gate, Mrs. Forrest and her mother walking on ahead. They had been dining with the Forrests at the hotel. Mrs. Forrest was a woman of compelling hospitality; and they had been much in the whirl of the hotel gaiety since Roy had induced his indulgent mother to make the first advances

and call at the "sweet old house in the untamed garden."

"I could not believe you at first," said the girl, "when you used to say that you were lonely."

"No?"

"No. You were never alone. You were in the midst of things. While I—knew—no one."

"But now?" enquired the young man.

"But now I know that there is no place so lonely as where many people are and not a companion."

"Not a companion?" and the young man's eyebrows were lifted in mock protest.

She looked shyly up at him, and then the boldness of a security of understanding and being understood came into her deep eyes. "Not a companion," she repeated, "that I have not now away from the crowd."

His eyebrows relaxed to the calm of contentment.

"Yes," he said seriously. "I would be less lonely reading books that you had marked than in talking to any other person in all the world whom I have ever known."

"It is strange," she said musingly, "that we should have come together through the marking of a book."

"No, you don't mean that!" he answered quickly. "It may have been strange that I found the book; but surely it is better to come together through likeness of mind than because we dance nicely as partners—or—or because you dress well—or for any of the casual reasons which attract most couples to each other."

The girl was silent for a moment; then she said:—

"Yet Tommy did not love Grizel."

"That was Tommy's greatest misfortune," replied the young man soberly.

August Merging

BY DOUGLAS BLISS ROBERTS

WHEN mists hang low at sunrise,
Bathing all with doubled care,
Drifting in their autumn range,
Widely whispering of a change.

When the mowing leaves the land,
Labour leaving meadow hay,
Leaving insects sweltering drone,
Twilight and the frogs alone.

When the poles and paddles bend,
Bending to the forest's call,
Where the waters will allow
Whispers from the blade and bow.

When the rifles breathe in hate.
Then a dreamy, mystic change,
Harmonising autumn's call,
Merges summer into fall.

Ontario School Life Sixty Years Ago

By REV. W. T. ALLISON

SIXTY years is a long time in the life of a country. "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," was the title of Sir Walter Scott's first novel. In reading that classic work to-day we can scarcely realise that the date of writing was separated from the romantic days of Charles Edward and the Rising of the year 1745 by an interval of only sixty years. The gay young Pretender and his chivalrous Highland chiefs seem to belong to mediæval times, while Sir Walter is a modern like the rest of us. And in a new country like Canada the passing of sixty years has brought changes and improvements that make the days of the early pioneer as remote and far away as were the days of cattle-lifting on the border to Sir Walter Scott. Ontario life, in all its aspects, has been wonderfully changed during the lives of our fathers and grandfathers. Since the year 1844 the conditions of school life have been well-nigh transformed, but a careful reading of an old school register, which has been handed down from those early days, reveals the fact that though conditions undergo constant change human nature remains ever the same.

Owing to the kindness of Mr. William McBeth of Stayner, the writer has had the pleasure of examining a time-stained, ink-bespattered old register which did duty in the first school opened in the township of West Gwillimbury. The school was located in Section No. 6, about three miles from Bond Head. The book passed through the hands of three teachers and covers a period of five years, the first date being September 9, 1844. Mr. R. McKee Moore was the pioneer teacher. Down the left-hand side of each page he wrote the days of the week, inscribing opposite each day the number of classes with the total enrolled in each class and the number absent and present. Opposite the figures for each school day of the month a generous space was reserved for "Observations." The real interest of the old register lies in the fact that the various teachers who used it as a daily companion jotted down on its pages pertinent comments on the events taking place inside and outside of school. The trenchant observations which lie along the pages of this old book enable us to obtain a very interesting glimpse of life in the log-house school of Ontario sixty years ago. The first entry in the book is characteristic of the school teaching of sixty years ago. It was long before the days of the Ross Bible or of the Separate School Question, or the unending discussion as to whether the Bible ought to be taught in the schools or no. The old-time teacher was very careful to read a whole chapter of the Bible every day. Sometimes he read a chapter in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon as an evening lesson. This is the first entry in the book, "Read the second chapter of Saint Matthew." The teacher evidently passed by the first chapter on account of its wealth of genealogy. On the second day of school he read the third and fourth chapters, and thus every day the scholars were duly edified by the reading of the Scriptures. In an entry on May 7, 1845, we learn that Mr. Moore had read every chapter in the New Testament in thirty-three weeks of school. It is curious that none of these Gwillimbury teachers read from the Old Testament. The sentiment of the community was with the teacher in this reading of the Bible and inculcation of religious principles. There was a great deal of sturdy piety in the country places in those days. Sometimes the children of Presbyterian settlers were required to attend church services on week days. On Oct. 15, 1846, the teacher writes, approving or disapproving, we cannot say, "A sacramental preparation is going on in the Free Church which is keeping a good many of the children from school." Mr. Luke M. Dally, who followed Mr.

Moore as teacher in 1847, was a man of devout spirit, although it must be confessed he was rather weak in spelling. On a certain day he writes, "I presented William Ross and Sarah Harris with two Bibles at my own *expence* for their knowledge of spiritual things." On another day he chronicles a church event in the settlement, "Yesterday evening the Rev. Mr. Blackstock preached his farewell sermon before a large and respectable congregation, who all showed by their conduct that they regretted *loosing* his services in this part of the circuit." The New Year tempted the teacher to indulge in an exercise which allures many of us at certain seasons, the New Year and Spring particularly. On Jan. 1 his religious aspirations found expression in the following specimen of early Ontario verse—

> Another year is gone
> And yet I'm still the same,
> A poor degraded sinner flown
> From Christ to Satan's train.
> But oh how long will I thus sleep
> In sin and error's ways?
> Bring me, O Lord, amongst Thy sheep
> And guard me all my days.
> Amen. L.M.D.

A month later he was still under the spell of his good resolution, for on Feb. 1st he writes, "Lord carry us through this month to Thy honour and glory. One year in this school to-day, may I spend the next better."

The teachers in those days not only believed in instilling religious ideas into the minds of their scholars, but they also took a keen interest in the general religious welfare of the neighbourhood. Mr. Moore was the founder of the first Sabbath school in the vicinity. On April 21, 1846, he writes in an hour of discouragement and gloom, "Called a meeting to establish a Sunday school. Only Messrs. Murphy and Landerkin attended. Oh, the apathy and carelessness of the people!" But the people were not apathetic, they were only slow in rising to the new idea. On a Monday morning three weeks later the teacher makes the joyous entry, "Fifty-four children and fifteen grown persons attended our Sunday-school yesterday." This was certainly a very fair beginning for the pioneer Sunday school in the township.

Nowadays a country school teacher has been known to close the school for an afternoon in order to attend a funeral or the township fair, but sixty years ago the arrival of a good preacher in the settlement was sufficient excuse for the master to liberate his charges for the day. On July 22, 1845, Mr. Moore records the advent of an eloquent Presbyterian divine, "Absent to-day hearing the celebrated Dr. Burns preach at opening of Presbyterian Free Church in this neighbourhood." The opening of a new church was a rare event in those days, and no doubt every settler within a distance of fifteen miles was present. We are indebted to Mr. Dally for notice of another mark of progress in the history of Presbyterianism in that part of Ontario. As early as 1848 the Presbyterians of West Gwillimbury had set their hearts on having an organ. They bought an instrument and thereby caused a wrathy pedagogue to pen a sarcastic item on the white page of his register on a Monday morning. On June 5, 1848, Mr. Dally writes, "Went yesterday to listen to a musical instrument in the Presbyterian church at Gwillimbury. The performance wretched, singing execrable, the whole proceedings a mixture of Heathen, Jewish and Popish Mummery." It is quite clear that Mr. Dally belonged to "the old school."

As might be expected the majority of observations in the book deal with the weather. After all, there is no topic so interesting. The general impression gathered from these pages leads one to believe that the weather in Ontario sixty years ago was much the same as it is to-day. The winters, if anything, were milder than those of recent years. It is enough to make us long for those winters of other days to read the following entry for Feb. 2, 1848, "A most beautiful day, more like a summer's day than one in February. No snow, no cold, no clouds, all nature lively, gay and beautiful." But this weather was too good to last long. They were subject to sudden changes then as we moderns are to-day. On Feb. 10 he writes, "A piercing cold

morning." And he adds rather sententiously, "Such a day as this proves the advantage of a good house." When the woods were still standing, the winter was apt to set in early. On Sept. 28, 1844, we read, "The cold weather has set in in good earnest. The morning was very cold, which prevented the children from coming out." It was not too cold on the next day, however, for the children to work in the fields. "School small to-day. A great many children engaged taking out potatoes. Some kept at home on account of frosty morning." On Oct. 28, 1844, sleighing came. A heavy snow-storm continuing for two days spoiled attendance at school. It was on an early date, Oct. 21, in 1845, that the first snow-storm interfered with attendance at school, and in the next year the first snow came on Oct. 17 with a severe cold snap, so cold, in fact, that on Oct. 23 the teacher is tempted to exclaim that it is "freezing great guns and snowing ammunition." There are frequent entries lamenting poor attendance on winter days owing to great snow-storms which blocked up all the roads; the school was often closed for a week at a time, the teacher himself being unable to make his way through the drifts. But if the snow lay deep in the forest, the roads and the clearings, the Spring usually came early, and it gives one a thrill of joy even at this remote date to read the entry for March 6, 1845, "A very fine day, a great many employed in sugar-making," or this entry for March 20, 1846, "A fine sugar day, ergo, so few in attendance. Sugar-making has taken every child able to carry a pail away from school." Perhaps the teacher himself was sighing that Spring day for the delights of the sugar-camp. That he had a heart which was amenable to the gentle influences of Spring we learn from this florid and exuberant welcome to the verdant goddess, "The copious showers of yesterday and last night have given Nature an animated, vigorous, fructifying and cheerful appearance." If the soaring fancy and fructifying genius of the teacher perpetrated any odes to Spring he failed to inscribe them in this *vade mecum* of his school life, but the foregoing prose poem is proof positive that in the Spring of 1848 Mr. Dally was attuned to sing, even if he did not do so. The only verses which have any connection with Spring are inspired by the muddy roads over which the teacher journeyed to Toronto in March, 1847. He went down to the metropolis to buy books for the Sunday-school library. On opening the pages of his register once more he writes in Latin, for Mr. Dally was fond of describing himself as "a Classical Master," "Iter non bonum ad urbem." To this dog Latin he adds the following doggerel,

> To Toronto I did go
> A library to buy.
> Walking bad, it rained so,
> The roads were far from dry.

On another pleasant Spring day in March he tells us how the sun's glare reveals every dingy hole and corner in the school,

> Sun shining bright
> After a frosty night
> Makes our school quite bright
> Which is not a pleasant sight.

Various entries in the register have to do with the teacher's relations with the trustees, visitors to the school and parents of the pupils. The Government, through the Rev. William Fraser, Superintendent of Education, notified the teacher on Nov. 28, 1844, that the annual grant to the division would be £8 17s. 7d. The next day we find the report of the trustees' meeting, held on the previous evening, at which "William Sutherland, Alex. Gunn and William Fraser signed over their right and claim in this school-house, and delivered up the lease which they held of said house under the present trustees for the sum of £8 3s. 6d., being the claim against it for building, etc., by them." On Dec. 12 of the same year we read, "School was dismissed at 12 o'clock by order of the trustees, as they would plaster the ceiling of the school room." Improvements were made little by little in the old school-house. We read further that, "Mr. Edmunds came and glazed the window and brought two benches. It is impossible to get on with comfort, we are so badly supplied with benches." To make matters worse

some of the boys at the singing school, a popular institution in those days, passed a jovial but rough-and-tumble time one evening, for the teacher sadly chronicles the fact the next morning, "The singing scholars last night broke one of our new benches." A year later the old-fashioned desks were the cause of discord. In his best copper-plate hand Mr. Dally calmly indites the following, "Some of our children taken from school by the parents on account of the trustees getting the desks altered. Offended majesty!!!" It is to be presumed that the events on the next evening followed as a consequence. At that period the youth of the settlement not only gathered together in the evenings to learn to sing by note, but also to learn to wield the goose-quill. At these evening gatherings in the schoolhouse, when no master was present to hold turbulent spirits in awe, disturbances frequently marred the harmony and the easy splash of the quills over the white copy-books. On Jan. 25, 1847, the teacher records, "An ugly quarrel occurred in the writing school last night between Pemill and Daniel Sutherland's family. They are all to-day before Andy!" "Andy" was the local magistrate, his name in full being Andrew Cunningham, Esq. Next morning we read the judgment in the register, "Daniel Sutherland was nonsuited yesterday before Cunningham and had to pay all the costs."

The spirit of contention slumbered for nearly a year, and then it was the teacher himself who became the storm centre. As already stated, Mr. Dally took considerable pride in his classical education. He burned with zeal to impart a knowledge of Greek and Latin to his older scholars and at last commenced teaching these erudite subjects. We hear the cries of conflict to-day between the utilitarians and the lovers of Greek and Latin. The same struggle was waged in the township of West Gwillimbury in the forties. With a fine indignation and a display of Spartan love for battle, which no doubt he inherited from his Irish forefathers, Mr. Dally writes, "Received a notice from my trustees this morning prohibiting me from teaching classics. It will cause a considerable fuss in the Division. Let them go ahead. I care not. Hurrah for opposition!" A few days later he tells us that the older boys who were drinking with unslaked thirst at the rill of Helicon, have left school as a distinct protest against the action of the utilitarian and high-handed trustees, "Three boys who were reading Classics are coming no longer, as I am not permitted to give them instruction. "From a later observation we derive the inference that Mr. Dally in his Irish love for "opposition" continued to teach classics. On March 23, however, the battle royal commenced in good earnest. On that day the daring teacher received a note from "Andy," a magistrate and influential ratepayer, protesting vigorously against the teaching of classics. The teacher was greatly incensed at the contents of this letter, and he gives his opinion of the note and its writer, "Mr. Cunningham's note indicates the baseness of his disposition." He penned a stiff reply, and Mr. Cunningham returned to the charge with another intimation to the teacher that he was disobeying orders. This letter drove the master to use rough language concerning his opponent, "Received a second note in the miserable slang of the old serpent 'Andy.'" Several days later Mr. Cunningham adopted the last recourse left to offended parents; he removed his son William (who by the way is the present genial sheriff of Collingwood) from the tender care of this fire-eating classical master. We read the short and bitter note in the register, "'Andy' took 'Bill' away to-day." The echoes of the battle die away for the time being, but Mr. Cunningham was simply biding his time. Six months later he succeeded in having himself elected as a trustee, and forthwith the axe fell; the school that once shook beneath the lion-like tread of the man who hurrahed for opposition knew him no more.

There were not only opponents of the classics in this school section, but also certain settlers who could not see any benefit in the study of grammar. Mr. Dally tells us in a certain entry that he has "Received a letter from Daniel Sutherland enjoining me not to tease his

children with grammar." In dealing with this protest the teacher took high and dry ground, "Informed Daniel Sutherland that his child must conform with the rules of the school and go through the same form prescribed for the class to which she belongs." Next day the irate Daniel removed his children from school. It is evident that both Daniel and his wife continued to regard the teaching of grammar as a teasing process and an extravagant waste of time. When Mr. Dally had departed and a new teacher held the reins of power, they renewed their war against grammar. After much patient hearing of objections, Mr. Comerford, the new teacher, writes plaintively and in great weariness of spirit the following warning to the teacher who in the course of time may succeed him, "Bear in mind that Daniel Sutherland or his wife will not allow you to teach their children grammar. Dare you attempt to hear them a lesson with their class you will learn to your cost that she can scold grammatically and epistolary and spell correctly, and use her language fluently." From this it may be seen that in the good old times the pedagogue did not rule the school section with a rod of iron, nor have everything his own way. But if the teacher has a sense of humour, the difficulties and annoyances of school life are greatly ameliorated. The teachers who wielded the ferule in this old-time school must have derived great satisfaction from their practice of confiding their troubles to these yellow pages which then were fresh and fair. Imagine the sweep of joyful sarcasm with which Mr. Dally, born humorist that he was, penned the following observation, "Mr. William Philips complained to me last evening that some children at this school have lice in their heads (*i.e.* hair)! Resolved, that the Master do wash and comb 'each child' every morning, and also provide every family in the Division with soap, combs and brushes out of his salary of £60. Hear that, teachers!!"

Strange to tell there is very little information in this book as to the studies pursued in the school. Parents bought books for the children from the teacher. "Mr. Isaac Watts called to-day and ordered some books for his children, viz., Geography and Arithmetic." Even at that early day Euclid had found his way to the back townships of Ontario; a certain entry tells us that, "Thomas Parker entered geometry to-day." We wonder how Thomas got along, whether he crawled over the *pons asinorum* or slipped through. Several entries disclose the fact that although the children did not have written examinations, as is the custom to-day, they were put through their facings orally, in the most approved style. Consider this bodeful announcement, "A repetition with general questions in geography ordered for to-morrow." The dreaded morrow came, and the teacher notes the result, "The questions in geography that were ordered yesterday were answered to-day and satisfactorily. And those more especially from the map of Europe by John Ross, Donald Fraser and Hannah Cunningham." On another day Mr. Dally writes in an egotistical vein, "This day I spent in examining all the children present. I congratulate myself exceedingly on their progress, and feel sorry that none of my employers attended to witness their cleverness." Still walking on the heights of self-satisfaction he exclaims on another day, "Emulation and improvement is quite perceptible. Thanks be to God!" Once more he writes in hopeful frame of mind, "Although the children are small, yet they are progressing in knowledge. May it bring forth fruit unto life everlasting." But in every school teacher's life some days must be dark and dreary. On June 4, 1846, there was gloom in this teacher's soul, "The children came very badly prepared as to their morning lesson. A dull, heavy day. No great progress." And the next day was not only dull but oppressive as well, for he makes a confession in Latin, "*Desidia non est felix.*" On a morning when the spelling was bad this Homer also nodded in his own spelling, for he writes, "Read *Mourning* lesson, 9th of Acts." Punishment may have been of daily occurrence in this old school, and therefore so commonplace that the master did not think it worth while to state that such a scholar had been chastised. Here is a typical

entry, however, which sounds strangely modern, "John Ross, William Ross and Donald Fraser punished for not having got their geography lesson—through indolence." Even those stirring grandfathers of ours were lazy once in a while. Again we read that certain children "Had not one word of their spellings; punished by standing against the wall until they got their lesson." When a boy was too sturdy for the teacher to take in hand in the good old-fashioned style, the fuming pedagogue poured out vials of wordy wrath upon him and then betook himself to his register for solace. The teacher must have found a comfort in easing his mind as follows, "William W—— acted to-day at noon as a ruffian. No ill-bred person could act in a more saucy, ill-becoming manner. His general behaviour is anything but what is right and decent. Neither is it in my power to restrain him." We can understand from this pathetic entry what the teacher would have done had he been a heavier man.

A large number of the items in the book cannot be classified. Some of them are good specimens of early Ontario humour. The more interesting are as follows:—

July 12, 1848—"The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, gained by William III, Prince of Orange, over Shamus Chacha, 1690. A great procession in Bond Head."

Nov. 27, 1848—"The Methodists, after holding their meeting here last night, left some dog belonging to their society locked up in the school, which dog eat the wood of four of the windows and broke some of the glass. All back-biters! All gainsayers!"

Oct. 26, 1846—"Every child who can pick up potatoes is now engaged. I think I will follow the example set, and stop at home to-morrow and take up mine."

Dec. 9, 1846—"No school to-day. Master employed getting out wood."

Dec. 2, 1847—"Went to Barrie to hear Mr. Ryerson lecture on Education, but although the audience was large and respectable 'that Great Man' did not attend."

March 16, 1848—"*Juvenis ad me nascitur hodie*, 6 a.m."

March 22, 1849—"There are four children at school to-day whose heads are bandaged on account of the mumps." Two days later, effect following cause, "Fifteen children who were attending school are now sick with the mumps."

June 24, 1847—"St. John's Day. A holiday. Attended the Masonic Walk as a Mason."

July 12, 1847—"Camp meeting and Orange Walk keep some children away."

The official visitors who wrote commendatory words in this register were the Rev. W. Fraser, General Superintendent of Education; J. B. Ardagh, Esq., County Superintendent, and Herbert Mortimer, Esq., Township Superintendent. Among other callers at the school we note that the politician of the forties did not pass by without making his bow to the rising generation. The teacher records, no doubt with quiet satisfaction, "Wellesley Richey, Esq., the candidate in this district for the Provincial Parliament, called."

Two entries in the book are of more than passing interest. In this formal way the teacher of old was wont to say farewell to his book and desk, "School is dismissed to-day from under my superintendence, I having demitted the charge of free accord. Taught in this school since July 8, 1843, nearly two and a half years. Robert M. Moore." Mr. Moore gave up his school on Jan. 5, 1845, owing no doubt to ill-health, for in a subsequent entry we learn that he died on Oct. 6, 1847. Mr. Dally, his successor writes a note of eulogy on Oct. 7, "Mr. R. McKee Moore, formerly teacher in this division, died yester evening, and will be interred this afternoon. He was an excellent Scholar, a good Teacher, kind in disposition, honourable in conduct, a good Neighbour, a loyal Subject, and, I hope, a sincere Christian." On the last pages of the book are written several notices of general interest. There is a mutilated copy of an agreement between teacher and trustees engaging the former's services for one year at a salary of £55. This was no very large sum, for school was held every day in the week

except Sunday, the teacher being allowed an occasional Saturday, which was called "The Teacher's Saturday." The holidays consisted of a week between Christmas and New Year's and five weeks in midsummer. A resolution on the last page binds parents to furnish for each child attending school one-quarter cord of wood, "Cut to fit the stove." A second resolution, which obtained the approval of the ratepayers, states that any religious denomination may have the privilege of worshipping in the school-house on Sundays.

The old log school-house has disappeared to make way for the up-to-date, commodious structure of modern Ontario; the old masters are under the sod; but we are glad that the old register with its buoyant memories of those early days remains to impress upon us the fact that "The old order changeth, giving place to new."

The Happiness Maker

BY L. H. SCHRAM

IN a rose-bordered bower in a fair forest dell,
There lives a wise fairy, mid fern and bluebell,
The Happiness-Maker—of him I will tell
To you, dear child, to you.
The first golden gleam of the Sun's morning light,
The sheen of the stars in the dark of the night,
He gathers, and makes of them smiles, soft and bright
For you, dear child for you, fair child:
He garners the notes of the nightingale's lay,
The voice of the brook as it babbles away,
And turns them to laughter to give through the day
To you, dear child, to you.
The wee baby eddies that bubble and gleam
He plucks from the surface of silvery stream,
And makes of them dimples, of beauty supreme,
For you, dear child; for you, fair child.
The tear of the snowdrop, the breath of the rose,
Distilled in wild honey, where wild clover grows,
He turns into kisses, and airily blows
To you, dear child, to you.
The Happiness Maker, so old and so wise,
Will banish your sorrows, your sobs, and your sighs,
And chase with light laughter the tears from your eyes,
For you, dear child, for you.

St. Columba's Spring

By MARIE DHU

HIDDEN among the rocks, high up on a wind-swept peak of the Coolin Hills in the Isle of Skye, a narrow mountain stream has its rising. It bubbles up from the earth gamesomely and leaps, foaming, over the rocky ledges, curtaining itself with spray here and there where a granite boulder lies in its path, till, coming to a fair, smooth hillside, it races down madly toward the sea.

To a stranger's ears the stream sings merrily enough, but to those who dwell near it, and herd their sheep on the hills, it chants a weird song of ancient days, of mountain fastnesses and of the heart of the Coolins whence it springs. There is a fierce, wild, minor strain in its song as you hear it high up near its source where the whaups cry lonesomely; but when it loses itself in the heather as it winds down the slopes at Carrabaish, it has forgotten its eerie tales and all its past glories and sorrows and runs gently, crooning itself to sleep as it falls over a mossy ledge into a great rock basin, hewn out of the solid granite by some wise-hearted old Celt in the far-off years. Into this hollow the waters of the stream, worn to a thread with much branching and dividing of itself, trickles gently with a soft, constant, drip, drip, drip, crystal clear and cold as ice.

There is a legend that Skye mothers still tell to wondering bairns of good St. Columba, in the ancient days when he roamed the moors and mountains of the isle. A day of pitiless, scorching summer glare had left the saint sadly athirst. At sundown he came upon the bed of the stream near the hollowed rock where he hoped to quench his thirst, but found that its waters were dried away, licked up by the fiery-tongued sun rays. Then St. Columba, being bitterly athirst, cried to his Maker, and behold, there sprang up waters in the desert. There was a sudden rushing and murmur and splash of water down the mountain side, and the rock basin was brimming over with the cold, clear treasure, so that the good saint drank his fill and blessed the spot with his name. So, at least, the old tale goes, and sure it is that to this day the water is there, pure and fresh as the mountain breezes and as never failing as the oil in the widow's cruse.

There was a day and a sunset hour when Katriona McLean, young and slender, knelt barefoot at the spring, to dip up a pailful of water for the evening meal at her mother's cot on the hill. The wooden pail was filled and the girl bent to lift it, when a strong voice rang out from the braeside above her.

"Haud still a minute, lassie! A'll be fillin' yer pail for ye, an' carry't up for ye too, gin ye will. It's no' for sma', slenner han's like them tae fash theirsel's wi' sich wark!"

Katriona looked up and saw brawny Allastair McDonnuil striding impatiently down the brae. as he called to her. There was a note of command in the voice which the high-spirited girl did not relish, and, drawing the dripping pail up with a swift, graceful motion, she set it down on the pebbly earth with decision.

The lad stood beside her in a moment, tall and very erect, his dark hair tossed back carelessly from a noble brow. He stooped to lift the pail for her, though her slim brown hand already grasped the handle.

"Awa' wi' ye, Allastair!"

There seemed to be laughter and tears in the voice. A pair of eyes, blue with the blue of the sea, looked up in friendly defiance straight into the dark, eager eyes of Allastair McDonnuil, and, finding there something strange and surprising, flinched and withdrew their gaze in a shyness hitherto unknown. "Katriona!"

The lad's vibrant tone smote the girl with an unreasoning joy and fear. An impulse to flee seized her.

"I canna bide ye, Allastair McDonnuil, an' ye may *tak'* the pail gin ye will!"

she cried, turning to flee swiftly up the hilly path that led to her home. Allastair watched her flight, a great amazement in his eyes.

"What's ta'en the lassie!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Hoo did she ken, an' no' a word oot o' ma heid?"

He picked the pail up and began a slow and thoughtful ascent of the pebbly path, for he was considering within himself in what manner he might best approach this saucy damsel. A ringing laugh, fresh and delicious, floated to his ears, interrupting his solemn meditations. He looked up and saw Katriona, who had turned as she reached her mother's door and was now regarding him with amusement.

"Puir lad," she was crying, "yon's a hard bit o' wark ye're at, is it no'?" She laughed softly, tantalisingly again, and, turning, disappeared within the dark doorway of the cottage, a loose strand of her fair, straight hair blowing across her face.

"My! but she's terrible bonny," sighed the lad, "an' she's richt enoo' that I'm at a hard bit o' wark. She'll be the deith o' me if she keeps on!" But he smiled to himself, nevertheless.

When Allastair set the brimming pail down on the cottage door sill, Sheila McLean, Katriona's mother, received him with the welcoming glance that waited for him at every house in the countryside. As for the girl, she was nowhere to be seen, and had probably disappeared into the second room which the little cottage boasted. Half an hour later, however, as Allastair took his way homeward, westward over the moor, he caught a glimpse of a blue homespun frock and white kerchief high up on a hill, which he knew adorned no other than Katriona McLean. Pursuit suggested itself, but, being wise for a youth, he did not follow her, setting his face, instead, resolutely toward his home over the moor.

And this was but the prelude to the wooing and winning of Katriona McLean. There were many long summer twilights to follow—the mystic twilights of May and June, about which St. Columba's Spring, had it been gossipingly inclined, could have told tales of words and glances which must remain unrecorded, save in the hearts of the two they most concerned. They were happy days enough, brimful of life and heart's joy, but they came to an end.

A cloud blew up into their fair sky. The "government"—that strange, far-off, all-powerful leviathan had offered a free sea-passage to America to settlers from Skye and the neighbouring islands—a free passage and at the end of the journey a freehold in the new country. Whether the "government" were on this side of the sea or on that, the crofters were uncertain. They were not sure of the why and the wherefore of it all. One thing they knew, they were being given a chance to sail away to America, that land of dreams. They were poor in their dearly-loved island, earning a bare living, some by small sheep-farming, others, on the coast, by fishing. Most of them knew the pinch that poverty can bring, and, consequently, there was to be an exodus from Carrabaish. Scarcely half a dozen scattered families would remain in the parish. Other villages were sending a large proportion of their population. Katriona's brothers, Sandy and John, were going with the rest. Their mother wept bitter tears at the thought of the separation.

"Ye'll come wi' us, then, Mither,—yersel' an' Katriona, an' we'll mak' ye as gran' as queens."

"Dinna ask me, lads. I'll canna be leavin' yer feyther's grave, an' the ithers lyin' oot i' the grave-yard. Na, na! Gang yersel's."

As for Allastair McDonnuil, his heart beat high at the thought of going out into the great world. He had considered well. He had read enough, thought enough, to realise at least in part, what it meant to remain buried in the island in which he had been born and bred—a happy life enough, if one could earn a comfortable living which was not always, a happy and industrious life with a peaceful end at last, but nothing more. The lad's quenchless thirst for something wider, some hand-to-hand encounter in the battle of life, some larger outlook, urged him to go. His love for Katriona bid him stay.

"An' are ye gaun, Allastair?"

The two had climbed high up among

the hills searching for white heather, and were wandering hand-in-hand as children do. It was the evening before that exodus that emptied Skye of many a stalwart son.

"I winna gang, gin ye bid me stay," he said looking at the girl with earnest, questioning eyes.

Katriona's red lip quivered unsteadily and a darkness of foreboding shadowed her eyes.

"I winna bid ye!" She held her head proudly and smiled a little uncertainly.

"Then canna ye come yersel', lassie mine," he began, impetuously.

"Allastair," she said steadily, her heart looking out of her sea-blue eyes, whether she would or no, "a'body's gaun, I ken, but ye see there's ma mither. She'll never leave them 'ats sleepin' oot on the moor," and she pointed to the east where the little ancient graveyard lay.

"Katriona McLean," he cried, "ye dinna care for me ony mair. Ye telt me ae day 'at ye did, but ye dinna care the noo' I'm feared, when the kirkyard where yer forbears lie is mair to ye than Allastair McDonnuil!" He caught her hand passionately, but she withdrew herself from him with a little fierce gesture.

"Aye," she said huskily, with a sudden paleness about her lips, "aye, I think I dinna care ower much, Allastair!" There was a strained intensity in her voice. Her mind now was fully made up. Allastair must go and seek his fortune in the rich, new land. Was she going to be a millstone about his neck, holding him back from that success which she felt sure awaited him beyond the seas? She scorned herself, remembering how nearly she had held him back and threw her head up proudly, purposefully, but as she met the gaze of her lover the crimson dyed cheek and brow, and even the fair whiteness of her neck where the kerchief was knotted.

"Go, Allastair," she said, resolutely, "go if ye lo'e me. It is my wish."

There was the dignity of self-sacrifice in the words. Allastair looked out across the moor beneath them, as though searching for inspiration. His mind was torn between conflicting desires.

"I'll go, lassie mine," he said, "but twa years from now, Allastair McDonnuil will be comin' back to ye again, wi' gold an' learnin'. An' that day, *Moghaol*," he went on breaking into the Gaelic, "that day he'll wait at Columba's Spring for her that's to be his bride. Will she be comin' to him, Katriona?"

"Dinna fash me!" she said, turning from him impatiently and walking swiftly down the slope toward the cot on the brae. Allastair longed to follow her, but forbore, comforting himself with the thought of a long farewell, "the morn's morning."

As for Katriona, she saw nothing, heard nothing in her retreat. Earth and sky melted before her eyes into a vague mist. As she neared the cottage, however, her wandering thoughts were brought to earth again by the sound of several familiar voices within the cottage. Evidently some of the neighbours had come to say good-bye to her mother before their departure on the morrow.

"Sic' an a clack!" she exclaimed disgustedly to her mother when the last guest had gone. The mother sat looking out of the window, following with her eyes the little company of her friends as they departed. She was well past middle-age, wearing the white cap of an old woman, yet her perceptions were not too dim to see, as she turned to Katriona, something unusual in the girl's bearing which led her to remark with apparent indifference:

"Allastair has no' been to say guid-bye yet!"

"Has he no, Mither?"

"Has he no' bid *you* guid-bye, Katriona?"

"O aye, Mither, but there's some fowk sic' caufs that they maun say guid-bye twa-three times."

And she was right in her surmise. Allastair went that evening to bid farewell to Mrs. McLean, Katriona still remaining invisible, and the next morning, the sun's rays barely fell aslant the thatched roof of the cottage before he stood before its door, which stood wide open to the morning breeze.

Sheila McLean was stirring the porridge which bubbled and steamed cheerfully in the black iron pot hanging on

the crane of the ancient stone fireplace.

There was no sign of Katriona. She had gone out very early the mother said. The lad rejoiced inwardly. She had gone to await him at their old meeting place by the spring. He knew it, and marched eagerly down the hillpath, straining his eyes all the way for the sight of a golden head and the bright blue homespun dress. His spirits fell a little as he saw no trace of his sweetheart anywhere. He waited for some time, hoping for her coming. "Katriona! Katriona!" he called. His voice echoed among the hills, but there was no answer.

The girl has risen early and was roaming the moor before sunrise, a sick desolation at her heart, and in her mind a determination that she should in no wise stand in the light of the man she loved. To keep him in Skye! It was not to be thought of for a moment. And she knew that if she showed any sign of relenting, any strong desire that he should stay, that stay he would. He MUST go, though it was gall and bitterness to Katriona McLean. She had heard his call from the spring, and every fibre of her being yearning to answer it, had hardened her heart as best she could, holding one slim hand over her mouth in case an unwary cry should escape her. Another farewell might be more than heart and flesh could bear. Was it days or hours, she wondered, that she waited there on the moor to see the last of him—crouching at last in the heather that he might not catch the glint of her golden hair.

At last he came, striding along grimly, swiftly rather, for the rest of the company had started before him. He carried his bundle in his hand in simple shepherd and crofter fashion. How brave and stalwart, she thought. Nothing but the Gaelic would do to express her thought of him, and she whispered the words low that he might not hear half a mile away. Aye, there he was mounting a little hill that would hide him from her sight. She sprang to her feet and ran a few steps unconsciously. She kissed her two sunbrowned hands and flung them out despairingly toward the retreating figure. If Allastair McDonnuil could have seen his sweetheart at that moment, not America, nor all its boasted riches could have lured him from her side. As it was, he was going from her, miserably uncertain of her love, fearing greatly that she would not remain true to him for those two long years of absence.

He reached the top of the little heather-crowned hill and stood a moment there, his tall figure, diminished by the distance, black against the pink light of the sunrise. Would he turn? Everything in all the world seemed to hinge on that question. Yes, he was turning for a last look at his moors and hills, perhaps hoping for a last glimpse of her. She would look little more than a speck in the distance, she reflected. She *must* give him God speed.

Katriona tore the snowy kerchief from her throat and waved it eagerly. There was a pause of a moment, then the distant figure snatched off a Scotch bonnet and waved it over his head, waved it and waved it till at last the hill hid him from view.

"She doesna' care," Allastair muttered dismally to himself as he strode along; "she doesna' gie a brass farthen for me!" He sighed heavily, and "she's naught but a wilfu' bairn," he said; while far below him on the moor the wilful bairn lay among the broom sobbing as though her heart would break.

Then began long, long days in Skye. Katriona had never known a day to be too long before. The loneliness crept close to Sheila McLean and her daughter. Sandy and John, the brothers, had gone with the rest, and a silence settled over the cot on the hill where the two women dwelt alone. A crofter's lad from the next parish was hired to mind the sheep, but this soon appearing to be an extravagance, Katriona sent the boy away and herded them herself, leaving her mother to perform alone the lighter household tasks.

The girl loved the hills and dales where she tended the sheep. The pungent, swift-blowing air of the mountains braced her—body and soul—nerved her for her work. The colour of the moors in the light of sunrise and sunset filled her with

a joy which she could not explain, and the wide reaches of moorland to the west spurred her imagination till she lived in a land of dreams as much an enchanted princess as any maiden in song or story. The lonesomeness of the cottage when she returned to it at nightfall, smote her with fresh cruelty each evening, but once out with the sheep, the solitariness seemed not to touch her. It vexed her at times to think of what the long days must be to her mother in the empty little home, but she chased the thought away fearfully, especially on those days when no dreams came, and when time spun itself out unendingly. And this happened occasionally, even in those first months of separation, while summer still lingered and the heather-bloom was at its rosiest.

That year, the winter came early with bitter cold and howling winds. The snow already lay thick on the ground, when one day in December a wild snowstorm came, and some of the sheep were lost in it. Katriona was with the flock high up the mountain side, when suddenly a strange-sounding wind blew up from the west, drifting the snow into fantastic heaps, and swirling the falling flakes madly about, as they fell thickly from a grey, leaden sky. Two or three of the flock's yearlings had strayed higher still up the rocky incline, and the girl, drawing her shawl closely about her, set off in search of them, while "Bran," the old collie, was excitedly divided in his mind as to whether he should drive the rest of the huddling, stumbling flock home, or join in the search.

"Tak' them home, Bran, guid dog," called the girl imperatively, and Bran obeyed, while his mistress watched from an overhanging crag, cheering him to his work. The snow was drifting wildly on the peaks of the Coolins. Their old heads were crowned with white snow-wreaths. The air was blindingly filled with the falling flakes and the drifting snow, and Katriona, pluckily fighting the storm, in the end was beaten. The search was unavailing, and she descended the craggy slopes staggering with weariness and the uncertainty of foothold. The sheep were terrified, floundering about in the drifts and huddling together miserably in spite of Bran's efforts. It was not an easy task to drive them home, and Katriona breathed a sigh of relief as at last the trembling, witless creatures were safely driven into the sheep shelter for the night.

That bitter, cold twilight, as Katriona McLean and her mother crouched over their peat fire talking together, a dread of something to come seized the girl. The family finances were at low ebb, indeed, but the fear of poverty had never entered the girl's mind before. There were always the sheep, she had reasoned with herself. But of these a few had already been sold to eke out their humble store, and now three more were lost in the storm. The helplessness, the utter loneliness of their position came to the girl for the first time with appalling clearness. She tried to comfort herself with the thought of the money Sandy and John would send to relieve them. Then, when all other comfort failed, she thought of Allastair McDonnuil. There had been occasional letters from the three wanderers; from the two brothers, the type of letter that is written by those to whom writing is untold labour, and lucid expression of thought an unknown quantity; from Allastair, messages roughly written, ill-spelt at times, yet breathing forth some of his own strong, free spirit, his high ambition and his love for Katriona McLean.

These were the girl's jewels. She carried them in the bosom of her blue homespun gown, and the memory of each word in her heart, bringing forth the hidden treasure, as she dreamed on the summer days, lying among the furze and broom on the sunny slopes, or as she sat by the fireside in chill, wintry evenings, when her mother had gone to rest. She built high, wondrous castles-in-the-air for Allastair as she sat with the firelight in her sea-blue eyes, grown wide with dreaming. She thought of him become rich and learned, a king among men, and did not see that in these prophetic musings she was only widening the distance between his life and hers. This knowledge also came to her in a flash, one night in January when everything was still in the little home but the ticking of the

clock on the chimney shelf or the occasional falling of a peat cinder. She was learning to read "the English" with a vague idea of keeping pace with her lover.

The schoolmaster who had taught the children of Carrabaish, when Katriona had been a school-child, and who now lived not in Skye at all, but in an Argyleshire hamlet, had passed one day through the parish, and finding the girl who had been his brightest pupil athirst for learning, had sent her by an Argyleshire shepherd, some books to read and ponder. She had made a fair beginning with her English reading in the old days at the little rough stone cottage which had been the school, and now one of the books had proved so interesting that she read with unrestrained eagerness. It was a tale of a peasant lad and lass, of the lad's ambition, of his finding his way to the university, of his exaltation to the high places of the earth, and his consequent forsaking of his little country sweetheart.

Katriona was reading eagerly, having reached the crux of the situation. When she came to the bitter ending, the book fell from her hands and she gazed unseeingly into the glowing coals, sitting there in a stunned preoccupation till, long after the peat embers had ceased to glow, she rose stiffly, and wearily went to her bed.

On the afternoon of the following day two letters came, by the hand of a Carrabaish boy who had met the carrier in the next parish. One of the letters was from "the lads," one from Allastair. Katriona took them hastily to the window, and, seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, read them by the fading light. She opened Allastair's letter first, separating the seal carefully from the paper that nothing of it be spoiled.

"Katriona *Mo-ghaol*," ran the message, and the Gaelic word went to the girl's heart as she read, "The morn's mornin' we're for the West. We're no far enough that direction yet. The pot of gold, ye see, lassie mine, is where the gowden sun dips down ayont the hills. And we maun find the gold, ye ken, for when it's found, it's a' for you. There'll be no letters fra' there. Ye canna send them but twice, or maybe twa-three times i' the year, but after a' what's letters tae you an' me? Mind ye dinna forget our tryst twa years fra' the day I left, at Columba's Spring (how I mind the soon' o' that water comin' doon the rocks!), and—*Mo-luidh*—dinna forget.

ALLASTAIR MCDONNUIL."

No more letters! What does one feel who is told of coming starvation? Katriona caught her breath piteously, then a glance at her mother made her hold her head bravely as she opened Sandy's letter to read to the mother, stifling her own grief as she thought of what the news would be to the older woman. From this second letter a three pound note fell out—a godsend. "It's fra' us all, Mither," explained Sandy honestly in his letter, "but chiefly fra' Allastair, but he winna' be pleased at me tellin' ye." The girl watched with concern the white face of her mother as she heard the news of this further separation. She was surprised at the calmness with which it was received, but from that day Katriona saw that her mother had lost her heart.

Sheila McLean, come of a sinewy Celtic stock, whose endurance of hardship was invincible, failed in health as the winter wore itself out, slowly but surely losing ground each day, till, in the early spring, when Katriona was busying herself with the care of the new-born lambs, the mother fell ill. The girl that summer was nurse as well as shepherdess. She would often sit at the cottage door in the long summer afternoons holding a little sick lamb on her lap, watching one moment the sheep straying on the moor, and the next looking anxiously within the cottage to the rudely carved wooden bed where her mother lay.

One warm evening, when the crickets were singing, loudly insistent, in the dry grass, Katriona knelt on the ground by the cottage door trying to revive one of the three fleecy lambs remaining to them. She noticed that the small flock of sheep had strayed far out of sight, and there was no sign even of Bran. She began to call the dog, holding one of her hands to her mouth trumpet-wise to carry the sound.

"Hi Bran! Bran! Here guid dog!"

She waited till she heard Bran's short, sharp bark of command, as he turned his charges homeward. Then, as she was seating herself on the turf, she heard her mother's voice calling her a little fretfully with that mournful intonation which belongs to the Celtic voice.

"Eh, bairn, but yon's a terrible far-away country whaur the lad's sailed to. It fair breaks ma heart tae think o' them!"

Katriona sat by her mother coaxing her, cheering her, then went back to her place at the doorstep, gaily singing a snatch of Gaelic song. Her voice was like a robin's clear piping. It soothed the mother, for the girl could hear her saying: "Aye, Aye," at the end of each verse as though satisfied. Then, gathering the little lambs in her strong young arms, Katriona reseated herself on the doorstep and began to hum, half unconsciously, a lullaby to the little creature.

"Bye, birdie crin,
Bye, birdie crin;
The kine are up on the mountain high,
An' the sheep are in the broom!"

With the words and air of the old Scottish cradle song came to the girl the memory of the days when her mother had crooned it over her, as she lay a fair-haired child in a wooden cradle, while the warm fragrance of the broom was blown in at the window and the bees added their droning chorus to the lullaby.

Then, as she sang, she heard her mother talking to herself in her beloved Gaelic tongue, talking as though in haste with a strange intonation that brought Katriona to the bedside eagerly.

"Mither dear, what is't?" she cried, taking one of the thin work-worn hands in her own and stroking it tenderly.

"Bairn," said Sheila McLean, looking up as though freshly awakened, "if yer mither gangs awa' to a country that's far away, ye'll no leave them 'ats sleepin' oot on the moor? Ye'll bide an' mind yer feyther's grave, Katriona?"

The truth that her mother was leaving her flashed upon the girl with cruel suddenness. "Aye, Mither, I'll bide, never fear. I'll bide—Mither dear!"

That night Katriona knew that she was solitary indeed, and before daylight faded on the following day her mother was among those she had spoken of—"sleepin' on the moor."

One grows accustomed to solitariness, they tell us, as to other hardships. Katriona took up her life again the evening of the funeral. A warm-hearted cousin, come from the north coast of the island for the "burying," had offered to take the lonely girl home with her, had begged her even to go, but Katriona had refused with decision. Her love for her mother was a passion with her. She must at all hazards keep the promise made to that mother in her extremity.

The handful of people who had gathered for the humble funeral dispersed at sundown, leaving the girl standing in the dark doorway, the slanting sun rays touching into purest gold the glory of her hair, her figure proudly erect, her hands shading her eyes as she watched them depart. They had mostly come from the north and the girl felt that she did not know them. They were her mother's kin, however, and had been treated with the Highland hospitality that was due them. Nevertheless it was good to her to see them depart.

When the figures of her guests had faded into the gathering dusk, Katriona turned mechanically to the household tasks. She washed the coarse delft dishes with care and put them away in their accustomed place, made tidy the table, swept the hearth and went out to the sheep shelter, where the sheep had been left all day in the unwonted stir. The creatures welcomed her in their poor fashion, pattering over to her as she entered, with satisfied bleats as she brought them fodder. She picked up the sick lamb and carried it to the house with her. It would take the sharpest edge off her suffering to have some warm living thing beside her in the empty cottage. She bolted the door, and seating herself on a low bench near the chimney corner, held the lamb on her knee, stroking its soft wool with gentle absent-minded fingers.

The ceaseless singing of the crickets in the grass came in through the open window, intensifying the stillness and lonesomeness of the night, wearying the girl inexpressibly. A dozen times during the long hours of darkness she raised her head as she sat there, listening intently.

"Mither!" she would whisper passionately across the room, "Mither!"

And when no answer came, she only gathered the lamb closer to her with a little shiver, and sat very still again in the dark.

When that autumn, a few weeks later, the emptiness of the purse grew so apparent that Katriona drove to the nearest market, miles away, what was left of her flock, the crofter who bought the sheep remarked that the girl was "no canny." He had given her a paltry price.

"Is that a'?" demanded Katriona, fiercely. The man cowered a little before her blue gaze. He had expected a saint and found a young tigress, and much to his own surprise, he found himself adding to the price, excusing himself by the explanation that he was "a puir mon himsel'." As for the girl, she saw at once that the price of the little flock would not be sufficient for her support during the winter and spring to come, and her brave spirit wavered before the knowledge. The hardness of the winter was even greater than she had looked for. That fierce wolf, Poverty, prowled about her door. She had met his eye more than once and met it bravely, but the solitariness, the stillness, were killing her.

Many a mournful tale could St. Columba's Spring have told of a girl who came in the wintry weather and sat shivering by the hollowed rock, her chin in her hands, staring vacantly into the distance. No occupation was left her and she could seek none. She waited. The waiting was her life. Yet if asked what she waited for, she could hardly have told. She would seldom allow herself to think of Allastair McDonnuil, and the book in which she had read of the unfaithful swain seemed to frown down on her in timely warning from the chimney shelf. "Aye! Aye! I ken!" she would murmur sometimes as she looked at it. But occasionally its frown made her cry like a bairn.

It was in March that she herself grew ill and lay delirious for days alone and uncared for, before a passer-by discovered the fact, and a motherly crofter's wife from ten miles away went to nurse the girl through a tedious fever. When the woman at last went home Katriona was convalescent, moving about feebly with the air of one

"In worlds not realised."

"She's no' a'thegither right in the heid," the kind woman had told her neighbours, "an' its sma' wonder that she's no'. It's na canny that she should bide by hersel' that gait, but she'll no' listen tae a word o' reason."

When Katriona came again to the spring, it was early summer once more. Poverty, hunger, illness had left their mark upon her. The roundness of her young cheek had given place to a pitiful hollow. She had lost all count of time, all care for anything. A proud, dumb misery had eaten into her consciousness till it was numbed. She did not know that involuntarily she was that day keeping her tryst with Allastair McDonnuil. She knew it was summer, and that it was more pleasant to be out in the warm sunshine than in the cottage.

Katriona McLean knelt low at the spring and dipped up a cup of the cool water. The pool was clear as glass, and bending over it she caught a glimpse of her own reflection in its surface.

"Wha is't?" she gasped in terror, "is't a ghaist—a ghaist?" She stared at it as though fascinated. Her image in the water, the pale, wraith-like face and the long hair hanging over her shoulders seemed a haunting vision.

"Wha is't?" she whispered eagerly.

A footfall on the gravel made her look up with fear in her eyes. A stranger stood there, tall, powerfully built, brown of cheek and hand. She regarded him with wondering, innocent eyes as a child might have done.

"Katriona," said a deep voice that seemed to make something stir in the girl's memory, "Katriona McLean, div' ye no' ken me?"

There was bitter disappointment, endless pity in the tone. The girl's look did not waver. "Na, I'll no ken ye," she replied indifferently, withdrawing her gaze.

The stranger came nearer to her and, seating himself beside her, spoke in a low tone, comforting her, soothing her as though she were indeed a child.

"Div ye no mind Allastair McDonnuil?' She started at the words and looked up at him keenly. One would have said that there was a flash of blue fire from her eyes.

"Aye, I kenned *him*. Can ye tell me aught o' him?"

The colour swept across her fair cheek and brow.

"*Mo-ghaol!*" cried Allastair heart-brokenly. Katriona started afresh at the Gaelic word in the once known voice.

Her eyes met his and they looked all at once like the sea on an April day of sunshine and rain. She laughed softly —the very laugh of old.

"*Mo-luaidh!*" she cried, for the Gaelic itself was none too good for him.

Poet and Publisher

By JEAN GRAHAM

THE modern magazine, in exposing various forms of sharp practice, has turned a literary searchlight upon the "co-operative publisher" and in the May number of *Pearson's Magazine* an article entitled "Bucket Shops of the Book World," dispels the "amazing hallucinations of authorship." The writer deals in stern realities regarding book sales and the aspiring author must have abiding faith in his own little book who will persist in negotiating with the "Sharpington Press" after he catches a glimpse of the literary bucket shop. Verily the path of most of these hopeful persons seems to become a Via Dolorosa, and the writer of this article confidently declares that the lure of authorship has caused greater ruin than "alchemy, air-ships, buried treasures, the perpetual motion, the Fountain of Youth, or the Western Passage."

Of the writers of verse this dismal conclusion is bitterly true. The poetic temperament is both sensitive and susceptible and the co-operative publisher brings a flutter of joy to the writer of sonnets and *ballades* when he answers with subtle flattery, concluding with the usual terms—"the author to pay half of the expenses of manufacturing and marketing the book, and to receive one-half the profits." Does the publisher mention the sums received as "profits" by other poets who have confided their funds and fancies to his care? He would not for worlds be so vulgarly concrete but prefers to dwell on the exquisite quality of Miss Blank's lyrics, and leaves the impression upon the trusting poet that the head of the Parnassus Press dwells, like Milton's spirit, in regions—

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth."

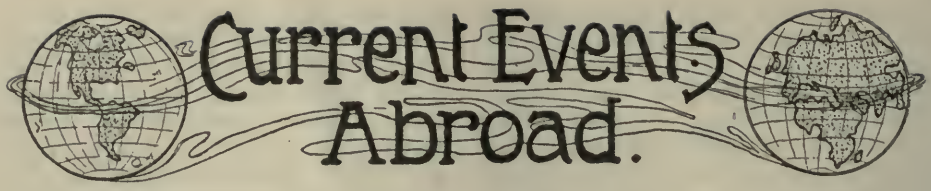
But how overwhelmed is the young writer when a letter comes from such a man, actually declaring that the poetry of the "Unknown" has attracted the great publisher's attention, and requesting the poet to send such manuscript as he may have stored away that the head of the Parnassus Press may be edified thereby. Be it remarked that the beguiling letter is irreproachable in style and stationery. In fact, these publishers are fastidious to a degree about such matters as engraving and "linen finish." The poet can hardly believe his eyes, which straightway brighten at the revelation of such unlooked-for sympathy and encouragement. He expresses his gratitude in a letter of incoherent prose and then the suggestion of publication follows. Will he send three hundred dollars? Verily, and be glad to mortgage the house, or pawn the piano, in order that his sonnets and odes may be given to a world that stones its prophets and ignores its poets. Sometimes, however, the poet's "first fine, careless rapture" is succeeded by a season of sordid calculation. He has been known to write stating that he cannot afford to spend more than two hundred dollars or even less on the volume so alluringly suggested. To his surprise, this sum is not regarded as altogether unworthy the consideration of the Parnassus Press, although, of course, the edition shrinks and also the "profits."

The Parnassus Press delights in publishing very small books—the head dwells upon the "quality" and insists upon having only the "cream" in the diminutive book, which is at length sent forth. What a thin little volume it is, to be sure! How wide the margins are, and how severely plain the linen cover is! But the writer of the lines that are spread so sparingly on the thick, cream pages believes every word that has been written on that delectable stationery and considers that his dearest achievement is bound within those dainty covers. But what does he "make" by the transaction, to come down to unpoetic facts? It is at this point that the sensitiveness of the author comes to the publisher's timely aid. Will the writer of "Dreams and Dallyings" admit for a moment that his book has been a financial failure and has been purchased by only a few choice spirits? Will he publicly accuse the upright head of the Parnassus Press of having printed only two hundred copies when he had professed to print three hundred? The poet recalls the early words of praise from the discriminating critic and reminds him of his glowing encouragement. The publisher may reply, gently deploring the tastes of a public that craves fables according to George Ade and will have little of pure literature. Or he may suggest that the work was a trifle immature and that the next volume will probably show bolder imagination and wider grasp and, therefore, be more eagerly bought by those who read something more than the Sunday newspaper. Tennyson's first volume was coldly received and the reviewers were shockingly rude to Keats in his early days. The aspiring poet may find comfort in the thought that his is unappreciated genius and may reflect with satisfaction upon the small "returns" from "Paradise Lost."

But what is the publisher's side of the poetry? Mr. Martin Foss, the writer of the "Bucket Shop" article, states that "only one book in fifteen out of all that are published pays a day labourer's wages." He also affirms that "when the publisher has finished his work he has a neat profit of from one hundred to two hundred dollars, and often much more." The latter statement, of course, refers to the co-operative press. The writer finds it difficult to discover what the "marketing" has cost, and indeed that process is cheap and easy to the publisher who has been at such pains to discover poetic genius. The advertising is conducted on a limited scale, as anything ostentatious would be out of keeping with the decorous ways of the Parnassus Press; a few copies are sent to the newspapers and in a very short time the volume has vanished and the world is none the sadder or wiser for its publication. It may be said that the profit to the publisher from a book of poems, the author of which has advanced only three or four hundred dollars, must be small. But the Parnassus Press issues many such little books and finds trade in the sensitiveness and ambition of the ingenuous poet a lucrative matter.

Advice is more blessed to give than to receive. But it may be of interest to Canadian authors to learn something of the ways of the wily publisher, and an occasional writer of verse may take heed to his pocketbook ere he signs the seductive contract. Of course, if the aspiring poet's one desire is to have his poems in a nice thin little book, if he fears "to die with all his music in him," let him send his few hundreds, and "take it out in fame." But do not let him believe for one moment that the head of the Parnassus Press is actuated by the desire to be an unselfish purveyor of poetry. That sanguine and encouraging gentleman has been known to publish stuff dangerously resembling doggerel and the writer thereof no doubt received a most flattering epistle before he sent his "remittance" to New York or Boston.

The publisher to be trusted is he of the canny words who indulges in no eulogistic exaggeration and who warns the writer of the chances and risks of his undertaking. The perusal of such a startling article as that by Mr. Foss reminds one of the story that Lord Byron once sent his publisher a copy of the Bible. The worthy man was touched by this evidence of virtue in so wild a poet. But he discovered that a change had been made in one verse of the New Testament, the last words of the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John being—"Now Barabbas was a publisher."

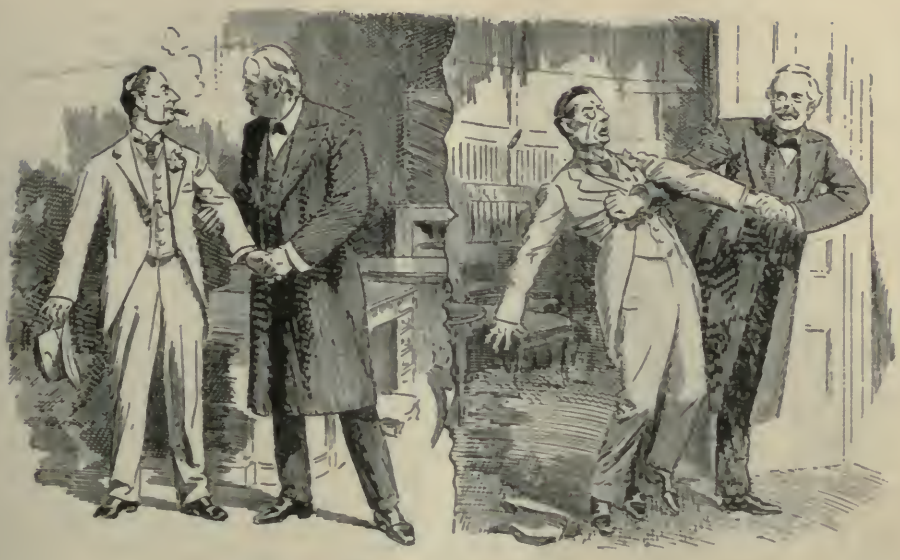


THE only satisfactory news during the month in the war situation is the news that the peace plenipotentiaries have been appointed, and that negotiations will begin in Washington in August. The Russian representatives are M. de Witte, the ambassador at Rome, and Baron Rosen, formerly stationed at Tokio and now at Washington. Japan's negotiators will be Baron Komura and Mr. Takabira, the Japanese minister at Washington. Russia strongly desires an armistice, pending the conclusion of the negotiations, but is too proud to ask it. Japan, therefore, goes on with her military plans, and in the meanwhile has enormously strengthened her position by capturing the island of Sakhalin.

The internal condition of Russia grows steadily worse. Sanguinary riots in Lodz and Warsaw, agrarian outrages in various parts of the country, murders of civil officials, soldiers shooting their commanders from the ranks, Persian bandits streaming into Russian territory over the south-east border, and finally a mutinous battleship sailing about the Black Sea like a derelict, the crew butchering the officers and threatening each other, while not a vessel of the rest of the fleet can be trusted to be put in motion against the mutineers—that is a picture of the condition of the vast inert mass which we know as the Russian Empire. Its vitality is like that of those creatures in nature whose organisation is so feeble and diffused that limbs and other portions of their bodies can be chopped away without quenching the spark of life that permeates the whole.

But the great fact that stands out above all other facts is that autocracy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The one thing for which it might be tolerated, it has abjectly failed to display. Efficiency, that was the quality which we were told the one-man power could most surely supply, and in which democracies were lamentably weak. An illuminating commentary on this theory is found in a passage of the despatch of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Times* regarding the capture of the island of Sakhalin. "I doubt," he says, "if any disaster Russia has suffered, internally or externally, since the beginning of the war, so patently brings home to the nation the utter hopelessness of the struggle and the incapacity of the present government to assure the safety of the interests of the Empire." It is this feeling, that the nation is being constricted in the deadly coils of the serpents of shiftlessness and corruption that maddens the thoughtful classes of Russia. The whole situation is a testament for freedom. Democracy has been lectured so much of late in regard to its weaknesses and shortcomings, that it has actually had to become apologetic. It is doubtless like all human systems imperfect, but the opposite principle of absolutism does not appear to be any more exempt from human frailties. Democracy at least permits the people to choose the best ruler that can be found, and they are more likely to be successful in discovering one who is a natural ruler of men than can be supplied by the lottery of family and birth.

The death of John Hay, President Roosevelt's Secretary of State, must be regarded as a public misfortune by the whole English-speaking world. With Mr. Hay's incumbency of the position of American ambassador to St. James began an era of understanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family,



FISCAL JIU-JITSU

FIRST MOVEMENT—The Friendly Approach
Once you can persuade a man to take your hand, and let you slip your arm under his (Fig. 1)—

SECOND MOVEMENT—The Chuck-out
It is quite easy, by a little adroit leverage, to remove him from the premises (Fig. 2)

an understanding which he was able happily to perpetuate while he occupied the position of American Foreign Minister under President McKinley and his successor. It may be urged that this understanding was not of much service to Canada when the Alaska boundary question came up for settlement. We doubtless had a grievance there, but no Secretary of State could maintain his influence who could be identified with an incident that alienated what was claimed to be United States territory. American statesmen are fonder of the mother country than they are of their immediate neighbour Canada, and the reason is not far to seek. It is our property that is generally the bone of contention. The British people are apt to think that our excitement has a very slender basis, while the United States people regard us as a lot of "kickers" who are always creating a scene just at the moment the chief personages in the play are about to arrange things.

Secretaries of State are in the habit of making a reputation off us. John Hay had already gained that advantage. That is one good reason why we should regret his demise, looking at it from the selfish point of view. He could afford for the rest of his days to face a tide of unpopularity in the interest of broader-minded dealing with neighbours. A new man will not be in this position of accomplishment and authority. He will still have his reputation to win as a firm defender of national rights. The new chief of the cabinet is Hon. Elihu Root. Of Mr. Root President Roosevelt once said that he was capable of filling Mr. Hay's position, Mr. Knox's position, Mr. Toft's position, or any of the other great portfolios of the cabinet, as well as the then incumbents, but none of them could fill as efficiently as Mr. Root the position of Secretary of War. This was high praise. Mr. Root left the cabinet in order to bring order out of chaos in the vast affairs of the Equitable Life Company. He has, therefore, been making some quick changes.

The Panama canal construction is the biggest thing before the American people just now. The work of organisation and

"THE ATTITUDE OF EUROPE"
—Bradley in the Chicago *News*

execution is getting along disappointingly slow. It was the hope of the nation that the rest of the world would be afforded a chance to see how capable the Yankees were of doing things. It has sadly to be admitted that where the political brakes interfere nothing goes very fast. They will eventually, however, clear away the political impedimenta, and then we may expect them to recover the reputation they are now imperilling.

The strain between France and Germany over the Moroccan question has been happily removed. From the first France held firmly to the principle that in any conference on the question certain matters should not be proper subjects of discussion. She has been able to carry this point, with the consequence that the Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish accords are accepted by both powers as established things. The sovereignty of the Sultan, the independence of Morocco, the open door and equality of trading opportunities for all are recognised. On the other hand, France's greater interest in Morocco is acknowledged by Germany, because of contiguity of territory and her consequent interest in seeing law and order maintained there. The fact is that Germany has not much more than saved her face. To talk of the independence of Morocco when France is virtually put in a position at any time to challenge the Sultan for misgovernment is to talk of something of a very fleeting nature.

It will be difficult to persuade the people of Britain that the Kaiser's purpose was not to demonstrate to France that her new ally was a broken reed. He believed that by making a bluff France would be shown that Albion, whether perfidious or not, was not prepared to back up her engagements with her sword. To his intense astonishment he found the press and people of the United Kingdom resentful and bellicose to a degree, and it was not long before the German newspapers were warning the French that it was the purpose of their old foes to drive them into war with Germany, from which the British alone would profit. This was rather a right-about-face from the first assumption that Britain would be found weak-kneed in maintaining the terms of the Anglo-French agreement. Disguise it as he may, the Emperor's shot has completely missed the mark.

Newfoundland is proceeding as if her rulers had finally made up their minds that it will be impossible to get the consent of Congress to a treaty that will be of any advantage to Newfoundland. A bait act similar in terms to that enforced against France will be directed against American fishermen. It will undoubtedly make it difficult for the latter to pursue their calling on the Grand Banks.

The Yankees are a shrewd and inventive people, however, and plans are being discussed whereby the loss now threatened can be supplied. The fishing schooners are being fitted up with their own bait-catching appliances, and a system of supply by means of steam tenders is being talked of. If the cost of catching the fish, however, is considerably increased the protection of three-quarters of a cent per pound might be more than cancelled and Newfoundland fishermen enabled to compete on somewhat more equal terms in American ports. The greatest friend of the Yankee fishermen, however, will be the needs of their Newfoundland brethren. The temptation to make good American money by selling bait will be great, and doubtless Uncle Sam's boys have hopes in the direction of this contraband traffic. It is to be hoped that the latter will play the game fair. Congress has the right to nominate the terms upon which trade shall be carried on at American ports. The Legislature of Newfoundland has equal right as to its ports and products. It is a pretty fight this, between the shark and the coplin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM (to Europe). "Russia having failed, it may devolve upon Germany to resist his aggressions."

—From the *Pioneer Press* (St. Paul).

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid has been formally introduced to the British public by a dinner given by the American Society, at which Lord Lansdowne was a guest. The Foreign Secretary and the American Minister dealt largely with the late Mr. Hay in their speeches. It is a somewhat curious thing that Mr. Hay and Mr. Reid were fellow-labourers in the earlier days on the staff of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Reid up to the time of his appointment was responsible for the conduct of the *Tribune*, and the tone of extreme friendliness to Great Britain and Canada, which has latterly characterised its columns, augurs well for the maintenance of a sympathetic attitude on Mr. Reid's part towards the country to which he is accredited.

The members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association now touring the British Isles, are being feasted and feted up to the limits of human endurance. Mr. Chamberlain has spoken to the visitors with a vigour and lucidity that was very welcome to those who had been alarmed by the recent reports concerning his health. There are undoubtedly great difficulties in the way of attaining the objects Mr. Chamberlain has in view, but it is at least a matter for congratulation that both he who spoke and they who listened are equally solicitous to preserve and strengthen the tie that binds the mother country and colonies together, however they may differ as to methods. Many of us will rest in the calm assurance that if no better way is discovered than that which now exists, namely the light, impalpable and yet unbreakable ties of sentiment, admiration and affection, the connection will endure through the ages. *John A. Ewan.*

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—*E. Pauline Johnson.*

THE GRADUATE

ABOUT ten years ago, papers and magazines were filled with advice and warning on the subject of the college girl. Men professed to be alarmed lest the university should spoil woman for domestic life, and they foresaw flabby omelettes and garments sans buttons for their own forlorn selves. But successive classes have come and gone and the world has settled down to the university girl, realising that the cap and gown have in no wise injured her femininity.

A professor of Bryn Mawr College, Dr. Albert Schinz, discourses in the June number of a Philadelphia magazine on "An Opening for Girl College Graduates Who Need None." His criticism of the fashionable reception will appeal to all who have been bored thereby:

"How could we have come upon the idea of such an odd performance? The fact is that we are not wholly responsible for it. A reception is an old, old custom, a barbarous custom, having its origin, as Herbert Spencer has shown, in the dawn of society. It was at the time when fearful autocrats treated their vassals and subjects like slaves; the latter had to bring contributions in money or other presents and bow before the master of their lives and of those of their families. They showered upon him exaggerated compliments, calling him Sun, Moon, Oak, Son of God, and the like. He answered by calling them with a patronising air his dear children or his little birds. How can this old symbol of slavery fit in with our ideas of democracy?"

Professor Schinz is of the opinion that educated women of the leisure class could make society very different from the trivial performance it so often seems, if they would infuse an intellectual brightness into evenings that are too often devoted to petty affairs. This is to be done, not in priggish fashion, nor by subjecting an unfortunate guest to eternal hand-shaking and inanities about the weather. It is rather startling to read such declarations as the following:

"Never did woman, as woman, play such a small part in civilisation. The fact is striking for anyone who has the slightest gift for observation, if he compares the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with those that preceded them. The more rights women have obtained in the past sixty years, the smaller has grown their real influence in the world."

The conclusion of the plea for more brilliance and originality in what has been only conventional entertainment is addressed to those graduates who go to the university merely to get "what is somewhat ludicrously called 'an education'":

"The class-room turns out 'educated' men and women, but a little in the same sense as a tailor shop turns out garments. The value of the products can be realised only when it is put to the test in life. A woman gives value to a dress according to the way she wears it. Now do many of our lady graduates belonging to the second class mentioned ever even wear their college gowns—I mean figuratively—when once they have received their degree? They ought to assume the task of creating the old-fashioned 'salon' with distinguished men and women—artists, writers, scholars—and with no other purpose except the enjoyment of one another's company; salons where they would talk—not discuss—*de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis* (on all knowable things and on a few others too); salons where there need be no prearranged programme for the evening, but everything could be left to the inspiration of the hour, to the spontaneous wit of the cultivated company, to the delightful intoxication of emulation. America fulfils all the requirements for such an institution—a leisurely class,' intelligent women, wealth and so forth. Why not take advantage of it? Is it not worth while to try to be the Vittoria Colonna or the Cecilia Gallerani, the Madame de Sévigné or the Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of America?"

DISRAELI'S GALLANTRY

THE centenary of Disraeli's birth (December, 1804), has brought forth several interesting volumes on the great statesman whom Zangwill has called "The Primrose Sphinx." The best of these is "An Unconventional Biography," by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who lets Disraeli "speak for himself" in a fashion unusual for the modern writer of biography. Disraeli's tact and his unfailing insight when dealing with women are aptly illustrated by several anecdotes. Queen Victoria's friendship was fairly won by his devotion to her service and by his never forgetting that his sovereign was a woman. In talking with the Queen, Disraeli—so he told Mr. Brett—had a simple rule: "I never deny, I never contradict; I sometimes forget"—and Mr. Meynell adds—"a rule, one may say, that clamours for very general application among the civilised."

Perhaps the difference in social intercourse between Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli was never more happily expressed than by a lady associated with political circles, who had been fortunate enough to meet both statesmen. "After my first meeting with Mr. Gladstone," she declared, "I felt that he was the most wonderful man in the world. After my first meeting with Disraeli, I was convinced that he considered me the most wonderful woman he had ever met." Marvellous Disraeli! It is not strange that twenty-four years after his death we still find his monument wreathed with primroses.

THE DREADED CRINOLINE.

CRINOLINE is in the air and every woman shudders as she says—"Oh, I hope it won't come." Occasionally a woman is brave enough to declare—"I won't wear it if every other woman in Canada goes with the fashion." We are all afraid of it, but most of us have the sneaking dread that we also shall appear in the hideous garb of "hoops" dimensions.

The *Rational Dress Gazette* indulges in the following mournful reflections:

"Once more we are threatened by the crinoline. The newspapers are full of disquieting rumours; an Anti-Crinoline League has been formed. We would fain discredit these rumours; we would fain have faith in popular intelligence; we would fain believe that the crinoline is an extinct thing. It is so preposterous, so unjustifiable, so unaccountable. We know that hoops did once encumber the earth, but we find it hard to believe that these things can happen again. Possibly, probably, they will not happen again. But there are portents about."

MADAME

NO doubt the women of the United States and Canada have come to regard themselves as enlightened and "emancipated" above others of their sex. The women of Europe are frequently described by American writers as being destitute of the enterprise and independence supposed to distinguish the daughters of the West. But several modern observers are now rising to remark that the American woman knows less about politics and public affairs than does the English woman, while the keen little French dames are the best business women in the world. Conventionally we associate the French woman with frivolity and fashion; but closer observation

leads one to admire the sagacity and the shrewdness which make "Madame" her husband's trusted partner and frequent adviser.

The latest Academician, M. Etienne Lamy, in his well-named work "La femme de demain," shows a Frenchman's traditional gallantry in his treatment of the subject:

"If women do not sign many books, they prepare them by the thoughts which they communicate to their sons. The education of children—that is the great task, that is the permanent *chef-d'œuvre* of woman. When inquiring into a man's crimes we are accustomed to say: *Cherchez la femme.* When praising a man's virtues we should say: *Cherchez la mère.* The most pure, the most disinterested, the most profound tenderness cannot be barren of results Into the thought and the heart of a child, a mother only allows that which is best of her to penetrate. For their children, the most egotistical forget themselves, the most frivolous become grave, the least virtuous are sanctified."

OTTAWA, THE PICTURESQUE

AN article bearing the above title in the *University of Ottawa Review*, is none too enthusiastic in describing the beauty of the Capital. "Dull must he be of soul" who can spend even a day in the city of hill and stream without catching some of its charm. One may forget all about the most noisy debate conducted by those who are raising "towers of talk" in the Hall of Assembly. But it is quite impossible to forget the view from "Parliament Hill" or the foaming beauty of the river as it sweeps beneath the cliffs for miles beyond the city. It is a comfort to those who are susceptible to word-music that the old name "Bytown" was changed to the melodious "Ottawa," which is decidedly more in keeping with the city's picturesqueness. It is not surprising that three such poets as Lampman, Campbell and Scott should have come out of a capital dowered so richly by Nature.

ILL-PAID TEACHERS

IN the report for 1904, made by Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, reference is made to the scarcity of teachers, the conclusion of the matter being: "It is clear that the teaching profession does not furnish inducements sufficiently tempting to warrant young persons in incurring the expense necessary to become qualified. The salaries paid, though slightly in advance of previous years, are exceedingly low, when compared with what is paid to persons in other callings in life. The salaries paid young women in our public schools have not at all advanced in proportion to the increased wages paid to persons in other occupations."

Except, perhaps, in the West, the Canadian teacher is paid a salary that would indicate a "certain condescension" on the part of the authorities, so far as education is concerned. Many blandly assume that in teaching the chief remuneration should be "all for the joy of the working," and talk hypocritical nonsense about the delight of watching young minds expand and the nobility of devoting one's time to instructing the "little ones." It may be quite true that teaching is the "noblest of professions and the sorriest of trades," but it should be regarded in a practical and business-like fashion. The best teachers love their work, but they feel that the dignity of the calling demands decent payment. No teacher can help feeling degraded when he realises that the trustees indulge in the screwing process to a painful degree. The attitude of many trustees towards the teacher, both in social and financial matters, is such as to arouse contempt in the children for instructors who are evidently insignificant creatures in the community. A miserly policy in education means a rising generation with beggarly ideas. Have a high standard for the teacher's equipment and then pay the teacher a salary that will provide not only "what he shall eat and wherewithal he shall be clothed," but also new books and a trip abroad that will mean more in stimulus and breadth than can be represented in dollars and cents. It is no doubt to be deplored that so few men are teaching in the public schools of the country, but the reason for such a state of affairs is not far to seek.

In an address delivered to the Canadian Club of Ottawa last February, Mr.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

The fifth son of Their Royal Highnesses was born July 12, 1905

Byron Walker spoke emphatically of the danger of underestimating educational work:

"Nothing can, of course, be more important in the upbuilding of our intellectual and moral conditions than our educational system, but here, too, the inherent defects of democracy are most noticeable. That in a new country we should have badly equipped and badly paid teachers is perhaps inevitable, and time will surely cure these evils . . . . . Unfortunately in a democracy the idea of the average man seems to be to get as much as possible from the state without paying for it, and this is particularly noticeable in our educational system. As a natural result of this the politicians are willing to keep on enlarging the scope of national education until it is hard to guess what our system will lead to."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

A NATION OF SOBERSIDES

IT has been said before—I have said it myself—that Canadians are a nation of sobersides. They have little sense of humour; they seldom or never play; they are seldom gay or witty; there is no humorous publication in the country. Even their sports and pastimes are strenuous and serious.

The late Alexander Pirie, a clever and capable journalist, was a notable exception. And yet Mr. Pirie suffered some cruel disappointments because of his peculiarities. People were so unaccustomed to meet a man who could make a joke, that they refused to ever take Mr. Pirie seriously; when he did desire to be serious, the people continued to laugh. He stood for member of Parliament and the people went to hear his speeches. When he grew eloquent they laughed. When he quoted statistics they laughed. When he asked for their votes they laughed, and his opponent was elected. They were not accustomed to meeting a man who could both joke and think.

A recent visitor to Berlin writes in London *Punch* as follows:

"All the Berliners drink beer. They drink it in gardens, in restaurants, in Kellers, in their homes—everywhere; and they are all as jolly about it as mice in a larder. I haven't seen an angry Berliner yet, not even a policeman, and I'm fairly certain that their perpetual good humour is due to their devotion to beer."

In Canada the beer is heavy and so is the whiskey. The tobacco we smoke is heavy. The air we breathe must be heavy. Otherwise why are we never jolly? Hadn't we better brew lighter beer, drink more wine and taboo whiskey? This national antipathy to a joke is really becoming serious. We speak of the Germans as phlegmatic, of the British as stolid, of the Yankee as strenuous—but Canadians are a distilled essence of all three.

There is no Canadian humour in literature. "Sam Slick" was our one and only humourist in the nineteenth century. There were one or two other writers of funny stories—I have two in mind, an elderly gentleman in the civil service, and an elderly lady who writes only for British journals—but these writers would not dare to publish their material over their own names. They issued their work anonymously. They were afraid of being considered lunatics. I have another man in mind. He held a position in a prominent educational institution in Ontario. He wrote a funny story which was published in *Scribner's*, and almost immediately was asked to hand in his resignation.

In fact the funniest feature of Canadian life is our attitude toward the humourist. We regard him as a mildly insane person whom it is not necessary to lock up in an asylum. That a humorist may be clever and have ideas is a possibility which apparently has never occurred to the people of this wonderful country.

SELF IMPROVEMENT

MOST curiously constant is the tendency among mankind to seek the higher society. The farmer and the farmer's son seek the brighter circles in the town; their wives and sisters are the envy of those who cannot follow. The men and youths of the town seek the broader circles in the cities; their wives and sisters are the envy of those less fortunate. The men and women in the middle grades in the city are trying to climb to the higher grade, some unwittingly, many with deliberate and determined intention. The great factors or ladders are education and wealth. The former produces gradual and understandable progress; the latter may mean reasonable improvement but often it

means only ignorant, inartistic domination.

The progress from one grade of society to another, assuming that it is progress, is sound only when based upon the improvement of self. The man, whether mechanic, farmer or merchant, who has ideals and pursues them unselfishly and persistently, will rise in his own self-respect and in the public esteem. He will pass upward from one grade of society to another, and every abiding place will be to him a sacred spot and a sacred memory. His life will be a sure and steady process of refinement.

Refinement does not necessarily accompany the acquisition of wealth, a fine house, an extensive library and an automobile. It lies rather in the individual's mastery of himself, in ability to withstand the temptations of life, in being innocent and lofty in his secret thoughts. Every man will be impure and vicious unless he obtains this mastery. His gain in knowledge, breadth of information and view, intimate acquaintance with men and affairs—all these will avail him little in the final struggle without that mastery. A man may become a Cabinet Minister and his wife may be numbered among the ladies of the land, but his success and prominence will not be permanent unless his thoughts and actions are pure and lofty. A man may become the head of a transcontinental railway and be known to three continents as a great financier and a master-builder, and yet he may still be regarded by his thinking contemporaries as an immoral and debasing force if his methods have been vicious. It is not the accomplishment itself which is to be judged, but the method.

Again, as Thoreau says, "May I dream not that I shunned vice; may I dream that I loved and practised virtue." It is not enough that a man should avoid the impurities which are his constant temptation. He must go farther. He must study virtue until he practises it for its own sake. It is only thus he can really fit himself for the higher society of this world and for the lofty existence of the future life. He must be positively, not negatively, virtuous.

MR. J. HERBERT MASON

Chairman of Board of Directors Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

A CANADIAN FINANCIER

MR. J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, has recently celebrated his jubilee and that of the company with which his successful business career has been so closely associated. On his retiring from the general management, he was appointed on May 31 Chairman of the Board of Directors, a position in which he will continue to exercise a general supervision of the affairs of the corporation, while relieved of its many and varied details.

During the half century Mr. Mason has been connected with the Canada Permanent, he has become widely known in the Dominion's financial life. Since the organisation of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company in 1855, he has been the chief executive officer. He was one of the organisers of the Canada Land Law Amendment Association, and has been its President since its inception. He has also been yearly elected President

HON. CHARLES S. HYMAN
Minister of Public Works

of the Ontario Land Mortgage Companies' Association. His sympathy with all wide imperial interests was recognised when he was elected chief officer of the Toronto branch of the Imperial Federation League.

BRITAIN'S GREAT LOSS

THE Government of Great Britain loses about $700,000,000 a year by the emigration from the British Isles to foreign countries. At least that is how a writer in the London *Outlook* views it. He says:

"Year by year the virility of England is frittered away, the best of her sons—the young men with the will to adventure their lives in new countries—are replaced by the waste products of the ancient European Ghettos. And year after year more than half of the able-bodied, able-minded Englishmen, whose work and days should be stones in the fabric of empire, are compelled to expatriate themselves and assist in building up foreign polities. Last year the number of British emigrants settling in the United States was greater than that received by all the British possessions together. If we consider only the amount spent out of the State and local revenues on the making of those men, the loss involved in this great gift to our chief commercial rival runs into seven figures. But if we capitalise the annual earnings of each of these expatriated citizens of the Empire and suppose each capable of drawing the dollar a day received by the Irish navvy digging the foundations of the new 'white city' of New York, then the loss outruns the whole amount of the States' annual expenditure."

When Rider Haggard was in Toronto, he asked his Canadian audience why they did not advertise more in England and get a greater share of this emigration. This was a foolish question, and could have been based only on ignorance. Canada has advertised, has entered upon all forms of prayer and supplication in her anxiety to get British emigrants. What has the British nation, government and people done to help Canada to get what she desired? The people called this country a land of snow and ice; the school-teachers taught that idea; the legislators echoed it; the newspapers confirmed it. When did the British Government ever spend a dollar or lend a helping hand to turn the tide of emigration colonyward? Canada advertised until we came to be known as a nation of shouters, until many of us began to blush for the shame of our beseeching. It was not until the South African war showed the metal of Canadian manhood, that the British nation as a whole began to take any interest in this part of the North American continent.

Even to-day the British newspapers grudgingly tell of the attractions of the colonies. There is no serious attempt made to educate the people of Great Britain to the possibilities of Canada and Australia. There is no news-collecting agency sending regular despatches from Canada to Great Britain. The British post office did its best for years to keep colonial publications out of Great Britain, just as it is now trying to prevent British publications going to the colonies.

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR

THE VOYAGEUR*

SINCE the publication of "The Habitant," the verse of Dr. William Henry Drummond has held a peculiar place in the estimation of Canadian readers. He has accomplished what is a rare achievement—has taken his public so completely into his confidence and has made us feel so much at home with "Leetle Bateese" and his people, that it is impossible to do more or less than be on the friendliest terms with all of them. In homely phrase and naive dialect he has interpreted the Habitant life so humanly that the critic can only smile back at these simple, gay, industrious folk and forget about problem novels and magazine articles concerning graft and guile as he feels the

> "Win' that blows
> Over God's own boulevard."

The most pleasing feature about his work is that Dr. Drummond is not "writing himself out." His verse is fresh and vigorous with a deepening note in such poems as "The Last Portage" and "Dieudonné."

The nearness to Nature as shown in the love of "reever" and lake appeals to every Canadian who has known his country's wealth of stream and forest. Who that has spent days in the great northern country where the lakes of cold steel-blue mirror a cloudless sky can fail to understand the old fisherman's joy in "Lac Souci":

> "Happy to leev an' happy to die dere—
> But Heaven itself won't satisfy me
> Till I fin' leetle hole off on de sky dere
> W'ere I can be lookin' on Lac Souci!"

The first poem, "The Voyageur," from which the volume takes its title, is buoyant and stirring as the Autumn breeze from a hill of pines and one almost hears the clink of glasses in the verse:

> "I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein,
> I'm a son of de Nort Win' wance again—
> So we'll fill her up till de bottle drain
> An' drink to de Voyageur."

There is red-veined humanity in the poems of the student of Habitant ways, and the reader is better and brighter for a glimpse of this simple, healthful life.

The illustrations for this volume, by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn, are artistic and sympathetic to a marked degree, and add materially to the charm of a delightful book.

*The Voyageur, by William Henry Drummond. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated, $1.25.

A WESTERN BOOK

FROM the author of "The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life," Rev. R. G. MacBeth, comes another volume of Western life which, as the "Reminiscences of an Eye-Witness," has authority as well as interest. The title, "The Making of the Canadian West,"* leads the reader to expect stories of strenuous days and sturdy men. The third chapter fairly introduces us to the rebellion of 1869-70, the news first coming to the churchyard which "was the modern representative of the Athenian market-place, so far as the giving and receiving of news was concerned." In the story of Manitoba's early government called "The Making of a Province," we have a concise and vivid account of the first years in the constitutional life of the western assembly. "The Farther West" briefly deals with British Columbia's development, and the last two chapters are devoted to the religious life and educational history of the country. It is impossible not to recognise

*The Making of the Canadian West, by Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated.

"You see dat lake? Wall! I alway hate
To brag—but she's full of trout."
"The Voyageur," by W. H. Drummond, M.D.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons Toronto: William Briggs

the great work done by the "pioneer preachers" in the North-West, from the Methodist missionary to the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic church. A deserved tribute is paid to the Mounted Police, whose uniform means "terror to the evildoers and a praise to them that do well." The book is one which every Canadian should read and enjoy.

NEW NOVELS

MR. HAMPDEN BURNHAM has written an interesting story of New France in "Marcelle."* The heroine is a daughter of Black John, a *coureur-de-bois*, and a Huron woman. From her mother she inherits litheness and grace of movement, from her father a love for freedom and forest life. She is taken away to Quebec and becomes for a time the ward of the Governor Frontenac. The romance is really more concerned with the strife between Governor and Bishop than with the love affairs of Marcelle, although the heroine is attractively pictured as gentle and lovable, a veritable "sister to Evangeline," even as to eyes—for Marcelle's are described as "large, dark and lustrous." The life at the Ancient Capital is reproduced in such a fashion that we see France working her own doom in the New World. The conflict between Huron and Iroquois occasionally is heard, but the dominant note is the division in France itself which was to end in the capture by England of the colonies in North America. The book "Marcelle," as an historical romance of Canada, is fittingly inscribed to M. Benjamin Sulté, C.M.G.

A story of Old Newfoundland is told by Mr. Theodore Roberts in "Brothers of Peril."* The sense of the picturesque, the quick eye for colour and the love of forest and sea that make this writer's

*Marcelle, by Hampden Burnham. Toronto: William Briggs.

*Brothers of Peril, by Theodore Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.

REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.
Author of "The Making of the Canadian West

verse so exquisitely alluring, are felt in this tale of the Beothics' island. The romance follows conventional lines, a blonde English hero and a dark French villain being rivals for the favour of Beatrix Westleigh. It is surprising to find in the preface such crudities as "hustled" and "to resurrect," while Master Bernard Kingswell, who lived and loved three centuries ago, could hardly have been guilty of such an exclamation as—"We can't *enthuse* on empty stomachs." Such poetry as "A Vagrant's Epitaph" probably represents Mr. Roberts' finest work.

"For a Free Conscience,"* by L. C. Wood, is a pleasing story of Quaker life in Seventeenth Century England. The days of persecution and oppression are not too gloomily dwelt upon, and the quaint fashions and stately manners of the time of William Penn form an attractive setting for a story of trial and devotion.

"The Game,"† by Jack London, is practically a description of a prize fight, and is written with the vigour and verve which made "The Sea Wolf" a novel of remarkable type. The plot of "The Game" is episodic and the style is the sporting column at its best. Mr. London has yet to learn, however, that brute force is not the sum of manliness. The illustrations are spirited and clean in execution.

A new book entitled "Sandy,"* by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, is hardly as buoyant and amusing as the author's first work of fiction, the widely-read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The hero of the present volume is a happy-go-lucky Irish boy, who lands in New York with a purse as light as his heart. He is really Mrs. Wiggs "done over," and the bubbling optimism of that good lady comes convincingly from the lips of an Irish lad. It is a bright little story with the "human" interest strongly developed, and a certain obvious humour which the public appreciates. But the British reader will be either amused or irritated by a play to the literary gallery of the States in the incident of the first chapter, where the *America* wins such a decisive victory over her rival, the *Great Britain*. The intention to appeal to the "tail-twisters" of the Republic is so evident that it can hardly be regarded as anything but a cheap device, quite unworthy of a dignified writer. We are quite accustomed to the American heroine who is surpassingly beautiful, charming and possessed of many millions, but that the "Americanism" of the small hero should be thrust upon the reader of "Sandy" in the first chapter is somewhat fatiguing.

"The Heart of the World,"† by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, a story of Christian socialism, is poor stuff from a literary standpoint, as the writer's style is crude and amateurish to a painful degree. Mr. Sheldon's sentiments regarding Christian socialism are somewhat fanatical, as we should expect from his remarkable journalistic experiments. But he means well, and, although he will probably never learn to write, his books will be classed with the "edifying." The reader in search of literary bread will be saddened by such a stone as "the Rev. Fredrick Stanton . . . was handsome, intellectual and lovable. There was no reason why the

*For a Free Conscience, by L. C. Wood. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

†The Game, by Jack London. Toronto: Morang and Co. Illustrated. $1.50.

*"Sandy," by Alice Hegan Rice. Toronto: William Briggs.

†"The Heart of the World," by Charles M. Sheldon. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

brilliant preacher . . . did not marry one of the fair and rich members of his splendidly dressed congregation."

Those who enjoyed "Calmire" will probably be tempted to read "Sturmsee,"* a companion volume to that unusual book. The sub-title of "Calmire" was "Man and Nature." The sub-title of the present publication is "Man and Man," and the book is practically a treatise on sociology, endeavouring "to attract the non-philosophical reader by a coating of fiction." That the author of "Sturmsee" is a profound thinker on subjects associated with the Philosophy of Evolution, especially as it regards "the whole duty of man," is impressed upon the reader; but that he can write a well-constructed work of fiction is doubtful. In plot and characterisation, the book is not to be admired; but as a disquisition on social progress and single tax, it is eminently worthy of serious consideration.

A novel of Washington life, "Mrs. Darrell,"† by Foxcroft Davis, appeared in a United States magazine some months ago as "Clavering and his Daughter." The reader is introduced to a charming old Southern general, his daughter Elizabeth and two British officers who straightway become Elizabeth's lovers. Clavering, a corrupt politician of extremely modern type, is a clever study, and his daughter Anne is a delightful and spirited woman. However, old Sara Luttrell who despises the new rich families and makes the social upstart extremely uncomfortable is the most piquant *grande dame* who has appeared in modern light fiction. The book is both readable and refreshingly sane and wholesome in its depiction of the social life of the American capital.

Lady Kitty Ashe was a rather trying young person, and she has a mate in Kitty Dereham, the heroine of Elizabeth Robins' latest book, "A Dark Lantern."‡

*Sturmsee, by the author of "Calmire." Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 682 pp., $1.50.

†Mrs. Darrell, by Foxcroft Davis. Toronto: Morang and Co. Illustrated. $1 50.

‡A Dark Lantern, by Elizabeth Robins. Toronto: Morang and Co. $1 50.

LAC SOUCI

"The Voyageur," by W. H. Drummond, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs

That the literary qualities of the novel are of a high order, the reader of "The Open Question" and "The Magnetic North" can readily believe. But the novel is unsavoury and nasty, belonging to the class which Mr. W. A. Fraser has recently characterised, "sin clothed in the apparel of desire," while there is not even "a pinch of weak denunciation." Kitty Dereham, described as a refined and delicate English woman, after recovering from an infatuation for a stupid Teutonic prince, begs, and not in vain, for her own degradation from Garth Vincent, a London doctor, who is the most hopeless cad ever depicted by a woman novelist. The book would be dangerous and repulsive to many people; but the mature reader with a sense of humour is moved to mirth by the impossible Vincent, who is more funny than fascinating. He bullies his patients, thrashes his dogs unmercifully, snubs the foolish creature who adores him, and concludes the "strange, eventful history" by smashing a door to pieces and "coming in, head lowered like a bull, red-eyed, maddened." He is truly an apostle of the strenuous life, but like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, he is not "one to be desired."

NOTES

Boards of Trade publications may be attractive or the opposite. "Toronto," by the Board of Trade of that city, is a handsome, well-illustrated booklet; that from Lacombe, Alberta, is equally so, though less pretentious.

In "The Balanced Life," by Clarence Lathbury, we find an optimistic and philosophic discussion of those principles of symmetrical development which make life what the final quotation from Whitman declares it, "Joy! joy! all over joy!" The book is thoroughly sane and wholesome in its outlook, and worthy of a place beside the writings of Pastor Wagner. (Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.)

Mr. Morang proposes to issue a series of low-priced collections of literary selections. These will be thirteen in number, and will be known as "Morang's Literature Series." No. 3, which is just ready, is "Poems of The Love of Country," selected and edited by J. E. Wetherell, B.A., principal of the Collegiate Institute, Strathroy. It contains the patriotic poems of England by Shakespeare, Thomson, Cowper, Campbell, Moore, Kipling and others; the patriotic poems of Canada by Sangster, McGee, Reade, Roberts, Campbell, Scott, Howe, Drummond and others; similar poems of the United States by Longfellow, Hopkinson and others; and the national hymns of the various nations. Although primarily intended for educational purposes, the volume is of interest to the general reader. The only notable omission is "The Men of the Northern Zone," by Robert Kernigan.

"The King's Scapegoat," by Hamilton Drummond, is a Weymanesque novel dealing with life in Paris in the time of Louis XI. It's a lively tale with plenty of throat-slitting and other dreadful happenings. It has redeeming features just as "The Prisoner of Zenda" had, but it certainly has not the cleverness of "A Gentleman of France"—nor the merit of breaking fresh ground in fiction. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"How To Know Wild Fruits," by Maude Gridley Peterson, is a useful and attractive publication, arranged most clearly and illustrated with taste and accuracy. (Toronto: Morang and Co.)

"The Newfoundland Guide Book, 1905," is a complete and picturesque publication, including such contributors as Dr. Grenfell, Sir William Macgregor and Sir Bryan Leighton. Published by Bradbury, Agnew and Co., London, E.C.

"The Ethics of Imperialism," by Albert R. Carman, author of "The Pensionnaires," will be issued shortly by Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

The June number of the *Monthly Review* contains an article, "An Emigration Experiment," which ought to be of interest to Canadian readers. "Idealism in Protection" has also colonial significance. Among the literary articles, that on "Lady Caroline Lamb" and "Quaint Memories" are noteworthy, while Sir Frank T. Marzial's sonnet "Psyche," is an exquisite interpretation of Watts' picture. (Toronto: Morang and Co.)

The "Annotated Time-Table," issued by the Grand Trunk Railway, is as complete in information, and as exquisite in coloured illustration, as any other publication of its class. It is, indeed, a timetable *de luxe*, but the reader finds it difficult to leave the contemplation of the "pretty vista" in the Temagami district and the foaming beauty of the Lachine Rapids for sober facts concerning the Grand Trunk Railway system, as set forth for the benefit of the delegates to the International Railway Congress. In every detail the little volume is a credit to the artistic enterprise of the authorities of the great Canadian line.

In Mr. Crockett's new book, to be published shortly by the Copp, Clark Company, the Scottish novelist returns to "Grey Galloway" and finds in the history of that county a heroine, "Maid Margaret," who is said to be as fair of face and as impulsive of speech as any of her predecessors—although it will be difficult to find another Winsome Charteris. A portrait of the charming heroine appears on the cover, and is the work of Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

Idle Moments.

TO A BONNET

Ah, Grandmother's coal-scuttle bonnet,
You carry our memories back;
You held in your depths what was proper,
For coals are but diamonds black.

And whether her bright eyes were glowing,
Or blazing in glorious strife,
One spark from those coals was sufficient
To warm a man's heart for his life.

Then sometimes they strangely ignited,
You heard a faint sibilant sound;
A flame, as was natural, surely
Inside of the scuttle was found.

And when for coals Grandfather hunted,
No doubt he was wondering oft
If anthracite hard he would find them,
Or whether bituminous soft.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

ALL RIGHT

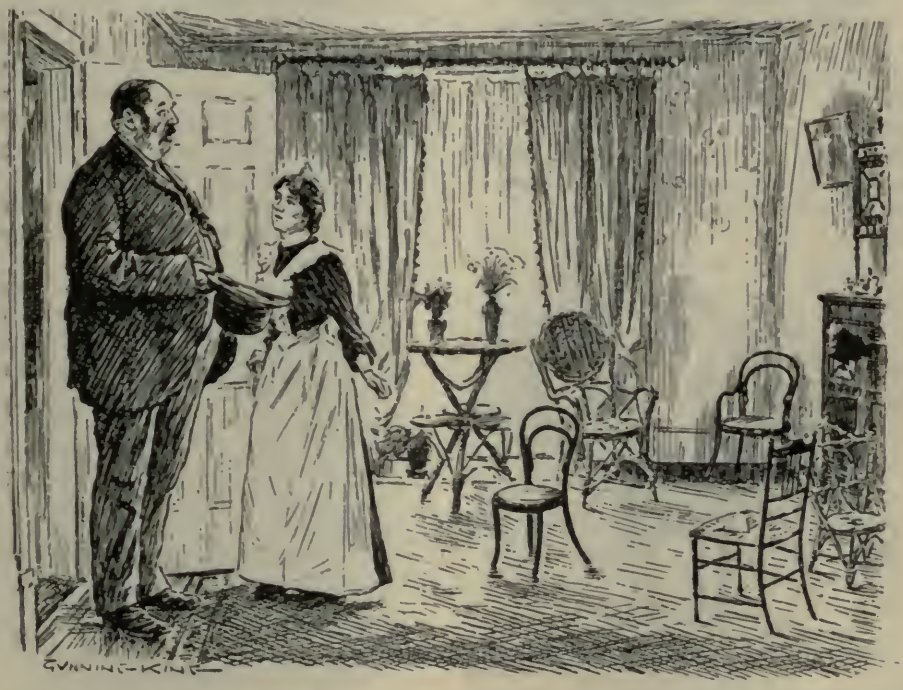
"It's a beautiful world!" exclaimed the caddie, enthusiastically.

"Yes," said Mr. Rockefeller, looking appreciatively about. "I don't know that I ever owned a better one."—*Life.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY IN PRISON

A defendant in a case now before one of the metropolitan police courts has received the following letter:

"Dear Sir.—In case you are convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, you will be all the better off for entering upon your sentence knowing the ins and outs of prison treatment and discipline—know-



Farmer Twentystone, from Mudshire, visits his recently married niece at Lavender Villas, Brixton.

HOUSEMAID—"Will you sit down, if you please, Sir?' —*Punch*

LOCAL NEWS FROM BILLVILLE

"Mr. Percy De Long, the popular drug drummer from New York, is in our midst."—*C. A. David in Baltimore American.*

ing what you have to expect, and what is expected of you.

"As I am dead broke, I will give you half a day for the purpose of explaining these matters to you in return for some of your cast-off clothes, boots, etc., and, if necessary, railway fare paid in advance.

"I shall give you one or two wrinkles that will add to your comfort during your incarceration. One tip, by means of which you will be able to obtain an improvement on the official dietary, you will, in due course, consider to be alone worth what my advice will cost you.—Yours, M."—*Overseas Daily Mail.*

QUITE DIFFERENT

CISSY—"I thought you said you wasn't 'fraid o' spooks?" BILLY—"T-that was in the d-daytime."
—*T. R. S. Haven in Judge*

BILL NYE'S COW

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to ill-health I will sell at my residence, one plush raspberry cow aged 8 years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a chain, but she will be sold to any one who will treat her right. She is ¼ shorthorn and ¾ hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wabbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

SUCCESSFUL PRACTITIONER

Dr. Osler told this story to a friend while in Ottawa recently:

"An old darkey quack, well known in a certain section of the South, was passing the house of a planter whose wife was reported to be dangerously ill. Stopping at the gate he called to one of the hands:

"'I say, Rastus, how's the mussus?'

"'Well,' replied Rastus, 'the doctah done say dis mawning dat she convalescent.'

"'Humph! Dat ain't nothing,' said the old quack, with an air of superior wisdom. 'Why, I've done cured convalescence in twenty-foah hours.'"

CUI BONO?

Up in Boston the other day a young lawyer who spends most of his time trying to seem busy and prosperous went out for a while, leaving on his door a card neatly marked, "Will be back in an hour." On his return he found that some envious rival had inscribed underneath "What for?"—*New York Tribune.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

CURIOUS BIRD ARCHITECTURE

ONE of the most interesting examples of bird architecture is the nest of the common chimney swallow or chimney swift. The chief reason why these nests are not better known and more admired is that, being built on the inside walls of unused chimneys, it is only rarely that an opportunity presents itself for seeing them. The nest is composed of small pieces of dry twig glued together by the saliva of the bird, and forming a sort of platform, which in turn is glued firmly on to the wall. Of late years the swifts are apparently beginning to change the location of their nests, as they are reported as being found sometimes on the inside walls of boat-houses and other buildings. A year or two ago in an unused grain warehouse near Ridgetown I found scores of these nests fastened to the walls of the empty grain bins. The old birds were so tame that in many cases I was able to approach the nest and put my hand on the mother bird without difficulty.

A CHIMNEY SWALLOW'S NEST

As the chimneys in which the swifts generally nest are dark, the old birds, when returning with food, are guided to

A YOUNG RACCOON DRINKING FROM A BABY'S BOTTLE

the nests by the clatter which the young birds set up on hearing the flutter of their wings in the chimney; and in the old warehouse, although it was comparatively light, I noticed that the young swifts, from the moment when they emerged from the shell, were still governed by the instincts of their species in this respect, for from time to time they set up a shrill clatter which echoed from one end of the building to the other.

A STRANGE FOSTER-MOTHER

TWO years ago a raccoon hunter in Ridgetown found a young raccoon, a few days old, at the foot of a tree out of which it had evidently fallen. He took it home and gave it to the cat, who had lately been deprived of her kittens, to rear. The cat was at first suspicious of the strange "kitten" but finally adopt-

CAT AND YOUNG RACCOON

ed it and reared it as her own. Besides this, the raccoon took readily to the baby's bottle, and grew and thrived in its new surroundings. Needless to say, it became exceedingly tame, made friends with the dog, and was the delight of the children in the neighbourhood who supplied it with a never-failing supply of apples, candy, nuts and all other good things.

Last year another young raccoon was captured, and was brought up under similar conditions, with the same cat as foster-mother. A farmer to whom I related this incident informed me that he had once given a cat a family of young foxes to rear. For some time everything went well, but one day when the foxes had developed considerably, the cat, for no apparent reason, suddenly disowned them, and would not even permit them to remain in her presence without showing the usual signs of hostility generally reserved for dogs and other hereditary enemies.

THE LOYALIST BURYING GROUND AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

The condition of this plot, the use of which dates back to 1874, is a disgrace to a beautiful city and to its intelligent and patriotic inhabitants. Children picnic on tombstones a century old, and their parents wonder why this is an age of irreverence

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

TIMBER *VS.* NATIONAL DEBT.

MR. E. E. STEWART, Superintendent of Forestry at Ottawa, claims that the National debt of Canada might with careful management be paid off from the sale of the timber on Dominion Crown Lands. These lands are quite distinct from the areas controlled by the Provinces. He says:

"It will be seen from the census of 1901, that an estimate is made of the area of forests and woodlands for each of the Provinces and also for the Territories. That of Manitoba and the Territories is placed at 722,578 square miles. Add to this 20,000 square miles of Dominion territory in the railway belt in British Columbia, and we have 742,578 square miles as the total on Dominion lands. Probably about one-fifth of this contains merchantable timber, or say 150,000 square miles, or 96,000,000 acres After thus reducing the area, and remembering that in addition to the timber suitable for lumber, a large part of it is covered with spruce valuable for pulpwood, it can scarcely be considered an extravagant estimate to place the merchantable timber, including pulpwood, at 2,000 feet board measure per acre, or in all 192,000,000,000 feet. We have thus arrived at a very rough approximation of the quantity of timber now fit for use on the lands owned and controlled by the Dominion.

"At the lowest, the value of such timber standing in the tree may be put at $1 per thousand feet board measure, that would amount to $192,000,000. This represents only what might be collected by the Government as a royalty, and forms but a small part of its value to the country as a whole. Much of the timber is growing on land unsuitable for agriculture, but where water power is abundant, and with the power thus at hand this country should be without a rival in the manufacture of all articles in which timber forms the chief ingredient.

"It may be said that a very large percentage of this timber is not at present available, and that consequently its value is overestimated, but when we consider the great appreciation in the value of timber limits within the last ten or twenty years, and the scarcity of the world's supply for the future, it is almost certain that the enhanced value that will be obtained in the future for what is now inaccessible will more than pay compound interest on the present estimated value.

"The above estimate takes no account of the younger growth. In considering the potentialities of our forest areas, their capability of affording a continuous crop should be kept clearly in view. Even under the discouraging conditions prevailing in our lumber regions after logging operations have ceased, it will be found in most cases that another crop, either of the original or other varieties, is fast springing up, and in my calculation of the value of a timbered territory, which is to remain permanently in forest, this growing crop should be taken into account,

"Without going too minutely into this phase of the subject, I am of the opinion that if we confine our cutting of saw logs to all trees above twelve inches at the butt and pulpwood to say seven inches, the annual increment of growth fit for use will be not less than 140 feet board measure to the acre, or an annual growth increment equalling 13,440,000,000 feet, which at the above rate of $1 per thousand stumpage, would give a perpetual annual return equal to $13,440,000."

AN IMPERIAL ZEMSKI SOBOR.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK'S SCHEME.

THE organ of the Royal Colonial Institute for May publishes the valuable paper read by Sir Frederick Pollock on Imperial Organisation. The gist of it was to recommend the constitution of a kind of Imperial Zemski Sobor for the British Empire, the outcome of more than three years' consideration and of active discussion extending over about a year and a half, in which about fifty persons, well acquainted with the conduct of public affairs—Parliamentary, departmental, and executive—took part:

"We had to look for some plan which would avoid elaborate legislation and formal change in the constitution. We must, it seemed, be content with a council of advice which would have only what was called 'persuasive' authority. A permanent secretary's office was re-

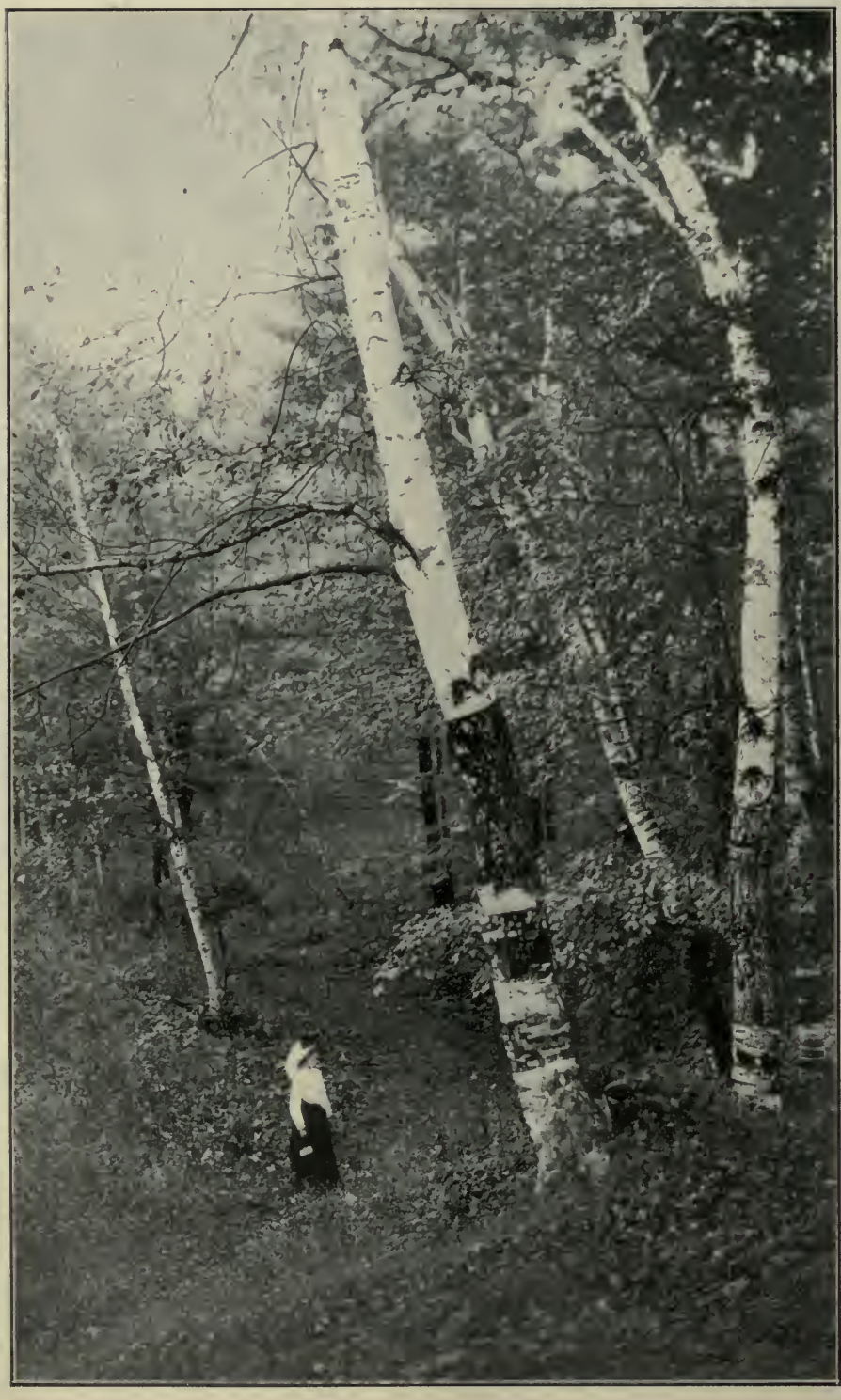
quired, and it must not be dependent on any existing department, but immediately under the President of the Imperial Council or Committee. They suggested a standing Imperial Commission to serve as a general intelligence department for matters outside the technical function of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Committee of Imperial Defence. Such a Committee, which might be called the Imperial Committee, would be marked from the outset as being a dignified and important body not attached to any particular department, but concerned with the affairs of the Empire as a whole. Its province would be questions involving matters of Imperial interest not confined to one colony or dependency, and not capable of being disposed of by the action of the Colonial Office or any other single department of state. For dealing with such questions by way of information and advice a revival of the ancient functions of the King's Council in a form appropriate to modern requirements appeared preferable to any violent innovation. It must be clearly understood that no proposal was now made either to bind any Colonial Government beforehand to the acceptance of any decision which it had not specially approved or to interfere with the power and duty of the King's Ministers here to take prompt and decisive action, at need, on their own responsibility. As to the constitution of the Imperial Committee, the nucleus of it existed already in the Conference of Premiers which met in 1902, and was expected to meet again next year. The Premiers of the Dominion, of the Commonwealth, and of New Zealand were already Privy Councillors, and no good reason appeared why their successors the future Premiers of a confederated South Africa should not have the same rank as a matter of course. The Colonial Secretary would be a necessary member, and all the heads of the great departments would also be members of the Committee, though they would not all be summoned to every meeting. As in the case of the Judicial Committee, the selection of the persons to be convened out of the whole number would depend upon the nature of the business on each occasion. The President of the Imperial Committee would naturally be the Prime Minister, or some prominent member of the Government acting for the whole. How was the Committee to exist to any practical purpose when the Premiers were not here? In the first place, every member of an Imperial Committee would be entitled to communicate directly with the Prime Minister, as well as with his colleagues, and much useful communication could take place by letter or cable without any formal meeting at all.

"As to the second part of the scheme, an Imperial Secretariat and Intelligence Department, it was evident that if an Imperial Committee was to have a continuous existence, and the means of profiting by its own experience, it must have some one to keep its records. These records would be confidential for the most part, and for this reason alone the secretary must be a person of considerable standing and well acquainted with public business. Under the ultimate direction of the Imperial Committee, it would be the secretary's province to organise inquiry and receive and arrange information for its use. The permanent secretary would, perhaps, not find himself so idle as might be thought at first sight, even if he confined himself to salving and digesting useful knowledge out of overlooked and forgotten publications. The best living information ought to be at the service of the Imperial Committee through its secretariat; and this could be most effectively done, without ostentation and with very little expense, by the constitution of a permanent Imperial Commission whose members would represent all branches of knowledge and research, outside the art of war, most likely to be profitable in Imperial affairs. The honorary title of Imperial Commissioner would be conferred on those selected persons on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. When the Commission was once in existence it might be well for it to hold occasional meetings to make its existence visible, and those meetings might usefully recommend other qualified persons. Every Imperial Commissioner would have access to the secretariat, and would be able to impart any special knowledge of his own, with the assurance that it was in safe hands and would not be neglected. He conceived that the business of an Imperial Commission would in ordinary course be mostly done by expert committees dealing with special subjects."

In conclusion Sir Frederick Pollock mentioned various examples of work upon which the Committee might at once be engaged, viz.: the question of a single final Court of Appeal for the Empire, copyright law, and "inter-State" commerce.

CANADA'S ECONOMIC INTERESTS

ALREADY Canada has economic interests in almost every part of the New World outside of the United States. The Montreal correspondent of the *Times* points out that "Canada is evidently a splendid training-school for financiers," and proceeds to show how the statesman-capitalist of the Dominion has extended his operations through the New World, which he hopes to conquer economically. Sir William Van Horne, with his Cuban railway project, was the pioneer in this field, and we could name a dozen Canadian generals of industry who have followed his example.—*The Outlook* (London).



IN THE SEPTEMBER WOODS

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 5

The Wear and Tear of Ages

By AUBREY FULLERTON

WHERE land meets sea, you may look for strife. They are fighters, and not since the firmament covered the earth, Flood-high, have they been at peace. Sea beats on shore and breaks it, or laps against it and slowly wears it away. Shore meets sea with a front of rock and makes spray of it, or with an earthy beach, which ever so slowly shifts out to the ocean sandbars. Thus it has been always, and always will be.

This world-old conflict has left its marks. The sea—oldest, slyest, most persistent of nature's fighters—is the most untiring and most unique of nature's artists, a freak-artist that delights in bold designs and strange effects. It cares not much for colour, which is rather a thing of the land; but it works with a free, strong hand in form, and spreads its sculptures, miles at a time, along the world's shore-line. Where sea meets land you may look always for strife and sometimes for pictures.

The chalk cliffs of Dover, signal from afar of England's coast, have been cut by wave action. They reach to a height of 320 feet, corresponding to a similar series of cliffs at Calais and Boulogne, on the French shore. At Staffa Island, on the west coast of Scotland, the waves of the Atlantic have hollowed out the wonderful Fingal's Cave, whose roof is of hard balsatic rock resting on a lava-like formation. This softer mass has given the waters their opportunity, and by long wearing they have made a cavern 227 feet in length, with its mouth forty feet wide and more than sixty feet high. The Giant's Causeway, on the north Irish coast, is an even more remarkable formation of columnar basalt, evidently a product of volcanic action but laid bare by the water. For several miles the coast is strangely ornamented with polygonal columns, in some places from four hundred to five hundred feet high.

There is a river in Canada's storied East that winds through circling marshes and muddy banks. The Micmacs named it Pet-koat-kwee-ak, because that word means a river that bends in a bow; but the white men of a later day called it Petitcodiac, which may be taken to mean the same thing. Aside from the fact that it is one of the many place-names in New Brunswick that preserve a trace of the Indian tongue, it is a very good name; for the river, bending in its head stretches, winds and turns in its middle course, and bends again at its mouth, where it empties into Shepody Bay, thence into Chignecto Bay, head waters of the Bay of Fundy.

The borderland of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is a land of poetry and history. There "lie broad the Westmoreland marshes; miles on miles they extend, level and grassy, and dim, clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance."* This is Tantramar, of many delights. Farther east are

*Chas. G. D. Roberts, "The Tantramar Revisited."

HOPEWELL ROCKS
Entrance to one of the caves

the sites of Fort Beausejour and Fort Lawrence; and of more recent history are the ruins of the Chignecto ship railway, a project, abandoned a few years ago, by which it was hoped to carry ships overland from the Bay of Fundy to the Northumberland Strait. To these various interests the Petitcodiac adds its peculiar distinction as perhaps the most remarkable tidal river in the world.

All the world, whether or not it knows where the Bay of Fundy is, knows of its bumper tides. A shallow valley between two shores, into which are poured twice every twenty-four hours the over-running waters of the Atlantic—that is the Bay of Fundy, and that is why the Fundy tides sometimes reach a height of seventy feet; why, too, some of the shore settlements are at the water's edge at noon and at five o'clock are almost inland, with a mile of red, slippery, clam-shelly flats in front. The shore-dwellers of the Fundy live ever in the enjoyment of their ocean swell or of the beauty that shall be when the tide comes in.

Look at the map, and find the winding line of the Petitcodiac. Follow its connection with the Bay of Fundy, and see how the funnel-shape of the larger water keeps narrowing to a point from Chignecto Bay to Shepody Bay, and from Shepody to the Petitcodiac; then consider what must happen when the tidal waters, with the Atlantic's force behind them, drive up through each successive stage till they reach the marsh-country at the head. What does happen is this: a wall of water is suddenly piled up, from two to ten feet in height, and this, with a rush and roar, rolls up the Petitcodiac toward Moncton. They call it The Bore. As for all else about it, world-wonder that it is, do not the guide-books tell it?

One might safely assume that a force of water such as this would have a lively temper. Driven into a corner, hemmed in between two narrowing shores, would not the sea, a fighter, find provocation for a wrestle with its arch-enemy, the land? But a long line of flat-lying mud banks gives small fighting ground; the most that even The Bore can do against it is to get itself muddied. There is, however, one vantage point. At Hopewell Cape, some twenty-five miles from Moncton, a line of cliffs extends for two miles along the shore of the river, reaching to a height of from forty to eighty feet. Locally they are known as the Hopewell Rocks; geologically, they are a conglomerate formation and show traces of various natural cementing materials with which the district abounds.

From the mud-flats, then, the Petitcodiac tides turn—let us suppose, with relief—to these challenging cliffs and wreak upon them their pent-up spite. A very graceful form of spite, however, for they have cut the two-mile stretch of rock into strange and wonderful sculptures, leaving it a seashore gallery of art. This have they done by many centuries of wearing and pounding, on their way, twice daily, up the river.

The cliffs are in most cases sharply perpendicular. Along their lower levels, where the tides have reached, they have been hewn and hollowed into columns,

SCARBORO

Showing interglacial strata and glacial layers of clay; also showing effects of rain-drippings from top

arches, and caves of many shapes and varying proportions. The rock has worn in some places so evenly and smoothly as almost to suggest some other hand than that of the tide; but close beside these more perfect forms are jagged masses of rock and projections that here and there resemble rude stalactites. The largest arch is some fifteen feet high, with ponderous support. Of caves there are few of size since the Devil's Cave was blocked a few years ago by a fall of rock against its mouth; but until then one could go by torchlight a considerable distance underground.

The Sphinx, a detached rock and the largest piece of sculpture in the series, strangely resembles in profile a head and shoulders; neighbour to it is The Little Giant, a round-capped rock with trees and bushes growing on its summit; and another of the best examples of this natural art is a column standing fifty feet high on a slender base not more than six feet through.

When the tide is out a long, gently-sloping beach fronts the cliffs. From low-water level the entire shore-line shows, with a fringe of fir and birch trees along the top of the cliffs. The artist tides have done their curious work below, but at the upper edge, sometimes leaning over, are the trees of the brush-woods—nature's common things meeting its wonders.

Less of nature's art, but even more of its ancientness, is shown in a similar length of shore-line on Lake Ontario, a few miles east of Toronto. On a sunny day the white cliffs of Scarboro gleam afar, but a closer view shows them as remarkable for form and matter as for colour. From the water's edge, except for a broken foot-path, a bare gray wall rises sheer some two or three hundred feet. Its surface is deeply seamed and cracked, and in places is broken with great V-shaped gullies. Sometimes straight and square to the very top, the cliffs break elsewhere into miniature peaks, which, seen from below, appear in somewhat exaggerated proportions.

HOPEWELL ROCKS
The largest arch

From above the effect is hardly less strange. Farm-fields come to within a few feet of the edge: then a drop, sudden and steep, to the level of the lake, which at one point is 360 feet below. Up or down the shore, the winding, jagged outline of the cliffs contrasts oddly with the orchards and grainfields at the top, and all the more oddly because the reason for it is not at once apparent.

It is just when the sightseer reaches this questioning stage that Scarboro Heights assume importance. After a little it will have become evident that they are a link between the present and prehistoric times—evidences again of a bitter strife between land and sea; for Scarboro's cliffs were cut by waves.

Nature in the northern hemisphere was very much upset some sixty thousand years ago. It produced at that time, or thereabouts, a new map of Canada, radically different from the original. A glacier, or a succession of glaciers, came down from the north, sweeping directly across the lake country and reaching to New York and Iowa. There are evidences that Toronto was then in the valley of a great river, about twenty-five miles wide and one hundred feet or more below the present level of Lake Ontario. But the glacier quite extinguished this ancient river, filling it and covering the surrounding shores with ice, and clay, and northern debris. When in after years this ice melted, a glacial lake, dammed somewhere down the St. Lawrence, stood three hundred feet above Lake Ontario. Then the great ice sheet retreated, and an interglacial lake, of a considerably lower level, was left for unknown milleniums.

Other ice ages followed, each distinct and each marked by a glacial deposit. In the interglacial periods new land was built up by the depositions of the lake, whose wave action laid successive layers of sand and ore-veined earth. For thousands of years during these intervals mild climate prevailed, and animal and plant life almost tropical in character abounded until submerged by succeeding ice

SCARBORO
The upper shore line as seen from the top

sheets. The final glacier capped the formation with another layer of clay.

After the withdrawal of the ice the hitherto unbounded lake assumed more definite proportions, and to this postglacial water has been given the name of Lake Iroquois. It was larger than the Lake Ontario of to-day by some six or seven miles on all sides, and its level was fully one hundred and fifty feet higher. Lake Iroquois lasted for perhaps 17,000 years, and then its water drained off, leaving its beach line exposed. Lake Ontario, at a lower level but occupying the same basin, is its successor. From then till now has been probably an equal length of time.

In proof of these several inferences is the land itself. There were glaciers, for unmistakably glacial deposits have been traced; warm interglacial periods, for fossils of warm climate animals and plants have been uncovered in North Toronto, the Don valley, and vicinity, and cooler periods, for remains of temperate zone life have been found at other points; a postglacial lake, for a portion of its bed, showing distinct traces of wave action, is the terraced lake front of to-day; and an Iroquois beach, for the Niagara escarpment through Wentworth County, and the tablelands near Trenton and on the New York side of the lake, are parts of that same beach turned hills. It is a story for the geologists to tell, and the array of evidence which they produce is as reasonably convincing as it is fascinating.*

In further proof is Scarboro. At that particular point are shown perhaps the clearest of the glacial and interglacial indications, while it is the one and only point where any part of the old Iroquois beach still exists as the present lake beach. It shows also most clearly the effects of

* Prof. A. P. Coleman, Transactions of the Canadian Institute and Journal of Geology; Dr. J. W. Spencer, Transactions Royal Society of Canada; Dr G. K. Gilbert, Smithsonian Reports.

SCARBORO
A wall of glacial clay, 60,000 years old

wave action by the present lake. When the Iroquois waters were drained to the lower level, the original beach was left as a more or less gradual slope; at Scarboro, where this beach was still exposed to the water, the waves washed against its foot and undermined it. The material being a heavy boulder clay, the top fell as the bottom wore away, the soil thus loosened being carried, in part, to form what is now Toronto's Island, while the Scarboro Heights assumed the perpendicular. There were thus laid bare great cross-sections of the formation, in which may to this day be seen the lines of strata laid by successive glacial and interglacial action. At varying heights up the sides of the cliffs have been found stones unmistakably marked as only glaciers can mark them; imbedded in the peaty layers of the clay, Professor Cole-

HOPEWELL ROCKS
A good example of natural wood-carving

man has discovered the remains of seventy extinct varieties of beetles; and numerous small flora, suggesting a temperate climate, have been laid bare at various times.

And so the strife between sea and land is a process of the ages. Scarboro proves it, for at the highest part of the Scarboro Cliffs Lake Ontario has cut back its shore so far as to destroy the old Iroquois beach for half a mile. Niagara proves it, for its gorge has been cut seven miles up from Queenston in probably the same length of time as that since the Iroquois beach took form, 35,000 years ago, or thereabouts.

Niagara is still cutting back, Scarboro is still wearing away, the Petitcodiac's artist tides are still carving out the Hopewell rocks. The world-old strife goes on, and nature's elemental fighters, water and land, refuse to be at rest.

Canada to England

BY A. T. FREED

MOTHER of Empires! Thee we greet,
Queen of Dominions far and wide.
Thine armies cluster round thy feet;
Thy children gather at thy side.
Thy children gather when the sky
Grows darkest and the tempest lowers,
When thunders crash and death-bolts fly,
To battle for thy cause—and ours.

Mother of Victory! On thy shield
The triumphs of a thousand years
Are blazoned. From the embattled field
The lightnings of thy flashing spears
Illume the storied page, and dwell
Where Victory's arch in glory towers,
To show where heroes fought and fell
To win thy liberties—and ours.

Mother of men of mighty mould,
Who built fair freedom's fabric strong;
Who kept their chartered rights of old,
But overthrew the chartered wrong;
Who knew in equity to draw
The rule of balanced rights and powers,
And stablished justice in the law,
Thy people's heritage—and ours.

FARM HOUSE OF A WELL-TO-DO HABITANT
On a Sunday Afternoon

Courting Among the Habitants

By M. B. PARENT

SUNDAY is to these people a great day; full of religious practices in the morning, full of amusements in the afternoon and evening. Three evenings are set apart during the week for the purpose of courting, and known among the young people as *bons soirs*, but the best time of all is by far on Sunday. On a beautiful Sunday afternoon, a young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer, is out for a drive. He has a shining top-buggy and a fine horse—kept mostly for his own use—especially if he be the only or even the oldest son. He is well dressed, with a tailor-made suit. His mother does not cut or sew his Sunday clothes any more. A *paysan* of old France, in his cotton blouse, would look like a tramp beside him. At that age, he is very careful of his personal appearance, and he is not half as sunburnt as you would expect. The fact is, he has been wearing all the week a straw hat with a broad brim, a red handkerchief around his neck, and he has sometimes even gone so far as to keep leather mittens on, all this to protect himself against the sun. His name is Jean-Baptiste, or François-Xavier, or Joseph, or Pierre, or Napoleon. If, however, his parents have read French novels, his name may be Gaston.

As he looks at the blue sky, the green fields and his prancing horse, more especially as he thinks of his journey's end, his heart beats high. He will drive a good long distance that afternoon. Of course everything is stale in his own immediate neighbourhood. Girls are prettier and sweeter in the next parish than they are in one's own—in fact, the farther you go the better. Well, then, ten or fifteen miles from his home there is a girl. There are hundreds along the way, not mentioning the one who lives across the road, with whom he played when he was a child. But all these are of no account just now. For him the parish of Sainte Marie, or Sainte Anne, or Saint Jean, or some other Saint, is the centre of the universe. *She* lives there! Her name is Marie, or Mélie, or Adèle, or Joséphine,

or again, as an echo from Lourdes, in France, her name may be Bernadette. She is very young, say eighteen; yet, strange as it may seem to some people, she is old enough, in her parents' estimation, to receive *des cavaliers*. In former days *cavaliers* rode on horseback, as the word itself indicates, but time has now come when they may travel by boat, by rail, on foot, or in a top buggy, and yet be *cavaliers*. A grand word this is, and well worthy of a place in our vocabulary. An *amant* is a soft creature that writes love-letters, sings and sighs in the moonlight. Although in old songs, the words *la belle* are often used to designate a young woman, *beau* is not to be found; it would sound too *dudish*. A *cavalier* is a man and a manly one. Now the girl who receives *cavaliers* becomes *ipso facto* a *blonde*. As a matter of brutal fact, in French Canada, a *blonde* is generally a brunette. After all it is only a question of words, which in nowise is allowed to trouble the mind of any young man, for he will continue to call his sweetheart his *blonde*, without reference to her complexion.

GOING TO THE FAIR

I have used above the word *cavalier* in the plural, though referring to but one girl; this I did intentionally. Parents would not feel at all flattered if their daughter received the attention of only one young man. The more the better. The number of young men in attendance is the measure of her respectability, attractiveness, and accomplishments. Now this Marie or Mélie, that we are speaking of, being pretty and *avenante*, having spent some time in convent, and belonging to a respectable family, is naturally expected to have a goodly number of *cavaliers*. As a matter of course, when Jean, or François, or Pierre, our hero, reaches the place that afternoon, he finds half a dozen horses and buggies, tied either in the shed or to the posts placed for that purpose in front of the house. If he were a Spaniard, he would no doubt feel around for his knife. If he were an Englishman or a Yankee, he would walk straight to the girl and say, "You are a flirt! I will have nothing more to do with you!" But an old-fashioned French-Canadian will do or say nothing of the kind. He will rather be pleased that his *blonde* is the object of so much consideration.

Such then is the arrival of our friend, Jean-Baptiste, at the place of his future father-in-law that afternoon. As Marie sees him coming in, she will beg to be excused of the one speaking to her at the time, go to meet him, politely take his hat and put it in a proper place. Then if he be talkative and resourceful, he may keep her a good long time—though not beyond certain limits. But the conversation must not flag. For their staying together, when they have nothing to say, would be considered in bad taste. For a young man who is a good conversationalist to keep a girl more than his reasonable share of the time, and thus "*faire*

A WEDDING PARTY STARTING FOR DRIVE

manger de l'avoine aux autres," as the expression goes, is looked upon as more skilful than gentlemanly. Our friend Jean, whom we suppose to be good natured, will just say a few words, and allow the girl to return to the young man she was with when he came, and wait till later to unburden his heart.

Some lovers sit alone beside a rosebush, wander in shady dells, or follow the winding course of a bubbling brook, not so these; they remain in the house. When the conversation above mentioned is ended another young man will rise, walk to the girl and ask for his hat. While he takes it and bids her good-bye, he may enlarge on the topic and talk twenty minutes or so. Then again, like the grasshoppers of the endless tale, another one will come up, call for his hat and depart, or perchance sit down again and wait for his friend. Conversation with the gentler sex is, to these people, an art. They sometimes have books treating of this art; books in which they learn by heart *compliments* written in most elegant French. These, of course, may help at times, or perhaps on other occasions produce the opposite result, as it is always dangerous to fly too high. While the girl is engaged with one man at the time, the young fellows will talk with the old folks, and with each other. They will tell stories and smoke their pipe. To a bashful boy, a pipe is an invaluable help. It enables him to strike an attitude of nonchalance, which would be impossible without it. The scene above described may repeat itself in the same house a good number of times. But if our hero is really in earnest, the day will come when evidently he will be the lion of that company.

The others, though always received politely, will be made to feel that they are playing only second or third fiddle. They will gradually drop out. Then the moment arrives for our friend Jean to take the decisive step. But he cannot get married unless he asks, first of all, Marie to marry him. And he cannot get a girl in her teens, and as yet unsophisticated, a girl who has never read a novel with an elopement in it, to marry him, unless he begins by asking her parents' consent. Our friend, then, will have to ask the girl's hand in due and regular form. This resolution is of course a sweet secret. Jean shares it with his bosom friend. That friend shares it with another friend. Finally, as everybody is somebody else's bosom friend, everybody in the parish will know of it, and that in a brief period of time. This piece of news will supply material for conversations among young people for many days. On the evening appointed for the purpose above mentioned, these conversations will run somewhat as follows:

"Do you see the light in Mr. So-and-So's window?"

"Yes."

"Well Jean or François is there to '*faire les demandes*'." Then, of course, commentaries favourable and unfavourable.

Indeed Jean is there! Roads would have to be very bad, and worse than hail would have to fall, if he missed this engagement. By this time, as hinted above, second rank suitors have become conspicuous by their absence, and Jean is alone with Marie and the old folks. Jean is a strong young man, but that memorable evening he feels somewhat nervous. The lamp, or perhaps the candle, is burning low on the table, the old clock has just struck nine. Time has come to speak. Jean begins, in a tone loud enough to be heard, "My dear Marie, we have been keeping company together this long time, and you have not yet pledged me your troth. Give me your white hand, that I may ask for it of your father and mother here present. They rise and walk across the room to the place where the old couple are sitting. Marie blushes of course; Jean shakes like an aspen leaf. His mouth gets dry, his tongue grows stiff, his voice is hoarse and hollow. With an effort he begins: "Monsieur et Madame, I have come to your honourable house for a purpose which your daughter has no doubt mentioned to you; I have come to ask your daughter, Marie, in marriage. I want her for my wife, not for a day or for a year, but forever. If my request can be granted, please let me know at once, that the banns may be published as soon as possible."

Having received a favourable answer, for which no set formula is needed, Jean grows bolder, and may add: "Monsieur et Madame, will you permit me moreover to take a sweet kiss on the rosy lips of your lovely daughter as a pledge of her love and faith?" This is seldom refused. Then in plain, everyday talk, they make arrangements for the wedding.

ANOTHER TIME-HONOURED MODE

The feelings of Marie, after her lover's departure that evening, and those of Jean, as he rides back home, and nervously cracks his whip on his favourite horse, hardly need be described, since they do not differ materially from those experienced under different climes in similar circumstances.

The great day arrives. There is rejoicing everywhere, except among the fowls of the back-yard. Our young people rise early, keep their fast, go to confession and communion, then are married at low mass. The marriage ceremony is short, simple and similar to what it is elsewhere. At the church they are accompanied by their parents on both sides, and some of the nearest relatives and friends. From the church they drive to the bride's home. There tables are set waiting for them and for a new and often large contingent of guests. After a hearty meal and a generally good time, they harness up and form into a regular wedding procession. The horses themselves seem to take in the situation, and carry proudly the flags on their heads and bright coloured *pompons* dropping from their harnesses.

As an essential feature of the procession will be noticed the fiddler, who plays on his instrument while they drive, not heeding the jerks of the carriage on a rough road, and loudly stamps his foot in the waggon to mark time. Between the fiddler's jigs, songs will be heard from dif-

A HABITANT LOVER AND HIS LASS

ferent parties. *Le marié* himself, who used to sing "*Oh, que nous serions heureux!*" now has it:

"Oh, que nous *sommes* heureux
D'être mariés ensemble!
Oh, que nous *sommes* heureux!
D'être mariés tous deux!"

Having reached their destination, that is, the house of the bridegroom, the preceding scene will be repeated. They will eat, drink, dance, sing and play all sorts of games. The groomsman, for instance, will be called upon to make a speech, sing a song, tell a tale, recite a *compliment* to the bride, or some such thing. If he fails, he will be compelled to pay a forfeit, the nature of which may cause much merriment.

On such occasions rum sometimes flows too freely, and quite a few members of the party may have to be taken care of. Late in the night they will hitch up their horses, and one after another return home, leaving the *mariés* alone with their bliss, mingled no doubt with a little weariness.

Possession

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

A youth sate down on a wayside stone,
A pack on his back and a staff on his knee,
He whistled a tune which he called his own,
"It's a fine new tune, that tune," said he.

In his pack he carried a crust of bread,
And he drank from his hands at a brook hard by,
"Spring water is wonderful cool," he said,
"And wonderful soft is the summer sky."

He looked to the hill which his steps had passed,
He looked to the slope where the brooklet purled,
He looked to the distance blue and vast,
And, "Ah," cried he, "what a fine, wide world!"

The youth passed on down the winding track
That leads to the beckoning distance dim,
And tho' all he carried was staff and pack,
The world and its giving belonged to him.

MR. FRANK W. MORSE
Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Canadian Celebrities

NO. 64—MR. FRANK W. MORSE

THE popular notion of a general manager, his work and his way of doing it, is as far from the "life" as the operatic soldier is from the real thing. The public regards the railway official as a sort of hereditary lord, the line his empire and the employees his subjects. How hard seems the lot of Larry, the track-walker, in comparison to that of the general manager! One travels his section on foot, the other rocks over the road in a "Private" car, cushioned, painted and varnished.

The average man or woman does not know that the G.M. wakes earlier than the other man and works hours after Larry's day is done; that while the track-walker smokes his pipe in peace, forgetting utterly low joints and high

centres, flapping fish-plates and loose locking-bars, the General Manager's brain is busy with the multitudinous problems that confront him—a score or more, each demanding immediate attention. How hard the lot of the man with the scoop! And yet, when he reaches the end of his run, he drops off and goes his way, with never a thought of the 97, until the caller comes to call him for his next trip.

But if you watch the General Manager, you will see him swinging down before the car has come to a stop, and if you follow him he will lead you to the general offices. His basket is piled full of papers, and upon his desk there are a dozen documents that might well be marked "Perishable." Some are important letters that must now be answered by wire before he can think of rest. These pressing matters disposed of, he dismisses his secretary and picks up half a dozen letters marked "Private" or "Confidential." Some of these are acknowledged by wire, others answered in his own hand. Now he leans back, lights a cigar and begins to think, think, think. "To-day" is done, and he is already doing to-morrow.

Almost, we may say, as the tail-lights of To-day disappear in the West, the headlight of To-morrow looms on the Eastern horizon. There is the schedule made out by his chief clerk, or assistant to the General Manager. It opens at 9.00 a.m., when he must receive the deputation of Leading Citizens who come to ask him to elevate his tracks. At ten-thirty the Member from Squedunc wants to see him on a personal matter. At eleven the Grievance Committee will be here with an ultimatum. And so runs the tale, often with but ten or fifteen minutes between dates. By the time he has finished reading the bill of fare his cigar has burned up close to his moustache. He scorns to look at the clock, but he knows his head is weary, and now he remembers that he's married (or ought to be), and that somewhere in the roaring city dinner waits for him. Then comes a late dinner with cranky servants, another cigar, a passing glance at the evening paper, and that's the General Manager's day's work.

And you, who may envy Mr. Frank W. Morse, who, the day he was forty entered upon his important duties as Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific may find comfort in the fact that while you miss the gain and glory of this great job, you also side-step the work and worry that must necessarily go with the building and management of one of the most gigantic and important railway projects ever undertaken on this continent.

Morse is a good name. Wherever the railway has reached its thin fingers, wherever the thin strands of steel have been trailed, over the sear Sahara, through the sand dunes of the South-country, the mountain fastnesses of the Far West, or the wilderness of the North—that name is known. For, wherever the railway runs, there runs the telegraph, and wherever the click of the key is heard men have heard of the "Morse System." Somewhere in New York—in Twenty-third Street, I believe—there is a stone set in the wall of a house and upon this stone is chiselled the name of Morse. Doubtless that house was once the home of the famous inventor.

However, all this, I fancy, has little to do with the remarkable success of this young man who is to manage the Grand Trunk Pacific. He had in him the elements of success. He also had the advantage of a good general education, supplemented by a technical training in his chosen field. Mr. Morse's mother comes of the famous family of Seamans, well known in the newspaper world. From her side he inherits his critical eye, his artistic taste, his keen judgment and love of good literature. From his father, we may assume, he has his mechanical genius, his love for "doing things." He enjoyed work and was a stranger to the clock. Sundown and Payday were only incidents to him—like sleep and a good cigar.

This side of forty he had filled a number of important positions, each a little better than the one he had left. Though always apparently content he was ever ready to quit if a wider field opened, with more work and better pay. But upon this Grand Trunk Pacific problem

I believe he has set his heart, and it would probably take a tempting offer to win him away from this interesting bit of empire building. It may sound absurd to speak of a man of forty as building his monument, and yet if he succeeds in bridging the continent here in the north, he will have helped to make homes, not for hundreds but hundreds of thousands of the homeless of the earth. It is a task over which the greatest of our builders might well enthuse—this linking the Atlantic with the Pacific, putting a new crimp in the cosmos, and shrinking the sphere by half a thousand miles.

This saving of a full day's sail is of itself vastly more important than would appear at a passing glance. But still more important to Canada and Canadians is the development of the West. When the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed, Canada will have more railway mileage than England. This dream will come true in less than ten years. All the West wants is mileage, and lots of it. The Canadian West is further advanced than was the territory west of the Missouri when the last spike was driven at Promontory, Utah, completing the first bridge across the continent. That was less than forty years ago. See what an empire lies west of the Big Water today. Our children will still be young men when this "last West" has furnished homes for 50,000,000 people. Of this I am absolutely confident, and equally confident that one of the chief factors in this upbuilding of the Dominion will be the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Cy. Warman.

Castles

BY O. P. B.

A LITTLE child, beside the restless sea,
Mining with feverish haste the golden sand;
Building proud Castles for the world to see,
Digging deep trenches in his fairy-land.

A little dreamer, carried home asleep,
All heedless of the ever-rising tides;
Forgotten now, his wondrous castle-keep,
Slowly his toil into the ocean slides.

And we—who dig among Time's shifting sand,
Striving to build us Fortresses of Fame;
Are we not children in a sea-shore land,
Toiling to write in sand our worthless name?

We fall asleep, and we are put to rest,
Bucket and spade forgotten by the sea;
They laugh, and call our Castles but a jest,
And o'er our play-ground rolls Eternity.

Moral Heroism

By THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY

THERE are momentary advantages in being an optimist. Most of us prefer to have our morals praised, our spiritual fur rubbed in the right way, to purr gently and sweetly and serenely over our virtues and superiority. A distinguished and learned president of a Canadian college, referring to the founder of the Christian religion, described him as "a splendid optimist." In a certain sense He was, and we may all be, I hope, in similar conditions. That this world is not growing worse but better, is a comforting fact, which we are justified in clinging to. That mankind influenced by higher aspirations will broaden and grow better and develop higher ideals as the ages roll by, is an assurance without which we should be plunged into hopeless despair. Nevertheless, some of us are doomed by adverse fate to seem to be pessimists, because we are not satisfied with the present conditions, and feel bound to point out in clear and distinct terms the weaknesses, the follies, and the moral degeneracy of the age in which we live.

From a material point of view Canada is doing splendidly. For several years there has been marked development in every industrial pursuit. Trade is extending, manufactures are developing, wealth is increasing, cities are expanding —the great North-West is growing by leaps and bounds—population is at last increasing—and Canada is making rapid strides in the direction of wealth and political improvement. All this is gratifying, and no one will say that it is not something to be proud of, something to be thankful for.

With these enlarged conditions and this notable expansion, which bids fair to continue, grave problems confront us. Shall we sometime be an independent nation, feeling all the quickening impulse of national responsibility, and conscious as we roam over the world that we have a place and a status among the important nations of the earth? Shall we become linked with the destinies of the great Empire of which we form a part and contribute our share to the vast civilising agencies which British expansion has created and keeps in constant operation? Shall we share this continent with the great race to which we belong, that has made such marvellous development beside us? Shall we face all the exigencies of European complications and stake our last man and our last dollar on the integrity of the British Islands and what they represent? These, together with questions of domestic legislation, are the chief topics which now engage the attention of the people of Canada from east to west.

What about the moral fibre of these six millions of Canadians? What of their religious tendencies? The ordinary man will say, surely Canada is a moral country, as moral at all events as any other country on the globe; and as for religion, are we not a religious people? Does not a church stand in every hamlet; and are not churches multiplied in every village, town and city in this wide Dominion? Certainly, all these things are true, and yet I am going to venture, at the risk of unpopularity to suggest, that the moral fibre of Canada is not up to the ideal standard and that the religion of the Canadian people, in common with the religion of the rest of the English-speaking world, is to a very large extent the outgrowth of a perfunctory system, which, while it utters the formulas, is in a large measure destitute of the vital principles of a religion which recognises God, eternity and immortality, as the great supreme considerations of human beings.

Let us deal for a little with morals. The usual definition of morality is the conforming from day to day to the usages and customs of civilised life; obeying the law, paying one's debts, and assisting to secure peace and order in the community. All these are good and essential. But is there not another, a higher and an ideal

morality to be sought after, to be grasped, to be attained? The ideal morality is that derived from the overshadowing principle of love or self-forgetfulness. A morality which derives its force by prompting each individual to seek not the interest of the individual but the interest of others, the interest of the world at large. And such a morality in Canada we have not, and what is worse, the tendency of the general thoughts, views and impulses of the people is not only not to recognise such a morality but to regard the man who ventures to illustrate it as a hopeless and unspeakable lunatic.

Think gently of me, friends; I am going to venture to explain my meaning. Christianity is the religion of Canada and for the most part of the English-speaking world. What Christianity means, I take it, can best be gathered from the recorded utterances of its founder. These utterances are not numerous, they are compact. The greater part of them is embodied in an address said to have been delivered on the Mount of Olives. No person who reads and comprehends the English language can fail to recognise the essence and meaning of that teaching. Self-forgetfulness is the keynote of everything. Love constitutes the entire foundation upon which the whole structure of human life and character is based. Selfishness is mercilessly anathematised. Worldliness is denounced, and sordidness of aim and purpose is withered with a blast of scorn. Ten thousand churches have been erected in Canada to proclaim this great principle of living to the people, and in these churches gather a large proportion of the population from week to week. Stand from an elevation and view these congregations reverently bowed for an hour before the altar of worship, and tell me whether or not these people in the aggregate, are not a collection of worldlings, striving in every possible way to advance their own interests in the world, in opposition to the interests of all other persons whatsoever. The man that would stand up in any of these churches and say to the occupants of these pews, "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor," which is indeed simply a repetition of the actual words of the founder of the religion, and forthwith he is voted with alacrity and delightful unanimity, a lunatic, who is liable to become a menace to the peace and well-being of a fat, comfortable and contented community.

Of course allowances must be made for a few humble and devoted saints who perchance may be found in all these churches. We are dealing with aggregations. Do not earnest, well-meaning persons attend these sanctuary services with the best of motives and probably with good results in the main, but nevertheless, lacking egregiously the essential and vital qualities which constitute real Christianity, real religion, or from which can spring a real and true morality or a real heroism?

Enough has been said on the religious phases of the situation. A delicate subject, and probably only fit to be handled by an expert. What has been said is merely as an index to the indictment against the moral heroism of the Canadian people. The morals of a country are pretty generally a reflex of the religious impulse of the people.

Is it too much to say that the ultimate greatness of a nation, large or small, must be based upon the moral fibre of its people? A nation may contain hundreds of millions of people and hundreds of billions of accumulated wealth and all the appliances of modern civilisation and still be a weak, degenerate and crumbling aggregation.

In all great conflicts between persons, organisations or nations, the side which has the greatest moral force, in the long run, wins. And that nation becomes the greatest nation which possesses the greatest aggregation of moral power. What is the situation from a heroic point of view in Canada? It is best illustrated in the public life of the nation. The public men selected by free choice by the Canadian people to govern the nation and guide its destinies are fairly representative of the moral tone of the nation itself, and inasmuch as most of the legislators are distinctly dependent for existence upon the favourable judgment of the bodies that elected them, the whole hue and colouring of the moral aspects of the country are reflected in its chosen rulers.

The public men of Canada are, man for man, intellectually and morally, equal to

the public men of any other nation, or collection of people, that I know of in the world; and the best and brightest of them would hold a leading and commanding place in the councils of any of the great nations of the world, and yet, of moral fibre there is a palpable and conspicuous lack. It is a notorious fact, not only in the public life of Canada, but in the public life of Great Britain, of the United States, of most of those countries in the world enjoying the blessings of popular government, that no man can hope to attain the highest place who does not daily and hourly veil his real sentiments upon nearly every vital question with which he is called upon to deal. The men chosen as leaders and standard-bearers in the great political arena are not courageous men, having strong views on all important questions and expressing those thoughts freely, but rather men who with subtle judiciousness conceal their views, or are endowed by kind Providence with an absence of views which admirably fits them to avoid betraying, by any expression of their own, any views which might antagonise any particular class of people in the community. It has come, has it not, to be a recognised thing that successful political leaders must be colourless men, and that men who boldly avow advanced sentiments and seek to lead people toward higher and truer standards are men who are practically ostracised from the possibility of holding the highest places in the government of the country?

For example, one of the leading questions that has been actively precipitated into the public life of the country within the last few years is prohibition, and, at the outset, the advocates of this measure were well organised and had behind them forces which seemed dangerous to antagonise. Understand, please, that in the observations which are to follow, no opinion is expressed whatever as to whether prohibition is right or wrong. It is only used as an illustration of the moral fibre of the public men of Canada. A vigorous and well-organised effort has been made in recent times to secure legislation in the direction of absolute prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, in both the federal parliament and the various provincial legislatures of Canada.

Whatever may have been the merits of the proposition, one thing is certain, there is scarcely one single prominent man in the public life of Canada, either in the sphere of Dominion or in the sphere of Provincial politics, who did not and who does not still believe, absolutely, thoroughly and unquestionably, that the enactment of such a measure would mean not a mitigation, but a multiplication of the evils connected with the liquor traffic and would end in confusion, disaster and moral anarchy. Please note the number of public men of either of the political parties that frankly said so. On the contrary, the representatives of each political party by every form and device which human ingenuity could invent, took care to dodge the issue and escape the responsibility of definite action one way or another. It has been frequently represented by moral reformers that this action on the part of politicians, was due to their fear of the power of the rum seller. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Nothing could be more unjust. The fact is that the power of the liquor interest in the past has always been far less a bugbear than the fear of the prohibition vote, fortified as it is by the almost united voice of the clergy and the moral sentiment of the country.

When prohibition is put forward as an issue in federal politics, it is met first by a Royal Commission, and under the shield of this the matter is staved off for the term of the party in power. When the other party is called upon to confront it, it dodges the question by a plebiscite, under the shield of which it postpones the evil hour. When the provincial legislatures are approached, referendums are invented and all forms devised to escape assuming boldly the responsibility of the issue. And yet at this moment matters have progressed to such a point on this question that every one sees that if the politicians had frankly and boldly from the very beginning taken the stand, that it was an unwise and impracticable thing, from the political and moral standpoint, to adopt such legisla-

tion, the very difficulties with which they have been floundering for a generation would have been infinitely less, and the moral sentiment of the people would not have been outraged and debauched by every form of hypocrisy and cowardly subterfuge to escape an issue which was plain, palpable and inevitable.

In public life Canada is not a nation of moral heroes. It is a nation of opportunists. That man gets to the front easiest and best who conceals his opinion on all dangerous topics, and confines his observations on public life to the tame and judicious platitudes of the moment.

This moral attenuation is not confined to the political field in Canada. It permeates all important functions and callings. It is found conspicuous in the pulpit. Each Sunday morning's essay is adjusted to suit the tastes of the regnant element in the pews—and thoughts of self-advancement are rarely absent from the minds of those who are preaching the gospel of self-forgetfulness. Professors in universities rarely endanger their professional positions by expositions which run directly opposite to the prevalent views and interests of the governing body. In Great Britain, in France, in Germany, Professors of Science have gone beyond the process of fumbling stones and discovering new forms of fauna and fossil; they have applied the fresh light obtained by scientific investigation to the great problems which relate to human life and destiny, even though it tends to strike down cherished beliefs and sacred dogmas. The scientific men of Canada have never yet, so far as I am aware, challenged the thunders of the pulpit by a straight blow at any orthodox error.

The downright truth of the matter is that in Canada it does not pay to be bold. The reformer, it must be confessed, has a very uncomfortable time of it in the world as at present constituted. The race is now for wealth and power. The attention of mankind is absorbed to such a degree in railroads, telegraphs, electric light, machinery, steamboats, transportation, stock exchanges, houses, yachts, sports, food, in a word, everything which administers to the physical and bodily comfort, that it has naturally a disagreeable and disturbing effect for anyone to arise and declare, amidst all this mad rush, that there is such a thing as an immortal soul, and that what pertains to the interest of that which is to last beyond the brief day of this present life is of infinitely more far reaching importance than all these things which constitute the idols at the shrine of which the whole mass of the Christian world are now reverently and devotedly worshipping.

While clinging to the belief that the world is improving and recognising the improved condition of life amid the masses, and the tendency of the age toward greater beneficencies in the care of the sick and the afflicted, it is also a fact that the beginning of the twentieth century finds the world in a more profoundly materialistic condition than the beginning or middle of the nineteenth. The proof of this is various. Poetry has distinctly declined during the past fifty years, and one may look over the English-speaking world in vain to find one singer who is fit to rank with the Shakespeares and Miltons of the fifteenth or even the Tennysons, Brownings and Longfellows of the nineteenth. Poetry does not pay, hence even the men of genius, who are influenced more or less by the prevailing sentiment of the age, bend their energies in other fields of literature more financially promising.

Philosophers are scarcely known in these days. The descendants of the Goethes, Kants, Liebnitz, Schillers, Schopenhauers and Carlyles are not to be found anywhere in the world at the beginning of the twentieth century. Tendencies to philosophical enquiry are no doubt as strong as ever, but in an age when men are absorbed in problems of transportation, syndicates, inventions, stock booming, and factories, no one will stop to listen to the discussion of problems of either a metaphysical or abstract nature. We still read Carlyle and Kant and Schiller because they are the recognised classics of the language; but, if Carlyle were living to-day, and wrote his thundering denunciations of the wretched superficiality and self-seeking

of the present age, nobody would read his utterances and they would be turned aside, as all such utterances now are, with a smile and with a sneer.

Fifty years ago the magazines contained articles on philosophical and religious subjects. Scarcely any venture to deal with such topics now, and a glance at their contents will show that the articles now sought by the people are either short stories, historical curiosities or descriptions of material progress taking place all over the world, including fresh inventions and scientific discoveries.

Even in the matter of higher education the tendency of the present moment is to substitute technical education for a purely literary course. It seems to be the overshadowing aim of the age that men should be taught to do something whereby they can make money, and the whole object in training young men is to make them practical. No one for a moment would undervalue skilled labour or fail to appreciate the importance of having men fitted in industrial pursuits to work with intelligence and skill. A helpless man, unfitted by training to do anything, is one of the least edifying spectacles possible. Nevertheless one recalls with more or less regret the days when education was designed to cultivate the mind, elevate the soul and create men with high ideals, broad views and generous aspirations. It would seem to be the tendency of the educational system of the day that the pupil should acquire a few of the necessary implements of life, reading, writing, arithmetic, a little history and science and then forthwith begin to train himself for money-getting, and any element of the liberal arts education which fails to place the low, practical idea of hustling for a living in the first place, is condemned by the whole commercial and industrial world.

Is it not time to call a halt in this mad career of materialism and practicality, and once more ask if there is nothing in life but the building of houses, the acquisition of money, the creation of machinery and an aggregation of bodily comforts? Is nothing to be counted of moment except that which can be weighed and handled? Are we to take no account of justice, courtesy, self-forgetfulness, courage and heroism? Has humanity forever ceased to be enriched by the heroic sacrifice of martyrs? Is it forever to be a Gradgrind question as to who shall have the largest salary, who shall live in the biggest house and whose name shall be paraded most in the newspapers?

All this will be regarded as a disagreeable indictment of our age with no remedy suggested. The remedy, if any, must be in the hands of a chosen few who, recognising the true ideals of living, will have the courage and fortitude to go out into the world and promulgate these ideals even in the face of indifference and hostility.

We have still the pulpit. What is it doing? We still have universities and arts courses and professors with high standards. Shall we not some time reach the stage when every young man in college shall not be taught to look forward to becoming a judge, a prime minister, a high official or successful barrister or a popular clergyman luxuriating in the appreciation of the world and enjoying great emoluments, but when it shall, indeed, be promulgated as the highest and supreme doctrine that sacrifice is greater than riches, and that to forget one's personal aims and advancement in the world and to heroically dedicate one's energies to the advantage of others, is not only the noblest and greatest thing in the world, but is, after all, the only way in which undying fame and honour can be achieved.

Ambition is the siren word which is planted or sought to be planted in the breast of every young man. In the school, in the academy, in the university, he is bidden go forth and achieve worldly success. If his tendencies are toward the law, his mind is dazzled with the picture of sitting as Chief Justice in ermine robes, enjoying the homage of mankind from his lofty position. If it is the church, a bishopric is set before him, or the pastorship of a wealthy and fashionable church where his eloquence elicits the applause of press and multi-

tude, and his handsome salary invites him to participate in all the luxuries of this wicked world. If his tendencies are toward public life, a prime ministership looms up before him as a glittering gem when he shall stand in a place of power and be deafened by the applause of multitudes. If teaching is to be his calling, a professorship or college presidency is fixed upon as his goal. If mercantile life, then a merchant prince, thinking in millions and in his daily transactions sweeping the products of a Greek isle. It is indeed difficult, in this age, to induce a world whirling in a mad maelstrom of selfish aims to even consider seriously the true ideals of life. Ambition to accomplish personal or selfish aims is a miserable thing and absolutely incompatible with the possibility of true greatness or glory. Carlyle's words, in his "Hero and Hero Worship," constitutes a refreshing exposé of this miserable falsehood.

"Great men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small, poor man who is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake to acknowledge him a great man, and to set him over the heads of men. Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A great man? A poor, morbid, prurient, empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him he cannot live. It is the emptiness of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you will find something in him. In good truth I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way."

The true hero, the truly great man, if one desires to be such rather than a false, superficial man, will never make his personal advancement the end and guerdon of his efforts. If law is to be his province, his first aim will be to discharge conscientiously, with exactitude and faithfulness, the duties which his profession impose upon him. To vindicate the right, to expose the wrong at whatever cost. That man only is fit to sit in the Chief Justice's chair.

If his mission is to be the care of souls, then the uplifting of mankind is to be his first and supreme aim and his own advancement absolutely forgotten or ignored. Such a man only is fit for the saintly office of a bishop or a spiritual leader.

If public life is to be his field, his first thought must be of his country and her welfare, and this must be upheld though he and his cause fall. Such a man only is fitted to hold the supreme post of Prime Minister.

If teaching is to be his profession, then the moulding in a thousand subtle ways of the character of those brought under his influence, the unfolding of the higher instincts of manhood and womanhood must be the first, the supreme and constant aim. Such a man only is fitted to adorn the professorial chair or to be the college president.

In the name of God let us endeavour in this age of supposed enlightenment, to call a halt to this eternal policy of self-seeking and mad endeavour to elbow our way to places of power and position! It is a miserable ideal, and cannot be too soon dethroned. The real difficulty at the moment is that most persons assent to the theory when high ideals are presented. These are subscribed to in the abstract, but, in the tendency of the age, they are ignored in the concrete.

Let me draw a picture. Two young men start in life with equal powers and equal opportunities. The one devotes himself to the pursuit of self-advancement. He hews his way through obstacles until in the end he attains the highest goal of human ambition in his country. He dies a Prime Minister or a Chief Justice, rich, living in a luxurious home, abounding in friends, honour and fame. When he dies ten thousand people from all parts of the country fol-

low his remains to their last resting-place and these last rites are recorded throughout the press of the world.

The other young man resolves to devote himself to the service of others, and all through life he cherishes his high ideal and toils patiently through difficulties to attain some worthy object, to lift the human race, if he may, to some higher plane of thinking and living. In this process he is buffeted about, sneered at by the cold cynic, and his highest motives attributed to base purposes. No part of the wealth and luxury of the world is laid at his feet. Perhaps, like others who have sought to pursue the same career, he may be submitted to ostracism and persecution.

Nevertheless, without a murmur he adheres to his purpose and struggles to the end to illustrate, like his Master, the true ideals of life. He dies in poverty, and half a dozen persons straggle behind his remains when they are laid in the tomb. Yet, when he died, he had a great, big, expanded soul, and had wrought much good for his race which, in due course of time, future generations will recognise, appreciate and honour.

Say, truly, young man, which of these ideals will you pursue? That the last is the highest everyone will recognise, but how many in this busy, bustling, materialistic and self-seeking age will choose the higher path? Who will deliberately consent to ignore bodily comforts and the sweets of temporary applause and the baubles of fame and honour in order that his life shall be consecrated to the highest service of his race.

After all, we value too highly all the honours and glories which this poor world can bestow. Outward pomp and ceremony are but a passing and pitiful affair. True greatness is from within, and cannot be weighed or measured by human applause. The real thing is the man—not what the man seems. Fame is, after all, but a meteor, and may be dissipated by a transient breath, and the proudest monuments which human pride have erected are nearly allied to dust and ashes:

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

It is the materialistic, self-seeking tendency in human minds that leads to war and national aggression. True ideals planted in human hearts would make war hideous and impossible. The same spirit which makes men seek for worldly advantage urges nations to seek possessions, enlarge their territories, and build up a spirit of national pride. Let it not be imagined we have gained the point of hating war. The spirit that calls for blood is still rampant in all parts of the civilised world at the beginning of the twentieth century. A most unjustifiable war was undertaken with Spain, not long ago, by the United States. Where were the pulpits? Calling men to moderation and peace? No—rather inflaming men to seize their muskets and rush to the front. It was not a case of defending homes—it was rather a case of national pride and aggression.

What Canada and, indeed, what all nations need, before all things, in this age, is men who have the courage to say and do the right and true thing even though it involves unpopularity and personal loss We need men like William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and John Brown, who, believing that slavery was abominable wickedness and a disgrace to their country, dedicated their lives to its suppression and to this end were willing to suffer persecution, personal violence and even death to awaken the public conscience and achieve their end. We need men like the Seven Bishops of England, who preferred to face a hostile court sooner than sacrifice their duties as religious guides and leaders. Like Emile Zola, who, believing that a monstrous and hideous injustice had been done a poor officer in the French army, thought not of his comfort and his peace but thought first of justice, and to vindicate this was willing to suffer fine, imprisonment and risk of personal violence from an ignorant

and prejudiced mob. We need men like George M. Grant who, when he believed that the adoption of prohibition would be a disastrous thing in Canada, and found all men cowards on the subject, had the courage to give out, uphold and avow his opinions at the risk of being taunted with being the friend of the saloon-keepers, and badgered with the threat that subscriptions would be withdrawn from the university over which he presided. We need men like Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has constantly been uttering sentiments unpopular with most people, but which he believed represented the true moral purposes of the day, and it matters little to him that the unthinking multitude brand him as a crank. We need men who, when they see wrong rampant, will not be afraid to risk a little of their personal comfort and assail it, who are not afraid to utter new opinions because they are likely to offend the unthinking. We are often told that we possess the spirit of men who in great emergencies would become Latimers and Ridleys, or to emulate the heroism of the Seven Bishops. But the difficulty of the world is that its heroic needs are not fulfilled by waiting for great occasions. It is by the daily and hourly trials in everyday work and life that true heroism is to be tested and exercised.

In the political world, more than elsewhere, moral courage is imperatively needed at this stage of our history. It unfortunately happens that the party system imposes an inexorable tyranny which makes it almost impossible for a man to express an independent opinion. If one actively engaged in political matters ventures to animadvert in clear and forcible terms upon the general policy of his party, it means the possibility of ostracism. The evil is scarcely more conspicuous here than in other countries where popular government is established, but in England the number of those in public life who possess wealth and high position is proportionately larger than in Canada, and independent expression and action is more common than here. If, in every constituency in Canada, a distinct body of one hundred men of high intelligence and character existed, who were absolutely free from any party prejudices or trammels, these would constitute the most wholesome and hopeful factor in the public life of the country.

Akin to ambition is a prevailing tendency to seek popularity, to be on the winning side, to be always uttering opinions that are known to be prevalent opinions. Most men in this age in the political, in the moral, in the religious and the social world, are accustomed to look stealthily round and see the position of matters before venturing to utter an opinion. The attitude of the average politician is a man with a telephone at each ear waiting for signs which indicate the direction of the popular breeze, and then sufficient courage is mustered to speak. It is a harsh thing to say, but on most moral questions the prevailing opinion in all ages has been unsound and the only way in which truer and better views of life have been obtained is through the efforts of some men who have had the courage to say that the prevailing views were unsound and to give reasons for it, and, although he was almost sure to be metaphorically kicked and cuffed for hi pains, he has the satisfaction of knowing that through his tribulations and trials a higher tone has been reached. If one were speaking to men looking solely to their worldly advantage and promotion, I would perhaps advocate just such a course as seems to be almost universally in vogue. If you want to get on in the world, be a moral coward and trim your sails to every passing breeze, adjust yourself to the whims and prejudices of those around you, humour their foibles, flatter their assumed virtues and they will vote you a remarkably discerning and delightful fellow. But, nevertheless, this is not heroic, this is not the true character of manhood which is essential to creating a sound and wholesome public sentiment in the country. Nay, more, it is a question of sowing and reaping. To secure mere worldly applause and success in general means that the rewards of life are to be taken as we go along. Most of the world's heroes, and this is, perhaps, the most comfortable reflection that one can find in respect of the race, are found among the ranks of those

who were not successful and popular in their lives. And this naturally leads to another phase of the matter. Which is the true ideal to seek—to aggregate together the greatest amount of comfort, wealth and glory within a lifetime or to pursue a life which is inevitably bound to be strewn with thorns during life, but will result in the lasting fame and gratitude of mankind? If the alternative were presented to a bright young man, about embarking on life, which would you prefer—to be pre-eminently successful in your lifetime by a policy of ignoble trimming and pandering to the world in which you live; or, to pursue an heroic life, facing each day obstacles and encountering, perhaps, each hour, the ridicule and opprobrium of multitudes, but sure in pursuing your heroic career that generations to come after you have passed away, would do honour to your name and enroll you among the worthy and great of the earth? I have ventured to submit this alternative to many persons in my lifetime and I have found a discouraging tendency on the part of every person to clutch at the present advantage, because, it is stated mournfully, that this world is all we know about, and that the plaudits of a future generation will be of no personal advantage. Perhaps this view is the sound one and perhaps the one which I am suggesting is the one which partakes of morbidness and insanity, but I venture to avow my own conviction that the only manly and heroic course is to face the tide and resist evil and error wherever they appear; and, if need be, in the declaration of one's conscientious convictions, to face a jeering and hostile world, conscious, as one may well be, that the ultimate judgment of mankind will be favourable.

Thank God, although the world itself in all ages has been inclined to be cowardly and time serving, posterity has never worshipped moral cowards, however successful, and the heroes of the world have almost invariably been drawn from that class of men who were not reckoned heroes in their day and generation.

The almost universal tendency is toward self-seeking. The demon of selfishness whispers in the ear of every young man in the country, "Go and achieve a great position in the world, secure a high position where you will be looked up to with envy and receive the servile smiles and approbation of contemporaries." Looked at justly and profoundly this is a miserable ideal. Certainly a wretched travesty on Christism. The true ideal of life is—serve self and die, serve others and live. Of all the great heroes that the world has continued to worship for generations and centuries after they have lived, it will be difficult to find one whose aim in life was selfish. The successful man, so called, who hews his way to fame by selfish ambition, sinks into oblivion immediately the earth has covered his remains and many of the men whose names blazon on the pages of history as demigods, who have lifted up the race by their elevated sentiments, are men who have scarcely had enough to eat during their lives and scarcely a half-dozen straggling mortals to follow their remains to the tomb.

I do not deny the advantages of modern civilisation, nor proclaim that all progress made in science, art and industry is worthless or contrary to true Christian ideals, nor condemn industrial and material progress, nor minimise the importance of inventions which contribute to individual comfort, but I utter a plea for the recognition of things spiritual as paramount and supreme. It is not inconsistent with high ideals that a man should live in a comfortable house, and obtain a competency or even wealth for himself and his family. It is inconsistent with high ideals that the achievement of these things should be made an idol and become paramount, shutting out a due regard for mental and spiritual qualities, which are of higher and infinitely greater consequence. And, as two thousand years ago, it was declared by the highest wisdom that it is impossible to serve God and Mammon, so in this age it is impossible for mankind to bend all their energies to the achievement of material aims and objects and at the same time claim to possess the vital spark of religious life.

The cause of humanity is never hopeless. There are advances and recessions. For the past few decades the tide

of materialism has started over the world in irresistible volume, but spiritual aspirations have, nevertheless, not utterly perished and nothing seems to me more certain than that in the course of two or three decades there will be once more a revival of religion in the world, and by this I do not mean the beating of tom-toms or paroxysms of religious fury, as is sometimes seen in the churches, but rather a clear and generous recognition of the fact that it is not seemly in humanity that all their best energies should be devoted to things that merely minister to their bodily comfort, but that the first and paramount duty of every free and independent man or woman is the elevation of the soul and the uplifting of that part which is spiritual and immortal.

I would like to see this work of moral regeneration begun in Canada. It would indeed be a great achievement if the tendencies of the age could be brightened and improved by influences generated in our own land, that the apostles of high ideals should spring from Canadian soil and make their influence felt throughout the entire world. To place the cause higher than the individual is a principle which is bound to achieve the highest possible success. Just as in the physical world the supreme law is self-preservation, the survival of the fittest, the weak crushed out by the strong; so, in the spiritual world, the law is precisely the reverse. The law of spiritual growth is self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness. To live and toil and achieve for others is far greater and more sublime than to live and toil and achieve for one's self. Under the influence of selfishness the soul dwarfs, under the influence of unselfishness the soul expands. Railways, telegraphs, transportations, manufactures, wealth and industrial progress would combined be a poor compensation for a nation of spiritual dwarfs. If Canada is to be the fulfilment of the dreams of its best and most patriotic sons, it is not of supreme importance that it should be filled by teeming millions from all parts of the earth nor that its volume of trade should expand to billions. To possess men and women of large ideals and high impulses, of heroic temperament and of large souls, and with due recognition of the supreme importance of spiritual things, this would mean all that the most sanguine Canadian could ask or desire of his country.

Canada has now reached a point which justifies the patriotic allegiance of its citizens. Vast in extent, unlimited in its resources and growing apace, it opens a vista for the brightest hopes and the highest expectations. Many of us regret that we were born too late to see the full fruition of these hopes in the expansion and development of the mighty nation in North America. Those younger will enjoy this privilege. The nineteenth century was the century of the United States, and marked its wonderful progress in the course of a hundred years. Shall we not say that the twentieth century is Canada's century, and will witness a growth equally wonderful and results equally inspired? But when the end of the century has come and Canada is a nation of thirty or forty millions of rich and prosperous people, its greatness will then be measured not by its extent of territory, its numbers, its accumulated wealth, by the grandeur of its cities or the splendid monuments it has erected. It will be measured by the moral character of its people, by the recognition which it gives to the higher laws of spiritual growth.

Lord Gordon Gordon*

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

THE death the other day of Chief Justice Bain of Manitoba recalls this story. The late judge was merely a link in a chain of events that had its beginning in a Princess Street jewellery shop, Edinburgh, and ended at the headwaters of the Fort Saskatchewan River in the Rocky Mountains. The whole story is buried in the archives of one of Scotland's noblest houses, in the grave with a Scotch Episcopalian clergyman, in the vaults of an Edinburgh firm of solicitors, in the private papers of the late Chief Justice Bain, and in an unmarked mound on the banks of the Red River where the City of Winnipeg now stands.

What follows is merely a sequel to an incident connected with the life of one of the most mysterious criminals of modern times, the man who outwitted Jay Gould in the zenith of his financial career out of millions, caused the relations between the governments of the two great branches of the English-speaking race to become strained, and brought about the mobbing of the Attorney-General of Manitoba in the streets of St. Paul, Minnesota. In the frenzy of modern finance, and the sudden upbuilding of Winnipeg, the tragic story of Lord Gordon Gordon is almost forgotten, although little more than a third of a century has lapsed since the eyes of the English-speaking world were fixed upon the act of a lad barely out of his teens, whose success in crime can only be explained by the audacity of madness or the consummate intuition of genius.

As Lord Gordon Gordon he will always be known, for the world will know him by no other name. 'Tis a far cry from the headwaters of a Rocky Mountain stream to the world's first knowledge of Lord Gordon Gordon, but a brief resumé of the two or three known years of Gordon's life are necessary to explain an episode twenty years afterwards in an unnamed canyon.

In the early seventies a slight, aristocratic-looking young man stepped from a carriage into the jewellery establishment of Mr. Marshall, the most fashionable jeweller of his day in Edinburgh. There was evident taste in his selections of various articles of jewellery, and particular interest was shown by him in a small silver casket of Venetian workmanship. He instructed his purchases to be sent to a fashionable hotel. Whatever hesitation Mr. Marshall or his people might have had regarding the account was removed by the card handed by the distinguished-looking purchaser which read "Lord Gordon Gordon," the family name of at least three of the noblest families in Britain, and a reference to one of the best known divines of the Scottish capital. His appearance in the same shop with this clergyman a few days afterwards completely allayed any doubts of Mr. Marshall regarding the extensive purchase.

The next the world knows of Lord Gordon Gordon was his appearance in London as a guest of a well-known corporation solicitor. From this shrewd adviser of financial investment the records show that Lord Gordon Gordon borrowed over £2,000 and was shortly afterwards heard of in New York, as a guest at the Astor House, then the fashionable hotel of the United States metropolis. At this time the financial world was agitated by the colossal schemes of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, his lieutenant, among which the wrecking of the Erie Railway, then one of the chief railways of the continent, was a considerable factor. There is a mystery surrounding the origin of the report which soon spread through Wall Street, and into the counting houses of the wealthy and speculative, that the good-looking, young, titled Britisher, registered as Lord Gordon Gordon at the Astor House, was the representative of the British bondholders of the Erie Railway. These interests were great and were presumably hostile to the Gould plans. The American Millionaire was kept kicking his heels day after day in the ante-room of Lord Gordon's apartments

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while awaiting an opportunity to confer with the supposed representative of the British interests in the Erie Railway. The first interview resulted in the great American Capitalist being abruptly shown the door by the apparently insulted young aristocrat, the last resulted in the deposit by Gould of negotiable securities amounting to several millions of dollars in the hands of Lord Gordon Gordon as evidence of good faith on the part of Gould in a transaction whereby the British investors were to be outwitted through the breach of faith of their supposed agent.

The game was a gigantic one for a boy only out of his teens, to outwit on their own ground the shrewdest and most unscrupulous financiers of the American Continent. He succeeded, and after a certain amount of vexatious litigation in New York, and escaping successful criminal prosecution from the dubious character of the original transaction and the complicity of Gould in his scheme against the British investors, he was next heard of in St. Paul, Minnesota.

It was the time of the construction of the great transcontinental railway, the Northern Pacific, then being built under great financial difficulties. The arrival at the little frontier town of a millionaire and a British Lord in one and the same person, could mean only one thing—investment in the wild prairie lands of the embarrassed railway. He was treated royally by the officials, excursions were made to prospective town sites, a great buffalo hunt was arranged and on many a site of a now prosperous Minnesota and Dakota town the historic banner of the Grand Gordons of Scotland and the Stars and Stripes fluttered before the marquee of a youth who was befooling a continent to the fullest.

But the implacable Jay Gould still had his emissaries on the trail of the young adventurer and Gordon knew it, and one day the people of St. Paul learned that a buffalo hunt had culminated in the arrival of Lord Gordon Gordon at Fort Garry, then forming the nucleus of the City of Winnipeg. The life of Lord Gordon Gordon is well known to the Winnipeggers of the early days. He occupied the home on the estate at Silver Heights owned by the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company who is now known as Lord Strathcona, Canadian Commissioner in London, and his hospitality was a by-word from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. Silver Heights was the centre of the social life of the little settlement on the banks of the Red River. What if there was a cloud over the past of a gentle-mannered host with fascinating gifts and of lavish generosity! The Northwest Settlement, the new-born Province of Canada, took him as was the way of the frontier for what he appeared to be. The intimate friend of the Provincial Ministers of the Crown, of the judiciary, of the officers of the military, and of the better class of professional men, he was also the comrade of the half-breeds and Indians on many a buffalo hunt or canoe trip into the untravelled north. Copies of Debrett and Burke, the chroniclers of the British peerage, were not on the book-shelves of the then isolated settlement, and it was not hard to more than half convince the recipients of the generous hospitality of an aristocratic-looking young man of refined and scholarly tastes, that he was a Scottish lord who had escaped from the meshes of a net set by an unscrupulous Wall street operator.

During all this time while Gordon was the guest of the gubernatorial dinners and the host of great hunting parties, Jay Gould had not been idle. Several attempts had been made on hunting trips to inveigle the man who had outdone the great railway wrecker across the border, where he could be arrested on a criminal charge. The crime of obtaining money under false pretences was not extraditable under the Ashburton Treaty, and various were the schemes which Gould tirelessly set in motion to bring Gordon within the clutches of United States law. Kidnapping was attempted twice, and once was almost successful. In the dead of night the Chief of Police of St. Paul, with two United States constables, handcuffed Gordon in his bed at Silver Heights, and on swift horses bore him towards the United States border. The body servant of Gordon, his foster brother it was said, a young Highlander who was believed to be the sole repository of the secret of his mysterious life, aroused the town of Winnipeg, a few miles away. An armed

rescue party was at once dispatched in pursuit. The Attorney-General wired Pembina, the border town towards which the kidnappers had ridden, and great was the jubilation along the Red River when the news came that the men of Pembina had forced the release of Gordon from the quasi-official kidnappers at the point of the revolver.

The breakers of International law were taken prisoners and prosecuted by Attorney-General Clark and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Representations of the outrage were submitted to the British Government and a long and dangerous correspondence took place between the Government of Britain and the United States regarding the matter. Foiled in this attempt detectives were sent to Great Britain by Gould to ferret out the career of Gordon in Scotland. His career, as far as they could discover, began in the Princess street jewellery shop of Mr. Marshall, in Edinburgh. Beyond that nothing could be discovered. Pertinacity, time and money do much, and the agents of the vindictive, outwitted Jay Gould persuaded Mr. Marshall to take a trip to the city of Toronto, and there on Canadian soil lay an information against one styling himself Lord Gordon Gordon, charging him with obtaining certain jewellery under false pretences, specifically mentioning a Venetian casket of antique workmanship.

In the depths of winter the journey of the Canadian police officers was made and the arrest consummated one night when a northern blizzard made the trail between Silver Heights and Winnipeg almost impassable. Gordon had taken his arrest with the cool insouciance that was his distinguished characteristic. He sent for his solicitor, Mr. John F. Bain, the principal lawyer of the Province, who had been his personal friend and professional adviser throughout the many complications of his short life in the Canadian West.

"This is an action on the part of the Crown, on the part of the Canadian Government, and I have to inform you," said Mr. Bain, reluctantly, "that it will be impossible for me to act for you. I have been the adviser of the Crown for several years in Winnipeg, and have been specially instructed in this case on its behalf."

Gordon looked thoughtful for a minute and the silence in the little house grew oppressive.

"You can go this far and retain your standard of professional honour, Bain," said Gordon quietly; "you can tell me if those legal papers carried by these men are any good, and if they are sufficient to compel me to appear in a Toronto court.

"They are," answered the lawyer. "Do you notice that they specifically describe that Venetian casket in which is the love letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Adam Gordon? You know several people have seen it. That will be sufficient to compel you to appear for trial."

"Strange! Strange fatality," said Gordon almost dreamily, as he exchanged a look with his servant who stood in the doorway of his adjoining bedroom. "From Adam Gordon, the page of Mary's Court in Holyrood three hundred years ago, who died for his devotion to one who lived to win men's hearts, that letter has brought nothing but ruin to his race. But heigho, that's an old, old story, and this means a journey to Toronto. We go by the Dawson route, through Canadian territory, I suppose?"

There was some hesitation in the police officer's face when Gordon put the question to him. "We shall try and may get through that way. It has been a bad winter. It would be easier to go down through the States."

Gordon looked earnestly at the unsteady eyes of the police officer for a minute, and said quietly, "I see it all. Jay Gould has won. Away from Winnipeg, we shall be in St. Paul in a week, and with his money and influence at work on a venal judge it means conviction. I see what it all means but needs must when the devil drives," said he lightly. "A cold night, isn't it? I must wrap up."

He retired to the bedroom a few steps away, from which the police were aware that there was no other outlet than the door, and he and his servant busied themselves apparently with the question of the clothing requisite for the journey.

"We shall have to make a search of the premises, sir," said the policeman.

"In a minute, policeman," said the soft, indifferent voice from the inner room.

Grant, help me with these shoes. Thank you, and now, good and faithful old friend and brother—Good-bye." And it must have been then in the clasp of hands in the semi-darkness that the fateful casket with its historic contents were passed, for the police officers never found it and Grant disappeared from the Red River Settlement that night.

"You had better hurry a little, sir," said the police officer. "You have many friends in these parts and I want to get on the road before daylight."

"To St. Paul," said Gordon, appearing at the door-way. "I shall take a shorter road. Good-bye, Bain."

There was a curious smile on his boyish lips and a defiant upraising of his head that recalled the gallant bearing of the Gay Gordons of old in Senate or on battlefield, and then—the flash and crash of a revolver-shot and Lord Gordon Gordon fell dead in the centre of the room carrying the mystery of his life with him.

. . . . . .

A few years ago in a canyon of the Big Horn Hills in the Rocky Mountains where the great Saskatchewan River of the north has its beginning in the steel-blue waters of the turbulent Brazeau—a group of two white men, a good-looking half-breed woman and two half-breed men stood. It was a hunting party, but the approach of a flock of Rocky Mountain sheep down the steep mountain half a mile away did not interrupt the earnest conclave of the group. The woman held in her hand a beautiful casket of old world manufacture.

"You were given that last night by Grant. You took it. Tell me, Elise, do you choose him as your man?" said her husband in guttural Cree, and his hands nervously fingered his Winchester.

"No, Pierre," said she—and her head was bowed. "He gave me this, but it looked beautiful, and the thing inside it was given years and years ago by a great white woman, the chief of her people in a country where Grant's father came from across the great Salt Lake towards the rising sun, and he said his father told him it was worth more than the valley covered with ponies. He said it was for a woman to have. But you are my husband, Pierre, and with you I want to live. The beautiful box is bad medicine. See how much I care, Pierre, my husband," and with a quick motion of her hand she hurled the casket into the foaming waters of the Brazeau.

"Ugh! "'Tis well," said her husband. "It was bad medicine."

And the man beside him who had studied in a Winnipeg law office, and had read the old-world French in the note subscribed "Marie" in the casket that was being swept down the mountain gorge by the rushing waters of the Brazeau, echoed the remark:

"Yes, it was bad medicine."

For he knew something of its story.

Mollie in Moonland

By G. P. Medley

Author of "A Birthday in Bogieland"

CHAPTER I

FROM her earliest infancy Mollie had cried for the moon. Before she could speak she was often very much annoyed by having nasty medicine given her by nurse, who thought she had a pain somewhere, when she was only twisting her little head about to get a better view of the moon through the window, and she detested being laid, face downwards, and patted violently on the back. In fact, it made her sick with rage.

When she grew up a little and began to speak one of the first words she tried to say was "Moon," and her greatest delight was to look at the moon and hear nurse say:

"Where's Mollie's moon? Pretty moon!" and she would repeat as well as she could—

"Oyllie's 'oon! Pitty 'oon."

When she could both talk and walk, one day she asked her father, very seriously, for a penny.

"A big penny please, Daddy."

"What do you want a penny for, old girlie?" he asked.

"I want a big penny—to—buy—the moon, Daddy!"

"Well, there are two pennies for you. You can buy the moon and some sugar-candy too."

Somehow she was so taken up with buying and eating the candy she forgot to ask for the moon that day, but it was not long before she began again wanting to have it. She would not go to sleep until she had been allowed to look at it, and the bigger it grew the more she thought what a lovely ball it would be to play with. Fifty times better than the silly air-balloons that always went "pop" just as she began to have a real good game with them.

Mollie had a brother bigger than herself, called Tom. He went to school, and one day he came home looking just about as proud as a peacock. He evidently had learnt something he did not know before. He dashed upstairs to the nursery and banged open the door. Mollie was drawing. She was making "moons" on paper with a pencil rather blunt and moist as she kept putting it in her mouth to "make it mark blacker," but somehow it insisted on running off all anyway, and the "moons" looked very queer. Tom kicked some toys which lay on the floor and then looked at her drawing.

"What a muff you are!" he said. "You can't draw the moon, you silly."

"I shall," said Mollie sharply.

"You can't," said Tom, "why, its ever so much bigger than the earth we live on."

"It isn't," said Molly. "It's you that's silly."

"I'm not. We had it for lessons today."

"You didn't," said Mollie. "Not the moon up in the sky."

"Yes, of course," said Tom. "There's only one moon, and I tell you it's bigger than this earth our house is built on."

"I don't *b*lieve you," said Mollie, beginning to draw again.

"That's cause you're a silly," said Tom grandly. "Why, there's no end of rot they told me about the moon.

Anyway, there's a lot of queer things going on with the moon. I can't remember, but anyhow it isn't that shape."

He pointed contemptuously at Mollie's drawings, and she snatched them off the table.

"You can't do it any better," she said.

"Anyway, I know more about the moon than you do," he retorted. "You would see it is not round at all if you *could get up to it*. But I'm not going to fag any more about the silly old moon to-day."

"If she could get up to it." What a lovely idea! Instead of having the moon to come down, for her to get up to it and see exactly what it was like. How, how could she go? She thought and thought and kept on thinking.

"Ain't you feeling well, Miss Mollie?" asked nurse, as she tucked her up in bed that evening.

"Yes, but open the window and don't pull down the blind; make it go up high so's I can see the moon," said Mollie.

"O you and your moon," said nurse rather crossly, but she was fond of Mollie, and it being a warm night she did open the window and pulled the blind up high. Then she kissed Mollie and left the room.

Mollie lay looking at the moon, still thinking.

* * * * * * * *

Suddenly she sat up and was astonished to see a bright, broad streak of light streaming straight down from the moon into her room. Then she heard a fluttering of wings and down the streak of light came a silver crescent-shaped coach drawn by a flock of doves driven by a coachman dressed in cloud-grey and silver. Such a perfectly beautiful little carriage Mollie had never seen. It was lined with sky-blue and the doves were harnessed to it by silver cords. The carriage was just big enough to hold one.

"Are you the Lady Mollie?" asked the coachman.

"I'm Mollie, and I'm going to be a lady when I'm bigger," said Mollie.

"I am to drive you to Moonland," said the coachman.

"I'm not dressed," said Mollie, "and I can't button them all by myself." The coachman did not answer her.

"If I put them on can you button them?" asked Mollie.

Still the coachman did not speak. But the doves began to flap their wings, and Mollie was afraid they were going without her.

"My nighty is quite neat," she thought to herself. "It has pretty lace on it, but I must put on my shoes." So she slid out of bed and put her feet into her slippers. Then she thought she would unplait her hair, which was done up in a tight "pig-tail," but it struck her nurse might be angry so she left it as it was.

The coachman was watching her. He had turned the coach towards the window so that the doves stood on the ray of light. Then he waved his whip, a silver one, to Mollie to get into the carriage which she did quite easily, and sank back cosily on the soft cushions, and in another second found herself being drawn up higher and higher. The wonder to her was that she did not feel at all frightened. On the contrary, the higher she went the more happy she became, until by the time the carriage stopped she was laughing with joy and delight. At last she had attained her wish and was to know all about her moon.

She had no time even to feel lonely, for as she jumped out of the carriage on to firm ground two rather tall children ran towards her. They did not look quite the same as other children she knew, but she could not say what was the difference.

She was to learn many strange things in Moonland.

"Are you glad you have come?" they asked, both together.

"Yes," said Mollie. "How old are you?"

"We are both the same age," they answered.

"How many years?" asked Mollie. "I'm six and going to be seven. How old are you?"

"O ages," they answered.

"What are your names?"

"Gemini. We are twins," they answered.

"What's twins?" asked Mollie.

"Both the same age," they answered.

"We call each other Gem and Ini."

"Yes," said Mollie. "That's much easier."

Gem held out his hand and Ini kissed her, and she thought them very nice and kind.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"In the Zodiac," they answered.

"O, I don't know that place," said Mollie; "is it like the Zoo with lots of animals in it?"

"We don't know what the Zoo is like," they answered, "but we have animals in the Zodiac."

"The Zoo's a lovely place," said Mollie, "with lions and tigers and bears and fishes—"

"That's it. It must be the same, for in the Zodiac there's a ram, and a lion, and a bear, a goat, a bull. Then a crab and fish—"

"In a 'quariun?" asked Mollie eagerly.

"Well, there is Aquarius," said the twins.

"A 'quari-*un*, you ought to say," explained Mollie, very grandly.

"No!" contradicted the twins. "It is Aquarius."

"You don't know how to say it. The fishes in the 'quari*un* has scales on them," said Mollie.

"O, there are scales in Zodiac too," said the twins.

"All over the fishes?" asked Mollie, "'cept their eyes?"

"Of course not," said the twins. "Don't you know what scales are?"

"I suppose you mean scales to play 'shop' wiv. To weigh fings. You lend them to me and I will show you how," said Mollie.

"O, we must not touch the scales," they answered, "in case they get out of order."

"Couldn't your daddy buy new ones?"

"There are no more to be had," said the twins. "In all the Zodiac there is only one pair of scales."

"What a silly place!" said Mollie. "What else is there?"

"There is a Scorpion—"

"Is there snakes?" asked Mollie, eager to tell all she knew, "and serpints?"

"No, we have no snakes," said the twins, "nor serpents."

"Nor *l*elephants?" asked Mollie, "or camels or *dron*yderies?"

"No," said the twins.

"Our Zoo's best," said Mollie. "Do you live there all alone?"

"No, we live with our Aunt."

"What's her name?" asked Mollie.

"Aunt Virgo. She's an old maid. She really is old, but she gets up quite young like a girl."

"Does she plat her hair like mine at night?" asked Mollie, suddenly remembering her "pig-tail."

"Nobody knows," said the twins. "We think she wears a wig."

"Grandma does," said Mollie. "I saw her once without it. She did look an old guy."

"We never had a grandma," said the twins, "nor a mother nor daddy."

"O," said Mollie, "who gives you pennies or jam for tea and makes you do lessons and lots of fings you don't want to, and takes you to the seaside and smacks you sometimes?"

"Nobody," said the twins.

"Not even your aunt?" asked Mollie.

"O no! She dare not touch us," said the twins. "She knows she must keep her distance."

"What did you come here for?" asked Mollie.

"The man asked us to meet you."

"What man?" asked Mollie.

"Don't you know the man in the moon?" they asked in surprised voices.

"How can I when I've just come?" said Mollie crossly. "Where does he live?"

"All over the place," they said; "in fact he often says he is so worn out he feels as if he did not exist at all."

"What for?" asked Mollie.

"He has never got over his accident."

"When?" asked Mollie.

"Didn't you hear about when the man in the moon came down too soon?"

"Oh, yes," said Mollie, "I heard that. Where did he come from?"

"That's just it," they said. "Ever since his accident his memory is very bad and he can't tell us."

"Silly old man!" said Mollie. "Where is he now?"

"He had turned the coach towards the window."

"He is staying at the hotel in the Orbit Mountains," said the twins.

"Let's go to the mountains and look for him," said Mollie. "How do we get there?"

"In an air-ship, of course," said the twins. Mollie did not like their tone of voice.

"Well you needn't be so grand," she said; "you seem to think yourselves everybody."

"Well, we are twins and you are not," they retorted.

"Well that's not everybody. I've got a brother too."

"But he isn't a twin," they said.

"What do you mean by 'twin'?" said Mollie, fluffing her lips.

"Both the same age—we told you that before."

"Well it isn't lessons," said Mollie. "Do you only have one birthday present atween you?"

"We never had a birthday; it's so common," they answered.

"What stupid fings!" said Mollie. "Does twins never have birthdays?"

"We think you are a very rude girl."

They were getting angry. "We wish you had not come. We are not accustomed to rudeness. You had better get down again as fast as you can. We do not want rude girls here."

"You are lunetics, I fink," said Mollie. She always had an answer ready, and sometimes a very rude one. "Nobody wants to be twins. I wouldn't be a twin for anyfing and I know Tom wouldn't either, upfgh."

They all three grew more and more angry, till suddenly a voice was heard exclaiming, ever so fast, "My stars and starlets, what's the matter, what's-the-matter, what's-the-matter, what's-it-all-about, what's-it-all-about? Flash-me! I never heard such a spark up! Such-a-helio-belloo, such-a-shine!"

Looking round Mollie saw—well the next chapter will tell you what she saw.

CHAPTER II

IT was only Mollie who was surprised, the twins appeared quite accustomed to the sight which met her eyes for the first time. She saw a thin short man, so thin as to be what is called "wiry." He was dressed in an electric-blue tunic and bright orange-red tights. If you do not know what tights are, ask somebody. He had reddish-gold hair, brushed straight up on end, and a moustache the same colour also brushed up, which showed his mouth plainly, also his teeth, which were of shining-bright steel. Round his neck were hung rows of little silver match boxes and in his right hand he held a long feather. Mollie would do nothing but stare at him, although she knew it was rude; she could not speak.

"Top of the morning to you, Mollie," he said quickly. "Up with the lark, eh?" If Mollie could have expressed what she felt she would have said, "Don't be so familiar." But she could not say those words, so only frowned and continued to stare.

And well she might. The man never for one instant stood still on both feet at once but kept changing from one to the other, blinking his eyes, which I forgot to mention, were steel-blue and very glittering.

"Don't you know me, eh, Mollie?" he asked sharply. "I generally introduce myself for myself but as Gemini are here, introduce me straightaway, sharp, quick as sparks."

"That is Lucifer Lightup," said the twins both in one breath.

"Oh," said Mollie shortly.

"Know me now, eh, eh?" asked Lucifer.

"No, I don't want to," said Mollie. "You are a sight and a dreadful fidget."

"She *is* a rude girl," said the twins to each other in a low voice.

"But I know you," said Lucifer, springing towards her and tickling her cheek with the feather. Mollie tried to clutch it and felt inclined to scratch his face, she was so indignant.

"Not the first time I have roused you with my feather," said Lucifer, chuckling.

"You haven't," said Mollie, getting very red. "You're telling stories."

Lucifer Lightup twisted round, sprung into the air and came down again a little nearer to Mollie, continuing to hop about.

"'Up in the morning early,' that's the

song for me. I wake up the lazy ones; I tickle their eyes with my feather and make them blink—

> Girls and boys get up, I say,
> For it is the break of day;
> Come big and little, great and small,
> Spring out of bed at Lucifer's call."

"That's not right," said Mollie. "You don't know the right words."

"They are my words," said Lucifer, springing up extra high. "They're copyright." Then he turned head over heels.

"You silly, wiggling fright," cried Mollie, angrily. "The words are not a copy, they're not right at all. You should say:

> Girls and boys come out to play,
> For it is a holiday;
> Come wiv a hoop or come wiv a ball,
> Come wiv a good-will, or don't come at all.

I'm only six and going to be seven, but I know better than you," and she pouted her lips.

"You'll have to get up very early in the morning to teach me anything," said Lucifer Lightup, with a high hop.

"You're in a fit, I fink," said Mollie, turning away from him.

As she did so her eyes were attracted by the strange look of the place where they stood.

"What's this place called?" she asked the twins.

"This is Perigee Point," answered Lucifer Lightup, springing nearer to her.

"I didn't speak to you," said Mollie, again turning her back on him.

"He knows best," said the twins; "he'll tell you most clearly about everything."

"Well I ought to know my way about," said Lucifer, with an extra wriggle; "there is not much I cannot clear up and bring to light."

"Stuck up fing," said Mollie.

"I don't mind rude girls. I often meet them early in the morning when they pretend not to feel my feather on their eyes and won't get up," said Lucifer, running his fingers through his hair till it bristled and shone. "Nothing they can say ever puts me out. So I will tell you about this place called Perigee. It is the nearest point from here to your earth. That is why the coach you came in stopped here. I start from here for my morning work. I shall have to start soon, so come along with me and see my shop."

"How can you do work going on like that?" asked Mollie, as he twisted and twirled like a teetotum.

"I have to be in so many places at once," said Lucifer Lightup. "It would not do for me to keep still. But come and see my shop. Hold my hand."

"No I won't," said Mollie. But she turned to the twins and walked between them holding their hands.

"It is a funny place," she said, "not any twees or hedges or houses. Just flat roads."

"Wait till you get nearer the mountains," said the twins. "It is quite different there."

Meanwhile Lucifer Lightup had gone on ahead springing up in the air, twisting, twirling, hopping, skipping and jumping his level best. "Sparkle up! Flash it!" he called out, beckoning them to hurry on. They began to run and at last they came to his "shop." But Mollie had never seen such a queer one. It rather took away her breath and made her blink.

It was built of crystal. A huge place with shelves all round it crammed with glass bowls and cylinders filled with shining stuff. Some of it looked like water and the rest was just like itself and nothing else. Lucifer Lightup darted up and twirled into the middle of the shop; swaying his feather from one bowl to the other he rattled off the names of the contents like this.

"Moonshine, beams, rays, sparks, flashes, darts, twinklers, luminations,—

"I've seen those," interrupted Mollie, eager to show she understood at least some of it.

"Galaxy, illusions, delusions, lucidity." He darted close to Mollie, "See these large bowls," he cried, "they are filled with reflections."

"O," said Mollie, "are all these fings spensive?"

"Expensive!" said Lucifer, "do you think I would take money for them, for the things in my shop? No! I give them away! All of them." Here he sprung several feet in the air and came down with a twirl. "Yes," he cried, "I give them all, all. As much as any one

wants. Everybody can have as much as they want. The more they want the more they should want. Why bless my stars and starlets! What would become of everybody without the contents of Lucifer Lightup's shop?" He sprang into the air and in his excitement he went over Mollie's head, then back again, turned somersaults all along the floor of the shop, then after one more high spring in the air, darted close beside her and smiled on her.

"What is that lovely, beautiful one up there?" she asked him, pointing to a crystal, glittering like radiant diamonds placed on a golden pedestal. It was twined with deep red roses and on the top was a golden crown set with rubies and one large and priceless pearl which gave the impression of a tear.

"That," said Lucifer, actually standing still and quiet. "That is the 'Light of other Days.' It is most precious. We keep it wreathed like that and we do not give that away."

"O," said Mollie. She was only a little girl, but she seemed to know what a very beautiful thing she was looking at, though she did not understand all about it. Lucifer smiled at her and she was sorry she had called him names.

"Mollie, little girl," he said gently, "here is a present for you. It is a case of some of my very best and brightest samples. You can keep some, but be sure and give away the rest, and when you have tried them and liked them, ask old Lucifer Lightup for more." So saying he hung a pretty silver case with a long silver chain round her neck. She looked at it and felt so pleased that she could not even say "thank you," but she meant it very much. In another instant Lucifer Lightup was dancing and singing:

> "Oh, I love the merry, merry light,
> It makes all hearts so bright,
> And if 'tis dark at night
> I bring joy-light at morning."

"Sing, Mollie! Sing, Twins!" he cried, and aking hands the three danced round, singing the words till Mollie knew them quite perfectly, while Lucifer sprang round and about, high and low, twisting, twirling, fast and slow, till with one mighty spring he disappeared.

For quite a minute, only just a minute, Mollie wished he had not gone away, but she felt quite happy when she held her pretty present tightly.

"What shall we do now?" she asked the twins.

"Let us go to the mountains and see the man, and perhaps he will take us to the Apogee."

"What's that place?" asked Mollie.

"Oh, we thought you would not know," said the twins rather grandly, "as it is so far from your earth." Again Mollie did not like their tone of voice.

"I know 'bout Land's End and you don't, so there," she said pertly.

"Well, you don't know about the Apogee, so there," said the twins.

They seemed inclined to begin quarrelling again, but as they were walking back to where the air ships were kept they had not time to be very rude to each other before they saw one evidently waiting for them. It had a pretty car attached to it, softly cushioned, and the steersmen were dressed in sky-blue and silver. The children settled themselves comfortably in the car, then the twins said:

"We wish to call on the man. He is at Half Moon hotel on the Orbit Mountains." In respectful silence the steersmen started.

Away flew the air-ship up like a bird. Mollie clapped her hands and laughed with delight; she felt as gay as a lark.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said to the twins.

"Luminiferous," said Gem.

"Altivolant," said Ini as they mounted higher and higher.

"What do you mean?" said Mollie.

"You will know when you are bigger," said the twins.

"Well, don't be sillies and talk 'grown-up' to little girls," said Mollie.

After that they did not speak; in fact, I fancy they went to sleep. When they awoke they found the air-ship had stopped and they had arrived at Half Moon hotel in the Orbit Mountains.

CHAPTER III

"IT'S not an hotel at all!" These were Mollie's first words as she jumped out of the car.

"My stars and starlets, what's the matter?"

"It *is* an hotel," said the twins.

"I say it's not," said Mollie. "It shows you don't know what an hotel is if you call that fing one." She pointed with her first finger and said "Upfgh."

"I don't think we ever knew quite such a rude girl," said the twins to each other.

"I'm not rude," said Mollie. "I know 'bout it. It's *a*cause you're both such stupids to call that an hotel." Again she pointed her finger and said "Upfgh."

"It *is* our hotel," said the twins, looking severe.

"Well, it isn't a bit like one, so there," said Mollie. "I've been to an hotel at the seaside, so I know."

"Anyway, the man is staying here just now, and he told us to bring you to see him," said the twins looking dignified.

"Well, if you show me the way I can walk by myself," said Mollie, tossing her head and pouting. Suddenly she remembered her "pig-tail" so she put up her hand to feel if the ribbon was on it. It was still tied up all right, so holding her present she followed the twins.

Certainly the hotel was out of the way, extraordinary. It was made of opal-coloured spar glittering with a million rays. Instead of being built upright in stories one over the other, it was made like a gigantic telescope lying down. It was in twelve sections or chambers, each one smaller in size and circumference than the last. The first section was simply huge in height and breadth with an arched roof; in fact, all twelve compartments had arched roofs, each one lower than the last, so that looking at the hotel from the side the compartments fitted one into the other and looked as if they could collapse or slide inside each other. The entrance to the first compartment was covered by a very immense curtain made of cloth-of-silver, soft and glittering.

The children appeared very small standing outside it. The twins drew aside one corner of the curtain and passed in, followed by Mollie, whose little heart was thumping hard. When she got inside she had to shut her eyes and stand still, and when the twins saw this they said, for they were really kind, though rather stuck-up, "We are sure you did not mean to be rude, so give us your hands, there is a long way to go."

Without saying a word Mollie put out her hands and tried to open her eyes, but the light was still too strong, so she let them lead her with them still shut. The twins kept lifting the corners of silver-cloth curtains and passing into rooms which were smaller each time. When they had passed six curtains the light was not too bright for Mollie to open her eyes, and she did so. She opened them very wide indeed.

"Only four more rooms, then we shall see the man," said the twins.

"All *w*right," said Mollie. "My cheeks are awfully hot and burning."

"She is getting excited," whispered the twins over her head.

"I'm not," said Mollie. "I'm only hot."

The twins winked at one another.

At last they came to the eleventh curtain. They stood still, and behind it they heard someone laughing.

"That is the man," said the twins, softly. "He is always smiling and laughing. He would be awfully kind-hearted if he could be, but he can't be."

"Why?" said Mollie.

"Because he has no heart," said the twins.

"Hasn't he? Why not?" asked Mollie in a whisper.

"Hush!" said the twins.

"Why don't you pull the curtain? I am in a heat," said Mollie. "Do pull the curtain," she added impatiently.

"We must not pull this curtain," said the twins. "We must wait."

"I just hate waiting," said Mollie. "It's such a long time."

"Hush! Hush!" said the twins. "He is coming."

Mollie looked and saw the whole curtain moving. Then it slowly parted in the centre and went back, forming a large, round opening. In about a long minute this was entirely filled up by the "man's" face. It was the biggest face Mollie had ever seen—rather fat and round with a very wide mouth, a broad flat nose and two large dark bright eyes. It was as kind a face as anyone could

wish to look at. When he saw Mollie he smiled at her, then at the twins.

"Good children," he said to them. "You've brought the little maid. I am sorry I could not come to meet you, but I am still feeling my accident."

"Poor man," said Mollie, "how did you hurted yourself?"

"Well, it was like this," said the man. "I wanted to get there quickly, so I used too much haste. If I had used more speed and not so much haste it would have been all right. But they don't go well together. It would be all right if you could take them half-and-half, but you cannot. You will always find 'more haste less speed.' You take my advice, little maid, and use 'most speed, less haste.'"

"Yes," said Mollie, "but don't talk me 'grown-up.' It's silly."

"Have you got your present from my friend Lucifer Lightup?" asked the "man," smiling in spite of her rude remark.

"Yes, here it is," said Mollie. "The case is very pretty. Silver, weal silver it looks like. But I'm not going to open it till I get home."

"That's right, take great care of it. Never give up taking care of it, Mollie child."

"Was it your legs you *n*accidented," said Mollie.

The twins gave her a nudge, meaning her to be quiet, but she knocked them with her elbows and said "I shan't."

"Was it your legs?" she repeated. The man twisted his mouth on one side and looked as if he were going to cry.

"There," said the twins in a loud whisper. "You might have hurt his feelings."

"Have I?" asked Mollie, feeling sorry.

"No," whispered the twins, "he has not got any, you know. But do not ask him that question again, he does not like it."

"Why not?" asked Mollie.

"We will tell you when we get outside," said the twins.

"Do you mind if I change the subject," asked the man, his face all bright and smiling once more.

"What do you mean?" asked Mollie.

"Shall we talk about something else?" said the man.

"Yes, but not 'bout grown-up fings Old people talk such nonsense and begin to say fings and then leave off," said Mollie. "You're old, aren't you?"

"Yes, I know a thing or two," said the man with a laugh and a wink. "I wonder who will write my memoirs?"

"What do you mean? There you go talking more nonsense," said Mollie. "What's *mem*oirs?"

"Memoirs are what people say about you after you're old, and dead as well," said the man.

"Is it nonsense too?" asked Mollie.

"Lots of it. Mostly," said the man. If only they would say more of the nice things to cheer up folks when they are alive, it would be a sight better," said the man.

"I shan't have any memoirs," said Mollie, decidedly. "There's another room *a*hind you, I know. They said so," she pointed to the twins. "What's in that room?"

"That is where I keep all the secrets I know. They cannot be counted, but I can keep them. Can you keep a secret, Mollie, child?"

"'Course I can," said Mollie. "Me and Tom often has secrets."

"Yes, but can you keep them?"

"We wonce kept one for *w*ree days," said Mollie proudly.

"Is that all?" said the twins; "we keep ours for ever."

"What sillies!" said Mollie. "That's 'cause you haven't got no mother or daddy to tell 'bout them! Are you tired of standing up?" she suddenly asked the man as she caught him shutting his eyes.

He turned ever so pale and twisted his mouth on one side again. The twins nudged Mollie and this time she knew better, so she said quickly, "I meant I am tired my ownself, I want to go and see that place they told about."

"Where does the little maid mean?" asked the man, once more smiling.

"We told her we would take her to the 'Apogee,'" said the twins.

"O, to be sure," said the man. "But it is a long way off for Mollie to go. You must have my electric car."

"That will be lovely," said Mollie.

"Before you go I must just explain that when you get there you will be just as far away from your earth as ever you can be in Moonland," said the man.

"O," said Mollie shortly. "Have you ever been to Land's End and sat on the rocks? Me and Tom has." She looked ever so conceited when she said this.

"Well, no! I can't say I have," said the man. "I have often seen Land's End from a distance, but I have never, no never, sat on the rocks"—he began to look paler than ever and very sorry—"owing—to—to—"

"Change the subject," said the twins, hurriedly.

"O, I forgot he was naccidented," said Mollie. "Was it on his arm," she asked in a whisper.

"Hush!" they whispered back.

"I want to go now," said Mollie, "I'm tired of the man."

"You must not say that," said the twins, looking nervous.

"But I am tired of him, he is so old." She thought he could not hear her as his eyes were shut.

"Well say 'good-bye' nicely," said the twins.

"Good-byecomeonthisveryminute," said Mollie, all in one breath.

"Ta-ta; *au revoir*. Be good, little Mollie. I will keep an eye on you," said the man as the silver curtains closed over his face.

"Let us give her a Dandy-chair," said the twins. So they grasped each other's wrists and stooped for Mollie to sit on them, which she did, and put an arm round each of their necks. Then off they ran, through the rooms, one after the other, only stopping for Mollie to pull aside the silver curtains for them to pass from room to room. It took a good long time, but at last they stood once more outside Half Moon hotel.

"Now we can tell you something," they said, "as you can keep a secret."

"I promise, really and truly," said Mollie very slowly and surely.

The twins whispered into both her ears. As they did so Mollie's eyes grew rounder and rounder. When they left off whispering she slid from their hands and stood staring at them. "Is it true?" she asked. "Really true?"

"Quite true," said the twins.

"Got no body?"

"No."

"Got no legs?"

"No."

"Only a head?"

"Yes, only a head."

Mollie thought a second.

"Was that his naccident?" she asked in a low voice.

The twins nodded gravely.

Mollie thought another second.

"Can he stand on his head?" she asked. The twins looked uneasy. Mollie thought she had quite learned when and how to change a subject, so she said:

"I spose it's a secret, you both look so funny 'bout it. Let's go now. I don't want to know 'bout your silly secrets, you can keep them yourself. Upfgh!"

"Yes, we can," said the twins. Mollie ran on a little way, then turned to look at them.

"Where is the car the man said we was to have?" she called out. The twins came along very slowly, talking to each other in low voices. To Mollie this was one of the most annoying ways of other people. "Do come on," she said crossly. "You're walking same as old people does; why don't you run?"

"We are not so young as you are," said the twins in aggravating slowness. "There is nothing to hurry for." Mollie could not bear them that minute.

"There is hurry," she said. "I b'lieve—no I shan't say what I b'lieve, but I does all the same. Where's the motor-car?"

"Electric-car, it is called," said the twins. "Motor-cars are very old-fashioned."

"They're not," said Mollie. "Is this it coming?" she continued, feeling more pleased.

"Yes, here it comes," said the twins.

"Don't you dress up to go in it?" asked Mollie.

"No; what for?"

"Don't you make yourself just hidjuss fwights?"

"No," said the twins, "never, why should we?"

"It was the biggest face Mollie had ever seen."

"I don't know," said Mollie, "but lots of men and ladies always do. Come on, I do hate waiting so long."

A most beautiful silver car drew up beside them, guided by a driver dressed in sky-blue and silver, and on his head a silver circlet. The three climbed into the car and seated themselves on the soft, downy cushions. Except for the one word "Lovely," Mollie did not speak for some time. Then she frowned and exclaimed:

"'Tisn't a proper car. 'Tisn't a motor-car at all."

"Why?" asked the twins.

"It goes quite quiet and gently. It doesn't smell a bit nasty or stick. What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing," said the twins.

"'Tisn't made a bit right," said Mollie, determined to show she knew best.

"There is nothing the matter with it," said the twins.

"That's what I telled you," said Mollie. "Real motor-cars nearly always has somefing wrong with them."

"This is an electra-car," repeated the twins; "we keep telling you so."

"Upfgh—it's a very stupid one," said Mollie very crossly, but all at once her face grew bright. "Look! Look!" she exclaimed. "Over there. Is that the place? The 'Pogee?" And well might she exclaim, as you shall hear.

CHAPTER IV

THE Land of Apogee is a land of nothing but beauty and brightness, a land of light and love, and Mollie at once felt what a sweet and peaceful land it was. It was like a vast and endless garden of gardens. In the midst of them stood a large palace, uncommon in design and shape.

It was circular in form, with a dome-shaped roof supported on countless pillars or fluted columns. It was made of glistening spar of a glorious dark blue, of intense blueness. After gazing at it a while numberless star-rays came to view, till it appeared to glow with millions of stars. Curtains, also, of the richest blue, hung between the columns showing through others of the thinnest, transparent, billowy gauze, which gently swayed without ceasing.

On the top of the vaulted roof was a shining silver tower, and in it only one large round window. The crystal in this window was not flat, but shaped like an immense watchglass. From the window streamed a lovely soft, but very bright light which lit up every space and corner, in fact it seemed as if the light had no ending.

The palace was surrounded by a flight of glistening white steps, and as Mollie jumped out of the car she saw coming down the steps a tall lady, clothed in a soft blue garment, swathed and wrapt about her in cloudy folds. As she came near she held a corner of her mantle over her face, which she gradually let fall till she stood looking down on Mollie, who, for a minute, thought she was playing at peep-bo, and she felt she was much too old for that game. But when the lady smiled at her she immediately put up her face to be kissed.

The lady leaned down and folded her in her arms.

"Little sweetheart," she said gently. "My dear little girlie."

"I like you," said Mollie, giving her a tiny, quick little kiss. "You've got a nice face." The lady laughed softly. "But you're very white," continued Mollie. "Was you 'llowed to sit up late? That makes me white."

"Yes, I sit up very late indeed," said the lady. Mollie wriggled out of her arms. The lady stood upright and Mollie stared at her.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"I am the Lady Luna Linger Longer."

"I can't say all that," said Mollie.

"Call me Lady Luna, then, will you?"

"Yes," said Mollie. "Where do you live?"

The lady turned and pointed to the palace. "That is my canopy," she said. "I live in the silver tower."

"What a funny, 'normous window, and so very bright!" said Mollie.

"Yes, it is bright just now," said Lady Luna. "I arrange the curtain inside it a little differently every time. Sometimes the light looks narrow and small, and gradually it shows more and more till it is bright like that."

"What a lot of trouble 'bout it!" said Mollie. "I want to see somefing else."

She turned, expecting to find the twins waiting for her, but they had vanished.

"Where are those two gone?" she asked.

"They have gone round to the shooting school to see their cousin Sagittarius."

"I can't say that," said Mollie. She did not feel inclined to try, nor to remember things.

"They call him cousin Saggie. He lives near them in the Zodiac, but he comes over here to teach the children how to shoot. He is a wonderful archer himself."

"'A' was an archer and shot at a frog.' I know 'bout that," said Mollie. "Let's come and see the shooting now."

Lady Luna took hold of her hand and Mollie chattered ever so fast to her about all the things she loved best, and Lady Luna listened attentively to her and smiled at her lovingly.

"Dear mite," she said. "You are sweet and your eyes are bright as stars. I think you are a good girlie."

"I'm naughty sometimes," said Mollie. "I like to be naughty a little while and sometimes I don't feel a bit sorry, sometimes."

"Try and be good, sweetheart," said Lady Luna. "Can you sing?"

"Yes," said Mollie, and straightaway she started singing:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Then without a minute's pause she sang again—

"I saw three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day, in the morning.

Her cheeks were rosy red and her blue eyes shone as she looked up eagerly at Lady Luna.

"Well done, well done," she said. "You like singing, sweetheart?"

"I love it," said Mollie. "What's that place?"

"The Shooting School. Come now and see the children shoot."

They passed through an archway covered with honeysuckle and passion flowers, and walked on lovely green grass, kept short, thick and soft. It spread before them for many miles. The twins were talking to a man standing in a golden chariot drawn by white horses with wings. He held a bow, and beside him was a quiver full of arrows. He was surrounded by beautiful children.

"What a lot of chilld*run*!" said Mollie, "and they has got wings on—and look, look—some are flying 'bout—look, they're shooting. What are they shooting? Who told them to?"

"Those are the targets," said the twins.

"I didn't ask *you*," said Mollie. She did not feel fond of the twins like she did of Lady Luna. She did not mind them at first, but she was tired of them. So when they told her they were going back to the Zodiac she said:

"You can if you like," and held Lady Luna's hand very tight and would not say "good-bye."

"I hope she won't grow up as rude as that," said the twins. Mollie turned away and drew Lady Luna towards a target.

"It looks like a heart-shape," she said. Then looking round she exclaimed: "They're all same shapes, but some are big and some littler."

"Yes," said Lady Luna, "the children learn to shoot at all sizes, and when they are quite clever at shooting they must make the arrows go through two targets at once. Not so very difficult, you see, when they are near together."

"What a silly game!" said Mollie, "but the little boys are very pretty."

"They are just little loves," said Lady Luna, catching two in her arms as they flew to her and kissing them.

"We are learning ever so fast," said one. "And you always help us no end," said the other, and laughing merrily away they flew to join the happy shooting cherubs.

"I want to see somefing else," said Mollie.

"Come to my toy shop," said Lady Luna. "Do you care about toys?"

"I love them," said Mollie, wondering if she would have some to keep.

They walked through more beautiful

gardens full of the sweetest scented flowers and shrubs. Orange trees in bud and full bloom. Myrtle trees in blossom. Jasmine covered with starry blossoms. Lilies of the valley, violets blue and white, and mignonette. Then the roses! It is about impossible to describe the roses. They were too beautiful for words. Nightingales and bulbuls sang amongst the trees while bees sipped the honey and hummed contentedly. Though Mollie was in a fever to reach the toy shop, she could not help exclaiming:

"This is the beautifullest garden I never saw. What lots of bees there is!"

"Yes," said Lady Luna, "they make the sweetest honey. It is all sent over there."

"Over where?" asked Mollie. "I can't see it."

"It is too far for you to see," said Lady Luna. "It is a place called Honey-moonland, where all the happy married people go."

"I know 'bout that," said Mollie. "I was bridesmaid to cousin Nell's wedding. I had such a pretty frock and a basket of flowers. I know 'bout that 'cause there was a big cake all sugary, and I only had such a silly little bit, 'cause there was currants in it."

"Poor little girl," said Lady Luna.

"Yes, then cousin Nell cried and went away on a *weddin-trucer*."

"Her wedding tour, you mean, childie. I expect she went to Honey-moonland."

"Yes," said Mollie, "on her weddin-trucer. What's that place? Is it the toy shop?"

"No," said Lady Luna, "that is the star store. Would you like to peep in?"

"Yes," said Mollie, "but where's the toy shop?"

"Wait, pet," said Lady Luna, "and look in here."

"What are they doing?" asked Mollie.

"It's a secret," said Lady Luna.

"Tell me," said Mollie.

"They are making surprise packets."

"What's that?" asked Mollie.

"New stars," said Lady Luna. "You see those doves in the little cots?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are waiting to take these new stars and hang them in the sky to surprise the people on your earth."

"O!" said Mollie. "How big are they?"

"I do not know," said Lady Luna. "We leave the people on the earth to find out after the stars are hung up."

"And does they know?" asked Mollie.

"They think they do," said Lady Luna, laughing softly. "Ah, there is the toy shop, we shall soon be there now. Let us run."

At last they reached it, and such a toy shop Mollie had never seen. It was like an immense circus with no roof, with the seats going up to the very top, but instead of people sitting on the seats, they were filled with the most lovely toys that ever were made, and what Mollie thought so delightful was, that there were staircases between the rows of seats or shelves, that she could get up quite easily so that she could handle all the toys and none of them were out of her reach. It is simply impossible to name them all, but there were mechanical toys of every description. Magic lanterns, dolls' houses with windows to open and shut, and little pianos with real notes. Heaps of knives with ever so many blades. Boxes of carpenters' tools. Kites, bats, balls, hoops and skipping ropes. Dolls—well, the dolls beat description more than anything, they were "just like real." Tea sets, dinner sets, kitchens, stores of all kinds, and every single toy that any child can think of or want. It is impossible to name them all.

Mollie could not look round them fast enough. She ran up the staircases and along the different tiers or rows of toys, while Lady Luna stood and watched her.

"Have just what you like, dear heart," she said; "there is plenty of time to choose."

"O—o—o—" said Mollie. "I wonder if there is a golliwog—yes, there is one—and a monkey. I want—there's one—oh, what a lovely big white duck—and a parrot—o—o!" She ran about filling her arms with what pleased her most, and Lady Luna put them on the ground for her so that she could easily pick them up—

All in a minute Mollie espied a little traction engine. Tom wanted a traction engine more than anything. "I must

She said gently, "My dear little girlie!"

have that for Tom," she cried. "It's 'xacly what he's been wishing for." She ran with it in her arms to Lady Luna. "Must take it to him 'dreckly. I do wish he was here—Tom—Tom, come! Here's somefing for you."

* * * * * * * *

"What a jolly row!" said Tom, putting his head in at the nursery door. Mollie was sitting up in bed, and even Tom noticed how her eyes shone and how bright she seemed. "Hurry up, what is it?" he said. Mollie began looking under and over her pillow and all around. "I have left it there," she said. "I shall bring it next time I go."

"Where?" asked Tom, laughing as he ran off to school.

"To the moon," cried Mollie, and she sprang out of bed and danced about singing—

> "I love the merry, merry light,
> It fills hearts wiv delight,
> And if 'tis dark at night
> I bring joy-light at mornin.'"

"Where did you learn that?" asked nurse, looking at her in astonishment.

"In Moonland," sang Mollie. "Lovely, lovely Moonland."

"I wish," she said to herself, "I wish I was there now, but I shall go again—p'raps to-night."

Life's Voyage

BY DONALD A. FRASER

AS down the Stream of Life we glide,
Fair One,
I see thy bark upon the tide,
Alone.

'Tis cheerless thus, to paddle far apart,
Let us draw near, where each heart can speak to heart
Each eye to eye appeal and hand clasp hand;
Then float we more serenely to the Shining Land.

But 'tis not near enough, I pray
Thee, leave thy boat, Fair One, and get
Thee into mine. Why should we stay
Asunder, when we might be happier yet?

Ah! now 'tis joy indeed to glide
United thus upon Life's tide.
How smoothly doth our vessel go
When thou and I together row!
Life's journey had not been so sweet
Had we, Fair One, not chanced to meet.

Halfyard's Mutiny

By NORMAN DUNCAN

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL BULLYWORTH'S eyebrows made one broad band of wiry, black hair, stretching from temple to temple, where they grew in the fashion of two sharp little horns. When he was in wrath they fell forward, all of a sudden; behind, in the shadows of the pit, the little red eyes rolled and flashed. The captain's beard was a vast thick wilderness, springing from the undiscovered expanse below his shirt collar and straying in a tangled growth over his cheekbones and neck. His arms were heavy, loose-jointed and long, exceeding long, with hands a bit suggestive of the head of a sledge-hammer. He was broad at the shoulders and thick at the chest, which was his great glory; there was a massive framework of bone there, and no lack of seasoned muscle to shame it, as you may know when I tell you that Captain Nathaniel, being jovially inclined upon one occasion, tossed a seven hundred pound anchor through the door of Twillingate jail. He had a mighty hand-to-hand strength had Captain Bullyworth—that strength which finds its best advantage in a grapple. It went from the topmost bristle of his head down through his crooked, knotty legs to the very soles of his feet, which were big and flat. It was God help the man whom Captain Bullyworth hugged in anger!

I had shipped with this stocky, jolly, peppery big gorilla as ship's doctor for the sealing voyage of that year—three weeks of March among the drifting icepacks of the upper Newfoundland coast and the Labrador. It was the sealing steamer *Red Deck*, Bullyworth, St. Johns, N.F.—a big converted schooner, equipped with engines from some Cape Race wreck.

The night before we sailed I found Captain Bullyworth in a taproom of the Anchor and Chain—down the alley from Water Street, by the man-o'-war landing, to the right by the old stone wall, through the debris of the fire of '71, and up the steps. It was a bitter night, with a gale from the nor'east kicking up a nasty sea beyond the narrows and promising a head wind with snow for the morrow. I had begun to question the enjoyment of an adventure in the north, where wind, and snow, and bergs, and massive floes have all the best of the chances; but the taproom door of the Anchor and Chain is the portal to a cosy place, where a jolly company and the flow of spirits—where the tarry, spumey talk of sea dogs stirs a man's blood and incites him to the venture. Captain Bullyworth was in that mellifluous mood wherein the hand of the barmaid had ever an irresistible charm for him; and I chance to know that he was squeezing it under the table as I entered, for she boxed his ears and ran off with the empty glasses, laughing loudly. I was sighted, hailed, boarded by the overflowing gorilla himself, and carried off to what he called his home port—a table in a corner. Thereupon I was presented to two fuddled marines from the British second-class cruiser *Mighty*, the captain of a coastal steamer, and the first mate of the *Red Deck*, who was sober.

"Bes' first mate I ever knowed," said the captain, slapping his officer on the shoulder in the maudlin way. "I think he's a first-class hand. Sure he could sail the *Red Deck* from here t'hell and back."

"Haw, haw!" said the first marine. "'Ow'd 'e find 'is way?"

"Smell out the brimstone, sir!" cried the captain, leaning over the table and glaring through his fallen eyebrows.

"Ah, to be sure 'e could," said the first marine, very solemnly. "'Ow stupid! I never once thought o' that."

"As I was saying, when this young man sung out," said the captain, once more transfixing the poor marine, "I'm a fair stout man. Feel that, now, some o' you," he burst out, lifting his leg to the table. He pulled up his trouser leg, thus exposing his bare calf; we felt of

the muscle and pronounced its quality prime.

"Hit that," he said, throwing out his chest. Each in turn we gave him a thwack on the breastbone. "Make a note o' the reach o' that there arm," said he. He reached over the table and playfully tweaked the nose of the first marine; and the first marine remarked, with a sniff and a solemn stare, that it was a devilish long arm. "They isn't ar a man in New-f'un'land can best me in a battle with fistes," the captain went on. "They isn't ar a man can fight me to a standoff but one, an' 'tis six years since I been alongside o' him. When we parted, we parted bad friends, and I hopes we don't run foul o' each other again. 'Twas up off the Groais Islands, when we was lost from the schooner *Billy Bright*, skipper Tom Blast, o' Twillingate. We was on a pan o' ice, driftin' sou'west t' nowhere with a nasty switch o' wind. 'Twas too small a pan for two. I never seed such a beggarly bit o' ice for two men t' be cast away on. So he tried t' heave me off, an' I tried t' heave him off. We kep' at it till marnin'; an' then we was saved by the *Queen o' the North*, which beat up for us just when I had un wore out. I isn't any too fond o' that man Halfyard. He've been up in White Bay, now, for—

"Beg pardon, sir," the first mate interrupted. "Did you say Halfyard?"

"The same, sir."

"Did you, now? 'Twould not be Eli Halfyard, I'm thinkin'?"

"The same, sir."

The mate coughed behind his hand. "Well, sir," said he, "he've come down from White Bay."

"Have he, now?" cried the captain, his face relaxing into a fine grin "I'll be glad t' see un."

"You will, sir," said the mate. "Sure you'll see un. He've shipped for this v'y'ge, sir, on the *Red Deck;* an' he's all signed reg'lar."

Captain Bullyworth gasped and collapsed.

"He come aboard this even, sir," said the mate, "an', says he, 'is this the craft Captain Bullyworth's skipperof?' ''Tis that,' says I. Then says he, 'Is he tight in his hull?' 'Never tighter,' says I. 'He've got a bit of nerve still, I don't doubt?' says he. 'Never had no more,' says I. 'That bein' so,' says he, 'has you got a full complement o' men?' 'We've got room for a likely hand like you,' says I, 'if you don't care where you sleeps.' 'That bein' so,' says he, 'I'll ship, if I has t' sleep in the coal hole. I knowed Captain Bullyworth afore he got his certificate,' says he, 'an' I'm thinkin' he'll be glad t' see me. But I wouldn't break it suddent to un,' says he. 'No, I wouldn't if I was you.' Them's the very words, sir, that Eli Halfyard says."

And still Captain Bullyworth gaped at the mate.

"I'll get un drunk, sir, an' leave un ashore," the mate suggested.

"No, sir!" the captain roared, fetching the table a mighty thump. "When he was aboard the *Queen o' the North*," he added letting his big voice drop, "he said he'd look me out, come one o' these days, an' he've come t' do it. Manus* me, will he? By Gord, I'll break him in this v'y'ge. I will! I isn't afeered of a man that draws breath," and in this the good Bullyworth spoke the truth, "an' I'll break un. What!" he cried, turning to me, for I had risen to go. "Not goin' yet, b'y? 'Tis too early. Well," raising his glass to give me the old sealing toast, "here's t' bloody decks, b'y!"

"Decks and ice, sir!" said I.

And so we drank the toast.

. . . . . .

We were labouring through the waters of White Bay—far back in that moody, shallow pocket, which a northeast wind fills with ice, and a frothy sea; and there was a northeast gale abroad, charged with sleet, and ramping out of the night with a roar and a mighty sweep. The *Red Deck* was pitching through the head sea, bound north and out at top speed, with a field of slob ice driving in from the open to grip and jam her where she staggered; her old engines wheezed, and coughed,

*In these days the skippers of sealing craft were sometimes seized by discontented crews, bound hand and foot and carried back to port. They were then said to have been manussed. If the mutiny seemed to have been justified, the law winked at the offence; and the skipper was ever after the butt of his fellows.

and sobbed so noisily that the swish and beating of the gale could not cover their complaint of the strain upon them. We were six weeks out from St. Johns, with a beggarly bit of pelt in the hold, and the crew at a fine pitch of discontent; but, by all the gods of Bullyworth, which were many and peculiar, we were bound for the Labrador seas, come storm, starvation, mutiny or wreck, nor should we see port until the crew was sleeping on deck for the pelt in the hold and quarters. The crew was below decks—forward and aft, everywhere, even to the engine room, for sealers are manned like pirates. I could hear them singing in the forecastle:

"When we manussed Skipper Penny o' the
schooner Nip and Tuck,
'Twas because he drove her East and West,
and didn't have no luck;
So we took un by the heels,
An' t' stop his wicked squeals
We lashed un to a bit o' line and run un to
the truck.
Here's heigh-ho, me hearties, o' the schooner
Nip and Tuck,
We'll manus every skipper when he've lost
his bally luck."

The gale caught the old song and swept it past the cabin door to the whirling night behind.

"Will they do it?" said I.

Captain Bullyworth was ready to relieve the mate on the bridge, for the pounding at the bow had told us that the ice was getting thick and heavy. He had a temperate nip of Scotch whiskey before him.

"That's Halfyard," said he, between his teeth. "He've been brewin' this rumpus for a week gone. I knows un, an' I knows that song, for I've sung it, b'y. He've come t' do this thing, an' he's bound t' it. But if I gets out o' this mess o' ice the night, b'y, I'll take the ship north. I know they's swiles (seals) there, an' I wants un, Halfyard or no Halfyard—"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in with you!" bawled the captain.

It was Halfyard—that tawny malcontent—tawny, lean, long, and as strong as a wire rope. He came in with a blast of wet wind and a long howl of the gale. There was a steely little twinkle in his eye, and a fitful, hard smile upon his lips. I have never liked that compound of threat and twinkle in the eye of a man; it means assurance and clear cut purpose.

"Sit down, b'y," said the captain. "Have a drap o' that."

They are a democratic lot. He pushed the bottle over, and Halfyard tipped it, readily enough, but he said nothing until he had toyed with the glass a bit and tossed the liquor down.

"Crew wants t' goa hoame," he remarked, in the Green Bay dialect.

"I've laid the course north," said the captain, with an ill-suppressed start and scowl.

"Sure, the crew wants t' goa hoame, skipper, zur."

"All hands?"

"They may be a scattered bay-noddie doan't mind bidin' a spell longer. But the rest wants t' get hoame for the spring run o' salmon an' cod."

"All right," said the captain, briskly. "No objection."

Halfyard lifted his eyebrows. Then that steely twinkle in his eye gave place to a flash of disappointment. The smile and twinkle were now the captain's; there was a depth of humorous meaning in them.

"Hasn't you, now?" said Halfyard. "That bein' so, us'll goa."

"All right. If I got a workin' crew left, I'll land the rest on the shore ice the morrow; but 'tis barb'rous hard walkin' in the woods these days, an' 'tis two hundred miles t' the railroad."

Halfyard laughed. "The crew doan't want t' walk hoame," said he, keeping an even voice. "The crew's afeered they won't get back t' the outports in time for the salmon, an' they wants t' goa hoame when we clears this here field o' slob."

"No objection," said the captain. "I'll heave to an' let un off; but 'tis a long swim from here t' St. Johns, an' I think ther's nar a man among un can make it."

"They's another way," said Halfyard, leaning over the table and uncovering his teeth, "an' that's——"

"An' that's flyin'," the captain broke in. "An' if my mate's shipped me a crew o' angels I'll have un jailed t' Saint Johns, for practisin' fraud and deception. D'ye mean t' tell me I've been took in? D'ye mean t' say you got wings stowed away under your jackets?"

"They's another way, skipper, zur," said Halfyard, letting a shaft of hate escape from his eyes, "an' you an' me knows it. We l'arned it aboord the *Mary Wise*, b'y, an' 'twas desprit hard on the skipper o'—

"What!" screamed the captain, leaping up. "Manus me! Manus *me!* Manus Nat Bullyworth!"

Thereupon there was such an explosion of wrath, bursting from the innermost parts of the good Bullyworth—such a flare and roar of hottest anger, such a lurid, quivering show of rage, that Halfyard recoiled from it, literally as from the blast of a furnace. At the end of it he was ordered below.

And he went.

What with the ice and this impending outbreak, I was a bit nervous; so I went with the captain to the bridge, to watch the ice and breast the gale. It was past midnight—pitch dark ahead, whence the storm leaped upon us, cold in a cutting, pitiless way, and with a sleety wind which stung my face like the lash of a whip. The old ship was plunging into the dark, lurching through a tumult of wind and breaking waters, with her timbers tingling under the shock of the floe; forth she went, with a pitch and a roll, reeling blindly into the night, in fine contempt for the ice it hid. And still the hands in the forecastle bawled that sinister old song:

"Here's heigh-ho, me hearties, o' the schooner
Nip and Tuck,
We'll manus every skipper when he've lost
his bally luck,"

with a more riotous swing and meaning in every succeeding repetition of the chorus. The wind carried the words over the bridge so swiftly that I barely caught them before they were whisked away.

"We're clearing the slob," the captain roared in my ear.

I perceived that the slob—the wreckage of great pans which had been ground to fragments against the coast rocks—had given place to greater masses. Beyond, as I knew, lay the glacier ice, the outermost part of the spring drift southward; bergs, and clumpers, and vast islands—a fearful menace. And beyond all this ice, which the gale was driving in shore and down the bay, was the clear water of the open, for which we were running with increasing peril. At that moment the ship struck a pan, and for the space of a breath she stopped dead and shivered; but she was thrice braced at the bows for ramming, so she gathered her strength and ran on through the wreck of the pan she had shattered. The captain signalled half-speed to the engine room. Then—the working room was alive to duty—he sent a scunner to the bow; and the voice of the scunner came back to us, directing us port or starboard, as we picked our way through the floe.

We had been running thus cautiously for an hour or more, when the captain gripped my wrist.

"Good Gord, b'y!" he said, look at that!"

I looked into the night to starboard and high overhead; there I saw a towering white shadow, all dim and vast in that flying blackness, but whether near or far I could not tell, for a windy night confuses. It was a great berg, pursuing its majestic drift, heedless of the fretful racing of the pack below; and we had narrowly escaped it. Even as I marvelled and gave thanks a flood of light burst from the forecastle and the crew came tumbling up, thirty mighty fellows, bent on some devilish mischief—roaring their mutinous song, laughing, howling in a fashion to put the gale to shame; a riotous mob, lawless and foolhardy. Before I had well perceived their intention they were trampling over the hurricane deck, on a rush for the bridge. The captain sprang to the head of the ladder. I saw him strike; and the fellow who caught that mighty blow went hurtling back upon his fellows with such force as to tumble them in a heap to the deck. They came again, with oaths, and again they were knocked back, sprawling; the captain's arm was swift and merciless, his fist was heavy, and he had the advantage of position.

But they were swarming up elsewhere, each giving a leg to the other, and I had to turn swiftly to take up my own part in the fight.

It was my good fortune to catch an evil face between the eyes; my first landed with vicious force, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that the fellow struck the deck with a thud that laid him senseless. I

struck right and left, as fast as I could draw back and deliver the blows, all the while leaping from side to side of that narrow, pitching place. One fell back with a grunt, and I counted him out of the combat. I sent two more after him; but I was caught at last by the ankle, and before I could kick that iron hand away two sinewy arms were wrapped about my middle from behind. I was held fast—a crushing coil which made me scream and gasp. There was then no arm to oppose the rush upon our flank. The first man up stationed himself by the wheelhouse tube, as by a plan prepared, and called down the scunner's directions to the men at the wheel, a precaution I marked with deepest approval when I called to mind the looming whiteness we had left behind. Then another clambered over the rail and leapt upon the captain's back. Bullyworth's snort and roar of rage had hardly been choked in his throat when the scunner's scream rang out—a long, terrified warning, rising again and again, quivering in the wind:

"Ice ahead! Port! Hard-aport!"

There was an instant of paralysis—of uttermost fear and powerlessness, when muscle froze and hearts stood still. The noise of passion and strife fell away from the deeper roar of the gale and the swish of the seas. Dead ahead, with its outlines lost in darkness, lay a mountain of ice upon which our chip of a boat was plunging—a mass immeasurable, rising to the clouds and reaching into the night of the east and west. The situation was broken by the captain, who flung off the unresisting arms about him and sprang forward; and at the same time I felt the coil about my middle relax and release me. He roared down the wheelhouse tube and signalled "stop" and "full steam astern" to the engine room. But it was too late. We could not sheer off; we ran on the submerged, shelving base of the berg, which extended far out from the part lifted out of the water—ran up, up, up, with a staggering motion, until I thought we should land high and dry. I heard a thunderous crash, as though some pinnacle of ice had toppled over. A wave rose under the stern, ran up the shelving base, and came curling back over the bows. Then we began to slide back, with gathering speed, until we struck the water like a vessel at a launch. We backed out of danger in all haste; and it turned out subsequently, so staunchly are the sealing ships builded, that we had not sprung a leak.

I looked around when all danger was past, and we were rounding the eastward end of the berg; but not a man of the mutinous crew could I see.

The wild commotion once reduced to order, the ship once inspected, the litter of broken things once cleared away, there was an eruption of another kind. It came from the volcanic Bullyworth, whose mind had no sooner been set at ease about his ship, which he loved as his life, than he began to spout threats and oaths of the hottest, most lurid variety. Meantime, the wind had fallen away, and gave promise of dropping to a calm, and we were running through a field of pan ice compounded with slob. Soon, though we punished the wretched engines in the effort, we could not advance another fathom. The pack hung to us, jammed our screw, and at last brought us to a full stop. We were caught fast; there was nothing for it but to shut off steam and lie quiet until morning, when, as it appeared, we might blast our way out. In the track of the storm came a bitter cold. I knew that it would cement the separate parts of floe in one solid mass long before the light of the next day came; and I perceived that we might have to wait for our release until a strong off-shore wind broke it up—probably soon enough, in this, the season of changing winds.

Captain Bullyworth's volcano renewed itself; the lava and fire of wrath were cast forth even more terribly. The appalling danger through which we had flashed still had me trembling when we left the bridge.

"Manus me! Manus *me!*" he was roaring. "I'll ——" and thereupon he would explode into incoherency.

In this bullish rage—it was the good man's worst quality—he went forward, kicked an entrance to the forecastle and leaped below. When I landed behind him he was roaring his defiance; the place was full of his big, angry voice.

"This here ship's bound north t' the Labrador packs," said he, with a thump on the table. "They's swiles there, an' I knows it; an' she'll not be took home till the decks run blood an' fat. 'Tis swiles we come for, an' 'tis swiles we'll have. You can take me an' tie me an' carry me back, but by this and that, an' you do it, you'll make brooms in the penitentiary for two years t' come. They's some o' you knows enough t' sail this here ship to Saint Johns Harbour, but they isn't liars enough among you t' swear you clear o' the mutiny. You can take me an' you try it long enough. I can't muster no more'n six hands agin the pack o' you. But I warn you fair there'll be heads split afore I'm took; an' 'tis like they'll be some as can't be mended. Who's doin' this?" he cried abruptly, disclosing the real purpose of this descent upon the camp of his enemies. "Where's the growler? Where's the man? Where is un? *Where is un?*" The men of the forecastle manifested no disposition to discover the chief culprit; but I saw a snarlish grin flit over Halfyard's bleeding face, and I fancied that he waited for but quieter opportunity to snap up the challenge which we knew was upon the tip of the captain's tongue. "Send un to me," the captain went on, wreaking his rage upon the table, "an' I'll give un a mighty thrashin' for this wark. I give you my word for this, if I can't I'll take you home. Come, lads," he said, changing his voice with heartiness, "here's a bargain! If I thrash un I'll take you north an' if I don't I'll take you south. Choose the man. 'Tis fair an' square, I'm thinkin'. Will you do it?"

The sullen silence was preserved.

"Leave me know the morrow," said Bullyworth.

With that he stalked up and out. I stayed to look at a bruise or two, and a scalp wound—the latter, by the way, as they laughingly told me of my own causing. When I reached the cabin the captain was sound asleep and snoring mightily.

They chose Halfyard.

"I'll make raw meat of un!" said Bullyworth; but in this the good skipper largely exaggerated his intention.

It was a cold, glowering day, with little puffs of wind breaking off shore, but not with force enough to disturb the pack in which we were solidly frozen—a day heavy with the threat of wind with snow; and, even then, though the event was hidden from us, the gale which came must have been sweeping through the great wilderness of the Labrador to the straits, bound over the long Range and the Barrens. They went over the side in the afternoon to a broad pan, midway between the ship and the rugged, desolate coast.

"'Tis no place for a battle here," the captain had said, sweeping his hand over the littered deck. "Leave us go where we can have sea room for leg work."

Now, I knew the Newfoundland battle for the slaughter-like thing it was, and I had no stomach for the fight; a glimpse through the glass from time to time, to advise me of its varying fortunes, and the story at second hand, was as near as I cared to come to the encounter. So, while half the ship's crew went over the side with the combatants, who were assured fair play by the innate chivalry of the men, I stayed aboard. While they stripped to the waist, and blow followed blow, while they clinched, and struck, and the pan splashed with spilled blood, while the cries of derision and encouragement drifted back to me, I kept half an eye on the weather. I saw the sky over the high, gray rocks of the coast change and blacken, the frown there, the rising wind and the tattered outriders of the gale, all frightened me. A strong off-shore wind would break our floe from the shore ice and drive it out to sea, where it would be shaken to pieces, and a gale was upon us if the signs spoke truly. The third officer was now in command, for the mate had gone to second the captain. He was dancing about the bridge, with his eye glued to his glass; and now he called to me that Bullyworth had knocked Halfyard off his feet. But Halfyard recovered and returned, as I perceived; and rage was added to rage, and strength to dread purpose. Thus the fight, in its bloody third hour, took hold of me, too, and there was no eye left to keep a lookout.

A flurry of snow and a gust which nearly overturned me, withdrew my attention from the combat. I looked shoreward.

One of the cyclonic snowstorms of that coast, swift and furious, was fairly overhead. A vast, deep cloud was rushing over the cliff, which had hidden its advance and it came whirling. It emptied snow from its depths thickly, as through a rent —an impenetrable mist of it, wherein the rocks turned to gray shadows and vanished. I jerked the whistle rope out and held it, and the long, harsh wail brought every man to his senses—every man on the ice save two. I saw them scurry for the ship, every man for his life; then the great wind came, and the mist of snow drifted over them covering them. We kept the whistle blowing to guide them in their groping run, and we helped them over the side as they came. When the storm struck us with full force I felt the vessel shiver as the floe broke in two, then I felt the drift turning as the new-made pan in which we were frozen moved out to sea. Soon the dusk added its blacker obscurity; but still the men came, and when at last we called the roll, we lacked but two, the skipper and the mutineer.

The last I had seen of Bullyworth was through a thickening curtain of snow; it was at that moment when he grappled with Halfyard and overbore him to the ice.

We ran the *Red Deck* in and out and up and down the coast for five days, searching every vagrant pack of ice we sighted; then, hope utterly gone, we turned her prow to the south. When we landed, I composed an account of the affair for the *Herald*, letting so much of the truth escape as I saw fit, and its publication moved the water-front to sorrow of a depth and fine quality. It was on a blustering night three weeks later—in the meantime I had taken up my practice again—that I found heart to set out for the tap-room of the Anchor and Chain, and as I went I hurried, for the fog was thick and the wind was driving the rain along the streets in sheets. Down the alley by the man-o'-war landing, to the right by the old stone wall, over the debris of the fire, and up the steps—there, while I paused to slip out of my oilskin coat, I heard a burst of song—a roaring, rollicking:

"Here's heigh-ho, me hearties, o' the schooner
Nip an Tuck,"

in Bullyworth's singing voice, if I had ears and a memory for things peculiar. So I descended on Captain Nathaniel Bullyworth and Eli Halfyard, where they sat at the table in the corner, nose to nose, with a half-emptied bottle of Scotch whiskey between them—literally fell upon them while the gates of their souls were still wide open to let forth that flood of melody:—

"Here's heigh-ho, me hearties, o' the schooner
Nip and Tuck,
We'll manus every skipper when he've lost
his bally luck."

And I was caught up, and set down, and slapped on the back, and poked in the ribs, and provided with more liquor than I cared to look at; whereupon I was informed that Bullyworth and Halfyard, his dear friend, had come safe to the port of the Anchor and Chain by way of a drifting ice-pan, Sop's Arm, with an inshore wind, Poverty Cove and a gruelling tramp through the wilderness to the station at Red Lake.

"Desperate hard, skipper," said I, lacking something better.

"Not at all, b'y, not at all!" said he. "Look, 'twas this way:—When Halfyard he got tired, I carried un on me back like a dunny bag; an' sure, when he got rested, he got down and carried me. Goin' along like that, neither of us got tired at all."

And Halfyard winked at me through the bottom of his glass.

THE BUILDERS

by Eric Bohn

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penctanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago. In Halifax new troops land under Colonel Battersby and proceed to the West, Captain Morris being entrusted with a letter to Mrs. Manning from Maud Maxwell.

CHAPTER XXIX

ON a bright August morning, later in the month than the sailing of the ships out of the Halifax harbour, the sun shone at Penetang in vivid warmth and splendour. The people were glad. Earth was putting on her newest garb of green. The trees of the forest, tired of monotonous nudity, were clothed in many tints, and even the tardy ones, the annual laggards, were being stirred from their lethargy.

Part of the barracks had been finished and made comfortable for habitation, and the foundations of the fort had already been laid. By judicious division of labour in the soldier settlement, men were portioned off in accordance with their special aptitudes, and every one was busy. Blacksmith and carpenter shops stood side by side, and in them forge, hammer, saw and chisel did their work persistently from morning until night. Under habitant direction, too, the first fallow had been cleared, the brushwood and timbers piled up to dry for burning, and the land made ready for the seed.

In front of the cottage on this special morning Helen was busily arranging her little garden. Harold had dug the ground for her and planted the seeds she had brought from England. She was examining the little shoots that had already appeared, very tenderly—a link to the far away—beyond the sea.

"Good morning, Mrs. Manning," said Sir George Head, as he approached. "Your little flower beds promise great things."

"My fear is that the sun will burn the

plants before they have a chance to develop," said Helen. "The English climate is so different."

"That depends," said the Colonel. "My gardener used to say that if plants were watered at night and shaded during the heat of the day, they would stand the change from a cold to a hot climate very well."

"Thank you, Sir George, I am glad to know. These little plants are very dear to me."

"You must not make too much of them," he said gently. "And how do you like your new home?"

"Better every day. The floors of those rip-saw planks have all been laid, and it is such a comfort. I don't know how to thank you for having the carpenters make them for us."

"My dear, they are just getting their hands in. They may have to rip the floor boards for the fort for all we know. Latimer tells me that the nearest sawmill is on the east side of the lake a hundred and fifty miles away; and when we get them by boat from there is a question."

"I may consider myself very fortunate then."

"Indeed you may."

"And the *Bumble-bee* sails—"

"To-morrow, I think. It was badly damaged in that ice storm, and our men have repaired it in return for Latimer's services."

At this moment Dr. Beaumont joined them.

"Latimer tells me," he said, "that the wind indicates a brisk land breeze, and he purposes sailing to-night."

"A sensible idea," echoed the Colonel. "The sooner he starts now the better. I have engaged him to bring in fresh supplies if he can get them. He wants to take our mail matter too, but it is too risky a venture. We must send it by help of Indian guides overland to Little York."

"Latimer has great faith in his own ability," said Beaumont. "He thinks he can run down the whole coast line without being caught."

"Perhaps he might by the northern shore, which is out of the war arena, but toward St. Clair and Detroit, unless they are still in the hands of the English, his boat would be sure to be captured."

"Would they attack a little boat like his?" Helen asked in surprise.

"The enemy will take any prize he can get, whether great or small," said the Colonel. "Still, Latimer can secure supplies of some kind from the shore settlements; and I will see that he does not run too much risk." With these words Sir George returned to his quarters.

"Shall you send a letter to Miss Maud this time?" the Doctor asked, pulling his moustache first on one side and then on the other.

"I think I shall. Not being official I might risk it with Latimer. I have already written a long one for her. She's a charming girl, and in the short time that I had the opportunity I grew very fond of her," she replied, looking up into his face. "Unfortunately, I did not remain long enough in Halifax to get acquainted with many of the ladies; but I had more than one long talk with Maud, and I assure you I admire her very much."

"You do not overestimate her, Mrs. Manning, and I am glad you like her."

"I could not help it," she responded, as she bent over again to arrange her plants. "She has high ideals and wonderful self-control, a true index of noble character."

"Yes, and she is as beautiful as she is good," said Beaumont, impressively. "One of the women men rave over, but cannot win."

"They might as well cease their ravings—but not every one," said Helen.

"Do you think so, Madame? Strange that you should learn in days what has taken me years to learn."

"Perhaps one woman can read another woman's heart quicker than a man can."

"Mon Dieu! Je ne sais quoi. I would give a fortune to read hers."

"Spare your ducats, Monsieur," said Helen, with a light laugh. "But I can tell you something without money. In one of our talks she said she would never marry a man unless she loved him so much that she would gladly go to the ends of the earth with him; but that he

must rise to her ideal, before she would think of him at all."

"Is that ideal very high? Can no one reach it? Mon Dieu! I know one man who will do his best, give him only the opportunity."

"Make the opportunity. Make the effort," said Helen earnestly. "Remember—she is the only woman—he, the the only man. Both seek ideals and the divine is still above them."

"Dear Madame, how good you are! You give me hope. Heaven knows how I love her!"

She had never heard him talk so before, and as they reached the cottage she held out her hand.

"Thank you, Dr. Beaumont, for your confidence. I wish you well. Yes, and I believe also, that you are worthy to win."

The Doctor had the gallantry of his race, and bowing low, he raised her fingers to his lips.

"Harold is busy with his men at the new bridge," she said, looking over in the direction of the island.

"Yes," he assented. "He and Captain Cummings will be there with a large force all day."

"Please tell him, when you go down, that I will be at the wharf to see him before they leave for dinner."

As the Doctor withdrew she entered the cottage. Emmeline was busily preparing wheaten dough for the oven. Her sleeves were turned up, her neck bare, and her dress fastened loosely at the girdle. A bright fire burned in the open fireplace, and in it a square sheet-iron oven had been placed to heat for the baking.

"How is the bread, Emmeline?" she asked, as she opened the window a little wider.

"Oh, 'tees bon, Madame. Salt risin' good to-day. Yesterday mauvais bad. Oven nice heat. Put right in now." And she dropped the dough into a square tin, patted it on the back and placed it on the shelf in the oven.

"Now," she went on. "Je, vatch de fire—not too 'ot—not too cole—jes' de tres meedle."

"You must not work too hard, Emmeline."

"No fear, Madame—No fear 'tall. You jes' like Bateese, he al'us say tak' car', Emmeline, tak' car'. I only laugh—I strong, an' work all de same."

"Still, I want you to be wise. Mrs. Hardman will do any heavy lifting for you; and we cannot have you hurt yourself."

"I know dat—an' it ees nice to have de vemin's house so close. Dey be goot fellahs, bot'."

"When are they going to finish the room upstairs for you, Emmeline?"

"Oh, vere soon. De floor all right, de leetle window all right, and de laddare work goot. Bateese say not much mattare for more, now summare tam come."

Emmeline's cheeks were rosy again. She had not the sallow complexion so often seen; and moving so freely about the room, Helen's care for her seemed almost groundless.

The internal arrangements of the cottage were very simple. At one end were two rooms, the one Harold and Helen's bedroom, the other the store room, and in it the ladder to the upper story. The balance of the floor space made the living apartment. In the near future they hoped to have the whole of the little place to themselves; but in the meantime, Emmeline and Bateese must occupy the upper story until after the event was over.

After giving directions about dinner, Helen put on a Quaker sunbonnet, and tripped over the green turf down to the edge of the water, where men were driving cedar posts to support the cross beams of the island bridge. One gang were working close to the shore, another from a raft on the water, while a third were at similar work on the island beyond.

Captain Cummings had charge of the shore gang and Harold the island one. Helen did not know it until almost on the spot. If she had, she might have turned back.

"This is cheering to be visited by the lady of the fort," exclaimed Cummings, lifting his hat; "a delightful and unlooked for compliment."

"Thank you," returned Helen, lightly, "but I'm afraid the compliment was unintended. I thought Harold was on

this side, and ran down to have a word with him."

"What! to have words with your husband? Lucky for him he is so far away," returned the Captain with a laugh.

"Oh, they will keep till he comes to dinner," said Helen, declining to see his meaning.

"Madame!" exclaimed Bateese at her elbow. "I tak you ovare in mine leetle canoe. See!" and he pointed to a birch-bark that he had bartered with an Indian for a few days before.

"Won't that be fine?" she returned, as she hastened to its side. "Are you sure you won't upset me?"

"Bateese nevare upset canoe, no, nevare."

"Oh, I remember, you are the man that never upsets anything."

Bateese's eyes twinkled. He remembered, too.

In another minute they glided over the water to the spot where the men were working.

"And Helen—'alluring comes across the briny deep,'" exclaimed her husband.

"Quite a mistake, Harold! I tasted the water and there isn't a bit of brine in it."

"How intensely practical! Don't you know that canoeing on Penetang should be poetic?"

"So it is," she replied. "Coming over made me dream of canoeing with you in the long evenings over this very bay."

"Yes, dearest. That's one of the delights in store for us. But come and see where Sir George has decided to build the magazine."

Parting the underwood, they were soon upon a little hill, the highest spot of the island. To the north was the mouth of the harbour; while to the south, over the tops of the Chippewa wigwams, lay the upper end of the long, narrow bay.

"Can those Indians be trusted?" Helen asked.

"Yes, perfectly. They arrived and put up their tepees a few days ago. They come here to fish every spring and go away again in the summer."

"So they will remain for a while," said Helen, with interest.

"Probably. But they are romantic, and may go any time. Some bright morning before you even think of it, they will fold their tents and glide away."

"What a lot of them there are!" said Helen.

"Yes, there must be fifty at least, counting braves, squaws, papooses and all. Latimer says the men will be very useful to us, while they stay, as runners and guides."

"I suppose Sir George meant these Indians this morning, when he spoke of sending the mail through the woods to Little York. But did you know that the Latimers intend to sail to-night?"

"Not positively, though I suspected as much."

"That is one reason that I came to see you. Would it be safe to send one of my letters on the boat; or must they all go by Little York?"

"It would be safer by land than water, even if slower. Still a non-committal letter might be risked if you are careful in the wording."

"It is just a little message to Maud Maxwell and could not implicate anyone. I do so want to send a few words and get news from there. It seems like an age since we left; and if it is lost it will not matter much."

"Well, do as you like, dearest. But my men are wanting me. They don't know how to place that plank."

They parted the bushes and in another minute were at the water's edge again.

"V'eell Madame go back right vey?" Bateese asked.

"Wait a moment, these squaws want to speak to me."

Two Indian women, clothed in blanket, short skirt and moccasins had been waiting her return. The older one with long black hair loose over her shoulders resembled the tall handsome girl beside her, and looked old enough to be her mother. She touched Helen on the arm.

"Pale face squaw want moccasins?" she asked, holding out a pair decorated with beads and quills.

A strange thrill went through Helen as she felt the touch, and saw the dark, fierce face of the Indian woman so close to hers. But with an effort she controlled herself and answered:

"Yes, I want moccasins. These will fit me. How much are they?"

"Waupatheca not know. Pale face tell her," said the squaw, throwing up her hand.

"What shall I give her?" Helen asked of Harold, who, turning from his men, watched the scene with amusement.

"A piece of cloth, some needles and thread would be better than money," he said.

"But I haven't them with me."

"Give the moccasins back and tell her you will come again this afternoon. The Indians must not come to the house. Not so soon at any rate."

A dissatisfied expression came into the squaw's face; but she nodded and turned away, as her daughter pulled at one of the strings of Helen's bonnet.

"Little Moon want it," she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Little Moon can't have it," returned Helen, seizing her hood and shaking her head, "but I will bring you something, too."

The girl clapped her hands and laughed.

"Where did you learn English?" Helen asked.

"In Detraw," was her answer.

"How did you get there?" she questioned.

"Jibway Indians and squaws go in canoes every summare," was the answer; "sell skins, sell wampum, sell moccasin, sell fish, too."

The black eyes of the girl wandered restlessly toward the men who were working.

"What is your name?" Helen asked.

"Metsemee. It mean little moon," was the answer.

"What a beautiful name!"

"Pale face squaw like it?" questioned the girl with a smile.

"Yes, it is like the silvery moon itself. And your mother's name, she did not tell me its meaning?"

Waupatheca means White Swan. She came from the setting sun—the daughter of a Shawenee chief by the Wabash."

"And your father?"

"He is Big Thunder, Chief of the Ojibways. My mother call him Pepapanawey—Nenimkee, because the lightning flash when he is angry."

"Well, good-bye Metsemee," said Helen. "I will not forget my promise."

Little Moon again flashed a look at the men. Then turning, she followed her mother to the tepees; while Helen, taking her seat in the canoe, was paddled across the channel again by her faithful servitor.

CHAPTER XXX

IN plain clothes, without letters or despatches, but well supplied with funds, Corporal Bond was chosen by Sir George to accompany Latimer and his wife on the first trip of the *Bumble-bee*. The order was to go no farther than was necessary, but to purchase provisions from the settlers living along the eastern shore of the lake; and to return with the proceeds to the fort with all possible speed. This was outside of the ordinary scene of conflict, and the trip could be accomplished, Latimer declared, with safety.

Mrs. Bond, accustomed to the vicissitudes of military life, took the parting from her husband philosophically. She was proud of his selection for the trust, and hoping for his early return, she wished him God-speed, almost without a tear.

Perhaps of the two women Helen was the sorrier. She betrayed more feeling, as with much reluctance she parted with her old nurse again. When the women were so few, the absence of one, particularly this one, seemed like a desolation to her.

"I shall soon be back again," said Mrs. Latimer, as Helen wrung her hand. "So do not worry, child." She was thinking of the London days of long ago, when she nursed her and carried her so often on her shoulders.

"I wonder if she'll ever come back, or is this the last I'll see of her?" was Helen's thought.

The little brig spread its canvas, and by the darkening was speeding outside the harbour into the open lake.

A day or two later preparations were completed to forward official despatches and letters overland to Little York—the party to consist of Nenimkee, one of his

Indians, and two men of the regiment; and by arrangement the chief reported himself, at Sir George's quarters, the evening previous to their departure, to receive final instructions.

The sun had just set among pillars of sapphire and gold. The day had been hot, but the leaves were rustling upon the trees, for a gentle coolness was coming. Still the mosquitoes were too many to be blown away, and a smoke fire helped to nullify their ardour. Around it Sir George and his officers seated themselves to await the arrival of the chief.

Nenimkee was a typical Indian, tall, middle-aged, with high cheek bones and restless black eyes. To do honour to the occasion and his mission, he dressed in native costume that night, together with wampum belt, girdle, tomahawk and knife.

"Glad to see you," said Sir George, extending his hand. "These are my officers, and this is Big Thunder, Chief of the Ojibways—one of his gracious Majesty's most loyal chiefs."

Gravely and silently the Indian shook hands with the men as they rose. Then he seated himself on a block by Sir George's side and Lieutenant Manning handed him a well-filled pipe with tobacco. The smoking was general and for some moments there was silence.

"Good tobacco," was Nenimkee's first comment.

"Yes," said the Colonel. "We always give the best to our friends."

"Nenimkee take some on his journey?" were his next words.

"Yes, you shall," was the answer.

"White chief good—always good to Indians."

"Thank you, Nenimkee," said Sir George. "You are long back from the war path?"

"Seven moons," was the answer. The Indian shrugged his shoulders and for some moments again there was silence.

"Tell us about it," said the Colonel.

"Does Sir George want to know how the English were driven back, and the Indian Prince and his men slain?" Big Thunder asked with flashing eyes.

"Yes," said Sir George. "The English soldier does not like to hear of being beaten. But if true, it is better for him to know it."

"And tell you about Tecumseh, and how Tecumseh fell?"

"Yes. Tell it all."

For some moments the Indian pulled vigorously at his pipe, and the men around the fire could hear his heavy breathing, as he drew in the fumes of the tobacco, and expelled them with every breath through his distended nostrils.

The last rays of the setting sun had disappeared, the wind had ceased, and the air was silent again, save for the croak of the lake frogs and the twang of a whip-poor-will in a neighbouring tree. By-and-bye the Indian laid his pipe to one side, and fixing his eye on a bright star in the west far above the horizon, he commenced his story.

"The Ojibways are of the Algonquin race," he said, "a people that roamed, before the white man came, from the rising to the setting sun. I will not tell you of our wars with the Iroquois and Hurons, and with the people of the Great Father—which made the number of our braves less and less, and our women so few that you could count them like tassels on a little field of corn. But twenty moons ago, war sprang up from a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand; and the people to the south of the lakes dug up the hatchet and hurled it against the white men and the red men of the north. So the Indians in council buried the hatchet among themselves; chose Tecumseh, the greatest warrior of the Six Nations, to be their chief; and swore by the Great Spirit, that they would stand to the death, side by side with their white brothers. Then it was that Algonquins and Hurons and Iroquois united as they never did before; and with the paleface Britons fought the common foe.

"Tecumseh led three thousand Indians to the fight, while White Chief Proctor led the British. For a while the enemy was driven back, their warriors fell by hundreds, and many of their scalps hung at the belts of Indian braves.

"Then the foe got mad, and gathering more men together drove our people

back to Amherstburg, where we fought them to the teeth. But the Great Spirit forgot that we were his people—our day turned into night—our victories into mourning. The Great Father's warships melted like snow beneath the sun and American cannons mowed down our men like grass."

The Indian was growing excited. He sat erect, with hands gripping the block beneath him, and eyes fixed afar off as if in a vision.

"Did I say the Yankees whipped the English?" he commenced again in hollow tones, forgetful of everything but the graphic outlines of his terrible story. "Yes, but the big white chief was a coward and a squaw, or it would not have happened. Tecumseh said so, and Tecumseh never lied. Nenimkee stood by him when the news came that all the captains and half the men on the lakes were dead, and the ships gone to the bottom. Then the Great Chief's heart shed drops of blood in anguish, but his eyes were dry, for an Indian never drops a tear.

"For a time the war-whoop was over. White men and red men fled back to the woods. Night and day they tramped through the forest back from the lake and on by the river. But the Yankees were after them in larger numbers, and scorning to die like dogs, the Indians turned to meet their foe. Although the coward Proctor forsook him, Tecumseh shouted the war-whoop of the Nations, and surrounded by his warriors with their tomahawks, met the horsemen from the south. Man after man did Tecumseh slay. Covered with blood and his body full of bullets, he sprang at last upon Chief Johnson, the Yankee foe, and dragged him to the ground. Then he drew his knife to strike him to the heart —but it was too late—he had gone to the spirit land and half his warriors went with him."

"Thank God, he died a hero!" exclaimed Sir George, with a strong effort at self-control, for excitement was depicted upon every face. "I knew nothing of it. Not a word has reached me. But it is terrible to lose so brave a chief as Tecumseh."

"There was no one like Tecumseh," continued Nenimkee in tones like the thrilling blast of distant thunder. "No one so strong—no eye so true—no heart so soft when his little ones and his Laughing Fawn were with him. His bullet went straight to the bull's eye, and his arrow to the heart of the moose. His tomahawk never wavered, but as lightning from the eagle's eyrie strikes the tepee of the Indian, so his eye smote his foes while his knife spilled their life blood at his feet. Now it is all over, and while the red man's blood cries for vengeance, his heart bleeds for his chief."

"How did you escape when so many were slain around you?" asked the Colonel.

"The sun went down as Tecumseh's war-whoop ended, and Nenimkee led his warriors deeper into the woods."

"Did you lose many men?"

"Forty braves went—only twenty came back."

"You did not join the troops again?"

"What use? All is quiet in winter. The Ojibways went straight to their wigwams."

"Do you know how the war goes this year?"

"Only that the fight is toward the rising sun."

"You will bring more news when you return."

"It will not take many days," said the Indian. "But the woods are thick—the rocks many—and part of the way there is no trail."

"Still, you will find the nearest road?"

"Does the crow fly crooked, or the night-hawk backward?" Big Thunder asked, sedately resuming his pipe.

"Nor does the Indian forget his cunning, nor the white man to reward his friend," said the Colonel, gravely. "You are going on the business of the Great Father, and he will expect his red brother of the forest to do his best."

"It is well. We will go quickly, and blaze the trees on the road, so that a fool, though blindfolded, could find his way back again."

"Could not a bridle path be made through the woods to carry provisions overland from Little York to Penetang?" suggested the Chaplain.

"A good idea," returned Sir George. "We need them badly enough; and it will not do at present to depend upon securing supplies by water."

"A good trail can be made, but it will take two or three suns longer," was Nenimkee's comment.

"We will leave it in your hands, then," said Sir George, rising to close the interview.

"The white chief shall be satisfied." With this Nenimkee left them, and at sunrise on the following morning, he started with his little party for Little York.

CHAPTER XXXI

IF it had not been for the game shot in the woods, and the abundance of bass and pickerel caught in the bay, provisions would have been very scarce at the new fort before summer opened. The heavy stock brought overland during the long march had served them well, but it was drawing near to an end; and all waited with interest, not to say anxiety, the return of the messengers from York. When they did come, they reported that the trail was open for pack horses and that supplies already purchased would soon be on the way.

In the meantime progress went on in the little settlement. The soldiers' quarters were completed and made comfortable, the pile driving for the prospective bridge was finished and even the stone walls of the new fort were in progress of erection. In agriculture something had also been done, for Indian corn and potatoes were growing well in the habitants' clearings.

What little they heard of the progress of the war was satisfactory, and during the long bright evenings the stringency of discipline was often relaxed. Then officers and men, with the exception of those on duty, would give themselves up to relaxation and pleasure.

Canoes had been purchased from the Indians, and swimming in the bay as well as spinning over its waters, soon became of nightly occurrence; and none among the men enjoyed the sport better than Harold. So one evening near the end of May, he took Helen out for their first long paddle. Captain Cummings and the Chaplain occupied a second canoe, while Sir George and Captain Payne enjoyed a quiet smoke as they strolled along the shore. The two birch barks struck out past the northern end of the island, and paddled abreast toward the mouth of the harbour. In the west the sun was setting in gold behind the trees, while above them the blue vault was dotted with little grey clouds fretted with spangles of silver. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the lake. Now and then a white gull flew from side to side or a sportive pickerel splashed the water as he rose above the surface.

In a little while Lieutenant Smith and the Doctor joined them, paddling over from the opposite shore. They had been hunting for partridge.

"What success?" called out Harold.

"Only two brace," was the answer.

"Why not come with us for an hour's run?"

"All right," and they dropped to the opposite tide of Harold's canoe.

"What a solitary outlook!" said Helen, casting her eye from shore to shore. "Not another boat to be seen and on land nothing but woods."

"It's a mighty picturesque spot, though," said the Chaplain, who was using his paddle a few yards to the right. "It is like the sea of glass spoken of in Revelations, reflecting the sky of the Orient."

"Or like the Paradise of the houris," cried Captain Cummings, "where the wood nymphs bathe in the lake and bask in the golden sunlight."

"It is the promise of a fertile country," said Lieutenant Smith, "which needs the woodsman's axe to clear it and the toil of the settler to cover it with homes."

"Yes, and to make it yield its thirty, sixty and a hundredfold," echoed the Chaplain.

"Mon Dieu! but you are all wrong," exclaimed Beaumont, taking off his hat and shaking his curly head. "It is simply the forest of Penetang, where the Iroquois and Hurons fought for ages, and where the Jesuits of my people shed

their life's blood and died among a race of unbelievers."

"That means, Doctor, that it resembles itself," chimed in Helen with a laugh. "You are just echoing ancient history—I would say it is like a Quaker's hood, the water is the face of the wearer, the tall trees all round it are the edge of the bonnet, the mouth of the harbour is the chin, and the little islands beyond are the untied strings."

A general laugh followed.

"Bravo!" shouted Cummings. "But what are you going to do with my nymphs in your Quaker bonnet?"

"Put them behind the island where they cannot be seen," was her laughing answer.

"There are nymphs there already," cried the Doctor, "but instead of behind the island, they are in front of it."

And glancing back they could see the Indian women bathing.

"I suppose the time will soon come when this little harbour will have ships upon it," said Helen, to change the subject.

"Yes," returned Harold. "Sir George brought instructions with him from England to build here the first brig."

"And when will he commence?"

"As soon as a saw-mill can be built—not long to wait."

"So there are lots of bright things in store for us, Mrs. Manning," put in the Chaplain with a laugh, "even if we have taken up our abode in a wooden country."

"Not a wooden country, Mr. Evans, but a country of woods."

"And pray what is the difference?"

"As much difference as there is between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."

Again a ringing laugh was carried far out over the waters.

"We men should always have you with us, Mrs. Manning, to keep away the blues," exclaimed the Chaplain, "and to that end, I am just praying for that castle of ours to be speedily finished."

"One would think," returned Helen, elevating her eyebrows, "when the builders work so hard, that the castle does not need your prayers. Would it not be better to pray for the arrival of a lady-companion for the only lady in the camp, lest she might get the blues?"

"That's what I say," cried the Doctor, energetically. "It's a deuced shame to have Madame alone at the fort without a single lady friend, and the sooner we secure a suitable companion for her the better."

"Rather rough on you, Manning," exclaimed Cummings, serenely.

"'Pon my word, Doctor, I'll have to call you out, even if you are a Frenchman," said Harold with a laugh.

"You know what I mean," returned the young man, his face flushing. "It was a mistake—a Frenchman's. I cannot think fast in English, you know."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Cummings with a guffaw.

Harold bit his lip.

"How pretty that sunset is with its deep golden yellow! So different from England!" said Helen, who did her best to repress a sigh. With all these men around her, even with her husband by her side, she was still alone.

"Yes, and with forest, and lake, and sky and island, there is a fascinating beauty," was Mr. Evans' comment.

"The Indians say that to the north and west, throughout the Georgian Bay, the islands are like the leaves of the forest, they cannot be counted," Smith remarked.

"Still new fields to conquer," added Harold.

"New beauties to explore," said the Chaplain.

The canoes had almost reached the "glittering sands" to the right of the mouth of the harbour. The sun had set and the gloaming was coming upon them with the placid stillness of a summer night.

"Suppose we return," suggested Helen. "It will be dark by the time we reach the shore."

"Paddle gently," ejaculated Smith, in a low voice. "Let us wait a bit. You see those bushes beyond the sandy beach. Three deer come down there every evening to water—a buck with growing antlers and two does. If you sit still and do not speak they will not notice you. The doctor and I will creep up a little nearer."

Smith, who was the crack shot of the party, picked up his rifle, while Beau-

mont, the skilled canoeist, paddled noiselessly toward the shore. The former had only time to creep under cover of the bushes to a spot where an open view could be obtained, when the deer, with heads erect and led by the stag, marched slowly down to the water's edge.

Not a paddle of the watchers moved, and scarcely a muscle. Beaumont sat in his canoe grounded on the beach, with eyes fixed on the deer, for he could just discern them beyond a stretch of sand. But Smith was invisible—a few moments of silence and suspense—with head bent forward the stag waded into the water, a doe on either side. Bang went the rifle. The stag reared and fell forward with a splash. Quick as lightning his mates turned and fled to the woods, while a cheer rang out from the men in the canoes, as they paddled over to the spot.

"It was pitiful to see the poor does," said Helen, sensitively.

"But it was a capital shot," returned Harold. "I was doubtful if Smith could do it in the gathering darkness. It will make a good addition to our vanishing larder."

When they drew near, Beaumont and Smith had dragged the handsome buck farther on to the beach.

"Will it be safe to leave him here until the men come for him?" Smith asked, as he received the congratulations.

"I doubt it," said Beaumont. "Hark! yonder are wolves howling already. They must be hungry to be out so soon."

"The buck is too heavy to take in our canoe," said Smith. "Unless the Doctor—the lighter man—can return in yours."

"Have him come with us," said Helen to Harold.

"Certainly," was his answer. "There will be no danger with such a perfect canoeist."

In a few more minutes they were paddling homeward. The half moon was hovering directly above them and its sheen glowed in silvery light upon the water.

"Give us a French boat song, Doctor," said the Chaplain, who knew that he had a rich tenor voice.

"Not before Miladi," was his answer. "If Madame will favor us first, I will follow."

"What will you have?" said Helen.

"A song of the chase or a boat song, we don't care which," said Smith.

"Well," replied Helen with a smile at the ardour of the men. "If you can imagine it is morning instead of evening, perhaps Scott's 'Hunting Song' will do."

The paddles almost ceased playing, and in the still night her rich contralto voice filled the air from shore to shore.

"Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And our feet have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green.
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay.

"Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed.
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken lords and ladies gay.

"Louder, louder, chant the lay—
Waken lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time! Stern huntsman! who can balk
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay."

Sweetly the echoes died away over the water, thanks of appreciation were murmured, and they were calling upon Beaumont to fulfil his promise, when another song was wafted from the shore towards them.

"Why that's Bateese," cried the Doctor. "He can sing better than I can. Listen to him to-night, mine will keep for another day."

"Hearken!" whispered Helen. "How quaint it is!"

"Plus jolie femme ees nice an' neat,
I sorry ven I leave 'er;
Mit eyes so blue an' lips so sweet,
She's cunnin' as de beaver.

"She love me well, dis gal of mine,
For her I toe de scratch, sir;
Ba gosh! her name is Emmeline,
An' I will be her match, sir.

"For she vas reeche, wid pater's gold,
On farm down by de rivare;
But mon cheval, it had be sold
An' all my tings, pis aller.

"But now I work so hard again
To make up for my losses;
An' nevare more will give her pain,
But cover her wid kisses.

"And from dis time I'll work and wait
As nevare yet did lover;
An' pray Mon Dieu to bless our fate,
An' make her mine forever.

"Den my sweet vife, ma fille so true,
Wid my fond arms around her,
Vill bless ma life, sweet entre nous,
An' make me still de fonder.

"An' when de leetle garçon come,
An' fille so p'tite an' jolie;
We bless de Lord an' for de same
Will give him all de glory."

The last verse almost took Helen's breath away; and forgetting all about Beaumont's song, she bade the officers good-night, and with Harold hastened on shore to their own dwelling.

TO BE CONTINUED

Fancy

BY LILLA NEASE

FAIR Fancy! though you have changed with years,
Your faithful subjects you can't deceive;
You are still the sprite that won our hearts
In the childish days of "make-believe."

Oh! gladly we'd bridge the stretch of years
To thrill again with the joy of youth;
'Neath the spell that bore us far away
From the uninviting realms of Truth.

When all we wished for, and all we planned
Were ours, at will, from your changeful store,
And our future dreams beneath thy wand
A free and bountiful harvest bore.

Linger awhile, for the years glide on,
Creeps surely the time when we'll bemoan
The treasures you long have ceased to give,
And know the fickleness all our own.

For age will laugh at our beautiful faith,
And her touch of scorn will make us feel
That you, fair Fancy, must be deposed;
Alas! on your throne must sit the Real.

The Other Miss Robbins

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE tone in which I requested our new stenographer to enter was not cordial. I am not an unkind man, but I had already waited ten minutes, and I disliked to wait. In order to make her aware of this in the most delicate manner possible I shrugged my shoulders slightly and glanced at the clock. Then I glanced at her and I trust that I will not impair the interest of the story if I state that I never shrugged my shoulders in quite that way again.

She was a little thing. Her hair was brown and fluffy, her eyes were brown and soft, her lips were very red and curved like a child's. She looked so young and so timid and so very unlike a stenographer, that I felt thankful for the knowledge that after all she was only a substitute engaged for a month.

"Good morning," I said. "You are Miss Robbins, I presume."

"Miss Kathrine Robbins," agreed the girl in a subdued voice.

"Just so. I understand you offer to fill your sister's place for a month until she is at liberty to free herself from her contract with Messrs. Bolton & Co., and take up her duties here." Miss Robbins gave an inarticulate assent. She looked inclined to cry. I placed a chair.

"The testimonials of your sister, Miss Elizabeth Robbins," I continued, wishing to encourage her, "are all that can be desired. Indeed, they are of exceptional excellence. Had they not been so we could not have considered the proposition of keeping this position open for a month's time. We dislike change in this office. Get the best of help and keep it is our motto, and your sister's recommendations were so far above the average that we decided not to lose the chance of securing one so competent. Our former stenographer, Miss Stalker, was with us fifteen years. She is dead."

This announcement, which I am sure I made with all solemnity, produced a curious effect upon Miss Stalker's successor—she smiled. I thought she must have misunderstood me.

"It was a great loss to the firm," I remarked gravely. Miss Robbins stopped smiling. The frightened look which had faded out of her eyes while I was talking began to return.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't mean—the way you put it sounded so funny—I beg your pardon, I'm sure." It was clearly a case of pure nervousness. I decided to overlook it.

"You will feel more at ease if we proceed to business," I said kindly. "We will attend to the correspondence first. You are of course competent to take dictation?" I asked the question quite as a matter of form, but to my surprise the young lady looked doubtful.

"Fairly competent, I believe," she said, "but you know I have not had Elizabeth's training—I fear you will find my work very ordinary." But in this she was mistaken, for work more extraordinary it has seldom been my lot to discover.

We began with the correspondence, business letters, short and to the point, of the kind common to every office. I am not a rapid speaker and Miss Robbins appeared to follow me fairly well. I began to feel easier in my mind. But I exulted too soon. It was when I had reached a climax of denunciation in an open letter to a certain Mr. Stiggens, upon a question of burning political import, that the first hitch occurred.

I had come to a pause more for lack of breath than for scarcity of words, when I noticed that, although my stenographer was gazing at me with fascinated eyes, she was taking no notes and had not apparently been doing so for some time.

"What is the matter, Miss Robbins?" I enquired, not unkindly I hope.

"Oh, Mr. Stephens," said the girl, "I am so sorry. I am afraid I—that is I—the last word I caught was 'infamous'."

Perhaps my dismay may be imagined. Such a thing had never occurred to me before. In fifteen years not once had the estimable Miss Stalker failed me! To repeat a political article with anything like its former force and fervour is hard, but to repeat it in cold blood, in measured speech and with one eye on your stenographer, is impossible. Beside I was not even aware how far she had followed me; the word "infamous" might have occurred anywhere.

But I am not an unkind man and I decided to make allowances. I began again, slowly this time, and got through somehow, though the finished article was sadly different from its fiery predecessor, and I did not find occasion to use the word "infamous" once. I trust that the young lady was aware of my forbearance, when I left her to her typewriting with no further reproach than that which a look of resignation may have conveyed.

It was really remarkable how soon Miss Robbins seemed to recover from her first nervousness. She had not been at her work more than fifteen minutes when I became conscious of a curious sound above the click-click of her machine—the new stenographer was humming! At first I could hardly believe my ears. Such a thing was entirely unprecedented. I glanced anxiously toward the door which separates my private office from that of our head clerk, and felt thankful that it was tightly closed. If the young person must hum it were better that the sound should scandalise as few people as possible. For myself, I am a kindly man and can put up with a trifle of annoyance if necessary.

Presently the humming came to an abrupt end and the cause thereof wheeled her chair around to mine. There was a meditative expression in her eyes and she sucked her pencil. I was surprised, but, I trust, courteous.

"Mr. Stephens," said she with quite a confidential air, "do you spell 'deceive' with an 'ie' or an 'ei'?"

Shade of Miss Stalker! Here was a state of things. I felt that I must be firm. In a tone which I calculated must be several degrees below zero, I began, "I believe it is usually spelled—" and then suddenly I realised that I did not know in the least how it is spelled. I may have known a moment earlier, but now my mind was a blank. Meanwhile Miss Robbins sucked her pencil and waited. I beat a disastrous retreat. "There is a dictionary on the shelf," I remarked, lamely.

"It is the most provoking word," said my stenographer, rising reluctantly. "One time I spell it 'ie' and the next 'ei,' and neither seems ever to be right. When I am writing it I just make both letters exactly alike and put the dot for the 'i' between them. Then no one can say whether I made a mistake or not. But you can't do that in typewriting," regretfully.

I cleared my throat. I don't know just what I had intended to say, nor why, in the end, I did not say it. After all she was only a substitute. I turned grimly to my desk again and began to sign my letters.

"Oh, don't you read your letters?" asked a surprised voice beside me, as Miss Robbins laid the political article on my desk.

"I have never found it necessary."

"Oh!"

I began to have an uneasy conviction that perhaps that blessed state of affairs had passed. "Until now," I added.

With a sigh I picked up the open letter and glanced at the first page. I gasped. There in plain sight was the salutation, "My dear Mr. Stiggens. *My dear* Mr. Stiggens!" Horror was plainly written on my face.

"Is anything wrong?" asked the delinquent timidly. I mastered myself. I did not wish to appear unkind. Besides, what did she know of the perfidy of Stiggens?

"It is not customary," I said slowly, "to begin a letter written in the tone of this one in so familiar a manner. I would suggest 'Horatius Stiggens, Esq.—Dear Sir.'" Miss Robbins flushed.

"Why that was stupid of me," she assented. "I might have known that you would not call him your dear Mr. Stiggens when in the body of the letter you speak of him as a 'blazing idiot.'"

"What?" I almost shouted.

"Well, didn't you?" with an injured air. "Look, this is the place. You say, 'The appointment of such a blazing idiot to a position of such trust is a shame and a disgrace.'"

I gazed helplessly at the typewritten words. Of course I had never said it, but the horror of such a thing appearing in the public press over my signature awed me into silence. I grew cold at the thought of what I had escaped. Had I followed my usual method and neglected to read the typewritten article! It was with difficulty that I regained command of myself.

"I think," I said, "you will find it is not my custom to make use of language so undignified, it is degrading, and quite unnecessary. The sentence in question, if I remember rightly, ran in this way, 'The appointment of one so *utterly incompetent* to a position of such trust, is a shame and a disgrace.'" Miss Robbins examined her note-book carefully.

"Well," she assented, doubtfully, "it might be that. In fact it might be anything. And, as you say, the two expressions mean exactly the same thing. Shall I cross it out?"

"You will re-typewrite the entire article," I said, "after I have overlooked it." And I felt soothed to note that my stenographer looked very much like a little girl who is told to stay in after school hours and do her task properly. Still, though I am not naturally an unkind man, I am inflexible in all matters touching my business standing and dignity. The article was re-typewritten, also most of the letters, which all began wrongly and ended in all kinds of erratic ways.

"I wanted to have them different," explained my stenographer cheerfully. She was a timid-looking girl, but she certainly was cheerful under difficulties. Before the day was over the many excellencies of Miss Stalker seemed to have faded into air, into thin air. It seemed scarcely possible that I once had dictated to an amanuensis who was sure of her own shorthand and who never used a dictionary, nor hummed during office hours, nor shook hands when she said good-night.

When she was gone that evening, after I had recovered sufficiently from the cordial handshake with which she left me, I thought things over. As I believe I have remarked before, I dislike to be unkind, indeed I felt that in this instance I could not be so, and after all, a month is only a month at longest. Also the testimonials of Miss Elizabeth Robbins, her sister (I looked them over for comfort) were so exceedingly above the average, that I felt myself justified in waiting. If the dictionary were a good one and I was very careful to read over my letters, the firm might stand it for a month. At this point in my reflections (I have never been able to account for it) I laughed. I seldom laugh, in office hours never, and yet I felt unreasonably vexed when Johnson, the head clerk, opened his door and looked in anxiously. I felt that he had taken a liberty, and showed it. It is strange if a man may not laugh in his own office.

The days which followed were eventful ones, especially the day upon which she told a hard-pressed creditor of ours who called up over the telephone in my absence asking for an outrageous extension of time, that he need not mention it, we weren't worrying if he wasn't. Also the occasion upon which she enclosed two estimates to rival firms in the wrong envelopes, a proceeding which caused me to make more diplomatic evasions than was at all good for a sensitive conscience. All reverses, however, were met by the same cheerful spirit in Miss Robbins, and the abilities of Miss Stalker seemed to grow more unreal and impossible every day.

Only one thing I noticed seriously depressed my little stenographer, and that was the mention of her sister, the Miss Elizabeth of the testimonials. The merest utterance of the name was enough to bring a frightened and sad look into her eyes, and more than once at a chance reference I saw them fill with tears. She positively refused to discuss her sister's merits in any way. I am not a curious man, yet I wondered at this and at other things, chiefly why her gloves were threadbare and her dress unmistakably worn. She must be very poor, I thought, and yet her sister must have been making rather a good thing with Bolton Bros. Perhaps her sister, though evidently so clever, was not generous, perhaps she was

even unkind. And at this thought I grew warm, not being an unkindly man myself. I am sure that it was an impulse of pure kindliness which made me offer her tickets for "Othello" that night—a night which will not be forgotten in our city for many a day. She had said she had never seen Shakespeare played and had admitted that she would like it.

"Once I nearly did," she informed me; "but there was only one ticket and I had to go alone. I got as far as the outside door, but I simply could not make up my mind to go any further."

"Well," I said, "I really wish you would use my tickets to-night, for otherwise they must be wasted as I have accepted an invitation to be one of Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone's box party. Perhaps Miss Elizabeth would accompany you." Her eyes filled with tears. I was really becoming very curious upon the subject of this remarkable sister.

"Thank you," said Kathrine gratefully, "I should love to go, but Elizabeth can't come. I can take Annie with me though; she is a little younger than I, but we will be all right if we are together." I repressed a sigh; another chance of seeing Miss Elizabeth gone! "Then it is settled," I said. Kathrine blushed and seemed undecided. She raised an anxious face to mine.

"It will be lovely," she said, "but really, I hardly know—what do people wear in the kind of seats you have given us, Mr. Stephens?"

"Wear," I said helplessly, "wear—why I have never considered the question, my —my child."

"I mean," she said eagerly, "do they dress up—wear their best clothes?"

I tried to think. "Y-es I think they do," I decided.

"You see," explained Kathrine, "we would not like to look different from the others; it always seems so ill-bred to be dressed up when other people are in their everyday clothes." In spite of myself I looked at her shabby black dress and felt something very strange in my throat.

"It is indeed," I said gravely, "the height of ill-breeding."

I was in good time that night and sat well to the front of Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone's box in a position which gave me a good view of Kathrine and her sister. Annie was a pale, slight girl with a look of habitual ill-health. Kathrine had roses in her cheeks and the light of pleased excitement in her eyes. She really was an exceedingly pretty child. There was no doubt that they both wore their best clothes and were quite satisfied therewith. The fact that others had better dresses did not appear to count, they wore their "best" and that was enough.

To me as I watched her face it seemed like seeing "Othello" for the first time all over again. I forgot that the company was but a provincial one, that Iago mouthed and Othello ranted, while Desdemona was inclined to be school-girlish. I forgot that I had ever seen Henry Irving and Miss Terry, and found it all very splendid and delightful. Then suddenly a "something" made itself felt. The packed house seemed to thrill for a moment and then stop breathing. The actors faltered in their parts. Then for a second there was silence. Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone half rose from her seat.

"Be still," whispered her husband, fiercely. A woman down in the pit gave a frightened cry.

"Idiot," groaned Smyth-Fetherstone, "we're in for it now." The next instant and the whole house was surging for the doors and the air seemed already dim with smoke. Our box was on the ground tier and I vaulted over the railings. Mrs. Smyth-Fetherstone had her husband and her brother—Kathrine had nobody.

Then I thought of the fire escapes. I knew where they were. In the first blind panic they had been forgotten, none had remembered to turn the lever which opened the doors to them. I knew where it was, too. But Kathrine—how could I leave her, she might be trampled under foot; still—well, I had to do it.

"Kathrine," I shouted. I saw her standing there holding her fainting sister in her arms. She seemed too dazed to move. The smoke was already thicker, but she saw me.

"Wait," I shouted, and ran for the stage and the lever. The smoke was dense there but at last I found it and pressed hard. Something seemed to give.

If the doors were not open now they never would be. I cursed the man who had run away from his duty. Kathrine might be dead by now. I groped my way back. Thank God she was still there! But the smoke was thicker. I fought my way to their side and took her fainting sister in my arms.

"This way," I said, "and don't faint, Kathrine." Then I did what I have never been able to justify nor ever strong enough to condemn. I knew that I should have shouted to the struggling mass at once and taken my chance, but my chance meant Kathrine's life. For a moment or two, eternities it seemed, I fought my way in the direction I knew. Then, not till then, when it seemed we had a chance, I shouted:

"This way—the fire escapes."

The next moment we were swallowed up in the maddened throng. I am a strong man and I held my charges strongly. Soon we felt the fresh air in our faces and knew that we were safe. Strong hands lifted us out of the crush—we were out in the blessed night again. As we passed through the fire lines I heard a sobbing woman say:

"God bless the man who remembered the fire escapes."

Kathrine heard too and pressed my hand. But I, knowing of those moments when I had let them fight their way to death, was silent. Yet who in my place had been strong enough to do otherwise?

It was passing strange how soon the wild excitement faded; twenty minutes later as we plodded toward Kathrine's home (others needing the cabs worse than we) it seemed impossible that such a terrible thing had happened. Had we really been in danger?

"Don't cry," I said to Annie. "We will be home before Miss Elizabeth has had time to be afraid."

Even then the mention of the sister's name had its old effect on Kathrine. She began to cry too. And I, well I determined to see Miss Elizabeth Robbins for myself.

"It is here," said Kathrine, as we stopped before a rather dingy house. A motherly looking woman opened the door. She had just heard and her face was white with fear.

"Oh, Mrs. Clark," said Kathrine, "we are quite safe—Mr. Stephens has brought us home."

"I was greatly feared," said Mrs. Clark, with a broad Scotch accent. "I thought the twa lassies were alane. But come awa in, ye must have had an awfu' experience." I felt ashamed of my curiosity.

"I will say good-night now," I said. "I will return and see if I can be of any use." But Kathrine pulled me by the hand. Her face looked very white and drawn.

"Could you come in for a moment," she said, "just a moment? I want to tell you something." I followed obediently.

"I will tell you all about it presently, Mrs. Clark," she said to that lady, who would have accompanied us. "This way, Mr. Stephens." She led the way into a small room, plainly but pleasantly furnished, but cold—there was no fire in the little stove.

"We live here," said Kathrine, simply. "It is Mrs. Clark's house, we have rooms and board ourselves. Annie," with a loving look at her younger sister, "is housekeeper."

"And Miss Elizabeth?" I asked. Kathrine burst into a flood of tears. Then Annie came and touched me gently on the arm. Her eyes were wide and solemn.

"Didn't you know," she said, "Elizabeth is dead?"

I sat down by the fireless stove and looked at Kathrine. Slowly, very slowly, for I fear I am not a quick man, I began to see daylight. I waited patiently until Kathrine's sobbing ceased.

"I wish you would tell me all about it, Kathrine," I said. I am not an unkind man, but if I ever wished to be kind to anyone in my life it was to these two girls —especially Kathrine.

"She was our sister," said Kathrine at last. "She was much older than we are. She always took care of us and worked for us. She never would let me take a position. Her salary was enough for all we needed. I never even went through a business college—the little I know Elizabeth taught me. Then suddenly—she was sick only a week, she died. We had

a little money put away and we lived on that while I tried to get some kind of a situation. But I had no recommendation and no one would take me. Then, when the money was all gone—I—I was desperate. I took Elizabeth's testimonials and sent them. At first I thought I would pretend to be Elizabeth, but I knew that would be useless—she was so very clever. So then I thought of being a substitute—for a month."

"But," I said, "when the month was over?"

"It was a month's money anyway," she said wearily, "and then I thought perhaps I might get a little experience and —just perhaps—one little testimonial, which would help me to take some kind of easy position and—oh, it was a cheat, I know. You were so kind, and I was so ashamed. Then after to-night I felt I could not do it any more."

So the mystery was explained at last, such a sad little mystery. For once I found it very hard to say anything. At last I suggested that we ask Mrs. Clark to make a fire. Kathrine cheered up at once.

"Oh," she said, "that is something I can do. It was part of my education." So together we made the fire and boiled the kettle and had some tea. Not the kind of tea I prefer, but though weak it was warming, and though it did not inebriate, it cheered. Then I remembered that I must go—there was much to do in the city that night.

"But Kathrine," I said as I resumed my coat, "I fear I cannot promise you that testimonial." Kathrine nodded gravely.

"I don't expect it now," she said.

"Because," I went on, "we are a conservative firm, we dislike changes in our office. Our former stenographer, Miss Stalker, was with us for fifteen years, and we hope to keep our present one until—well, until she accepts a better position."

The Conqueror

BY J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON

"HE did his best!" Can we not almost see
The whole life history of such a man?
Can we not surely say, "He found the key
To life's short span?"

Did fortune smile or frown? It mattered not,
He did his duty with a noble zest,
Living his life, contented with his lot,
Doing his best.

"He did his best!" Some things he did amiss;
But now that he is gently laid to rest,
What nobler epitaph could man deserve than this,
"He did his best?"

British Parties and the Colonies

BY THE EDITOR

THE people of Great Britain are having their affections disturbed just now. They like foreign trade, because it gives them a great deal of profit. They have a tender feeling towards the colonies, because they are members of the national family. The painful disturbance occurs when some person suggests that if they are too fond of their foreign trade, they may lose their colonies; and then another cruel person suggests that if they are too fond of their colonies, they may lose their foreign trade. This causes a conflict of sentiment and feeling. The Britisher would like to keep both the foreign trade and the colonies, and will part with neither without a struggle. "What we have we hold," is the motto of that country.

If the people of England—I cannot speak of Ireland or Scotland—were forced at the present moment to decide between colonies and foreign trade, I think they would be inclined to let the colonies go. They would do this in the hope that they might still retain their friendship and their international support. The foreign trade once lost, could never be regained. This has been their attitude for nearly a century, to a greater or less extent. It has been the attitude of both political parties, speaking generally; although of late years, the Conservatives have professed a change of heart.

Fortunately, it is not likely that the choice will have to be made. With the exercise of ordinary discretion and deliberation, both the colonies and the foreign trade may be retained for many years to come. Possibly the most necessary step in the retaining of both, the most desirable event in the political world, is the defeat of the Balfour government. It has been a strong government in many ways, but it has made some serious mistakes in administration. Mr. Chamberlain is a tower of strength to it, but he has made love and affection for the colonies a party cry. Perhaps he did not intend to do so, perhaps it was unavoidable; yet the result is not wholly desirable.

This is a point which Canadians would do well to keep in mind. It is not in the interest of the colonies that Imperialism should become the football of party politics; that one party should be known as the Imperial and the other as the Anti-imperial. Mr. Chamberlain is the strongest and most active influenee in British politics to-day, and while he has done much for the colonies he is now doing some things which are not quite so beneficial. If he continues to pose as the only Imperialist, he will arouse opposition to the cause which under other circumstances would not be brought into play. Mr. Lyttelton, the colonial secretary, seems to be tinged also with this overzealousness. The other day he had a meeting in his constituency which he styled an "Empire Garden Party." This phrase is in bad taste, to say the least. It was my good fortune to attend the dinner of the South African Association in London in July, where I heard much excellent imperial sentiment. The Colonial Secretary's speech, however, jarred upon me. No doubt he was in earnest; no doubt the Irish members and some of the Radicals have hampered his good intentions; yet these circumstances do not wholly excuse the bitter partisanship of his utterances on that occasion.

The defeat of the present government would bring in the Liberals. They, like the Liberals in Canada between 1886 and 1896, have been driven into a somewhat unpatriotic attitude. Lengthy periods in opposition breed coldness, disloyalty, and cynicism. The Liberals in Canada almost became Annexationists, because of their long residence in the cold, damp vaults of Opposition. It is the same in Great Britain. The accession of the Liberals to power will mean greater national unity, less cold water for Imperialism, and a broader interest in colonial development. Affection for the colonies will then cease to be the garment of one party; it will become a national garb, worn with equal grace and pleasure by leading Liberals and Conservatives.

Current Events Abroad.

AT the moment of writing, Japan's peace terms are in the hands of Russia's plenipotentiaries, but there is an understanding that they are not to be made public until they have been discussed and accepted or rejected. It is impossible, therefore, to set them authoritatively before the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE this month. The Associated Press, whose reputation for reliability is well founded, publishes what it claims as the main terms. They are (1) Reimbursement of Japan's expenditure in the war; (2) cession of the Island of Sakhalin; (3) cancellation of China's leases to Russia in the Liao-tung peninsula, comprising Port Arthur and Dalny; (4) the evacuation of Manchuria; (5) the recognition of the "open door" principle; (6) the cession to Japan of that portion of the Chinese Eastern railway between Harbin and Port Arthur; (7) the recognition of the Japanese protectorate over Corea; (8) the grant of fishing rights along the shores of Russian Siberia from Vladivostock northward; (9) the giving up to Japan of the Russian naval ships interned at neutral ports; and, lastly, the limitation of Russian naval strength on the Pacific Ocean. This is evidently more than a guess, and is likely to be a close approximation to Japan's demands. They are stiff, but the main point is that Japan is in a position to enforce them all whether Russia grants them or not. That is the real inwardness of the situation. If M. Witte rejects them we will hear immediately of another smashing Russian defeat in Manchuria.

The Emperor William's talent for breaking out in unexpected places was displayed in his arranging a meeting between himself and his brother Emperor, Nicholas, in the Gulf of Finland, where the two imperial yachts met by prearrangement. What formed the subject of the conversation has not been made manifest, but a liberal crop of guesses has resulted. The first question was who proposed the meeting. Did the German Emperor send an invitation to his brother sovereign to visit him on his yacht, or did the latter offer to do so? Even this important preliminary enquiry remains unanswered. A popular explanation of the meeting is that it was concerned with the political changes in the Scandinavian peninsula, and there is some corroborative evidence that the Kaiser is excessively interested just

THE CZAR (to his subject)—"You furnished the men for my war, and now you must pay for not winning victory for me."
—Cleveland *World*

now in all the countries which border on the Baltic. During the yacht trip of which the meeting of the Emperors was an incident, he took occasion to philander with the Danish Court and to flatter the aged King Christian.

"Banzai!"—*Punch*
Britannia's Greeting to Japan

Just at this juncture, while he was playing the part of protector, it might almost be said master, of the Baltic, the announcement was made that the autumn manœuvres of a division of the British fleet would take place in that sea. It is not difficult to conceive how distasteful this announcement was to Germany. Soon after, it was noised abroad that Berlin was endeavouring to secure the adhesion of all the Baltic powers to the principle that the Baltic was a closed sea so far as the fleets of non-Baltic powers were concerned. That such a proposition has been made seems likely, in view of the fact that a Russian newspaper alludes to it and rejects it with some show of ill-nature. Indeed, there are not wanting signs that the recent meddlesome activity of the Kaiser is rather nettling to Slav susceptibilities, and it is not difficult to get their point of view. The Russian Court must have felt the slight implied in the Kaiser's Moroccan measures. Could there be a plainer intimation that St. Petersburg no longer counted, and that the great man of Europe, alone and unapproachable, was the war-lord of Germany? However true this may be, it is none the less grating, and the Russians will feel with chagrin that the German Emperor has taken the opportunity of their external and internal troubles to put them out of the concert of nations. This resentment is undoubtedly reflected in the Russian newspapers' somewhat angry rejection of the proposal with regard to the Baltic.

There will be a disposition to disbelieve that William has ever made such a proposition, not because of lack of will but because of the improbability that it could be enforced. Not one of the non-Baltic nations would accept such an addition to the code of international law. One paper publishes a detailed list of the battle-ships, armoured cruisers and protected cruisers of the British navy, together with a summary of the third-class cruisers, torpedo gunboats and scouts.

As—"Not missing anything on the way down."
—Pittsburg *Post*

destroyers, torpedo boats, torpedo ships, and submarine boats. It is truly a formidable showing. In the list are 54 battle-ships, ranging in tonnage from 10,500 to 16,600, and in speed from 13 knots to 20; 35 armoured cruisers, ranging from 9,800 to 14,500 tons, with speed up to 24 knots, and 39 protected cruisers, ranging from 5,600 to 11,000 tons, with a speed up to 22 knots an hour. In addition to these leviathans there are 25 third-class cruisers, 28 torpedo gunboats and scouts, 159 destroyers, 40 torpedo boats, 1 torpedo ship and 29 submarine boats. The might of Darius and Xerxes pales before the incalculable force catalogued above, and at the head of the list might well be put the query: "Can this fleet be kept out of the Baltic?" This is the crux of the whole matter. It is one thing to declare the Baltic a *mare clausum* and another to secure the acquiescence of the one power which can make any such declaration ridiculous.

While this would be necessary at any time, it was never more necessary than now, when one of the powers whose maritime strength was depended upon as a makeweight in any opposition to the dominance of British war tonnage has been virtually erased from the slate. It has been the aim of the British admiralty to maintain the fleet at a strength capable of coping with any conceivable combination of powers. In this possible combination Russia has been rendered impotent and France is friendly, and moreover, has no direct interest in declaring the Baltic a closed sea. The difficulty, therefore, of imposing a new rule on the nations renders it unlikely that the Kaiser ever attempted so hopeless a task, and one which would be sure to involve him in ridicule or worse. But megalomania is a progressive affliction, and leads its victims to strange confusions of imagination and reason. There is no good cause why Great Britain and Germany should not be the best of friends. There is really no cause of quarrel between them. Their interests do not come into conflict, unless it be their commercial interests. There is sharp rivalry, it is true, but it surely should not take the form of deadly hatred of each other. It may be hard to be judicially minded in such a case, but I think it can be fairly said that Germany is or was the aggressor, and is prompted thereto, it is to be feared, by an insane envy of the extent of Britain's Colonial Empire.

When Germany and France were in death grips in 1870, the British Government and people preserved the strictest neutrality. The people naturally had their preferences and sympathies with one side or the other, but certainly the sympathisers with Germany were not inferior in numbers to those who sympathised with France. When, however, Britain's day of trial came there was an universal feeling of rancour exhibited from one end of Germany to the other, and the

most vituperative things appeared above academic names. This coming hard on the heels of the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger, naturally angered the British people greatly. It was impossible to set it down to chivalrous espousal of the Boer cause. There is no nation in Europe which is less accessible to the cry of the down-trodden than the States which own William as ruler. Does anyone remember German opinion being roused by Bulgarian atrocities or Armenian massacres? It is difficult, therefore, to attribute the storm of anti-British feeling that swept over Germany at that time to any other cause than a real antipathy to Britain and everything British. The British people are returning this antipathy with interest, and would welcome any distribution of alliances among the European powers which would leave Germany isolated.

NOT IN THE PICTURE

SCENE—On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

MR. PUNCH (Photographer, suavely, to the Kaiser)—"Just a leetle further back, please, Sir. Your shadow still rather interferes with the group."—*Punch*.

Nor is this an impossible achievement. The Emperor has been managing foreign affairs in his own way, and it may be that he has got them in a pretty mess. It is plain that the desire by which he is possessed, to figure as the most potent ruler in Europe, is having its effect in Russia. There is nothing inherently improbable that Britain and Russia might come to an understanding. There is already great cordiality between Britain and Russia's ally, France. If William should wake up some morning and find that combination staring him in the face he might conclude that he was scarcely big enough for Bismarck's shoes after all.

The British Parliament has been prorogued and in spite of catchpenny defeats Mr. Balfour finishes his session with a good majority. The bye-elections have undoubtedly shown that he is greatly weakened in the country, but he seems determined to dissolve in his own good time. *John A. Ewan.*

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"The whitethroat calls across the dusk,
From woodland sweet with pine and musk,
What time the purple twilights rest
Upon the city's glimmering breast—
'Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada!'

The night wind hushes and more near
The sound of revelry I hear;
And by the star-light's opal beams
My woodbird whispers in its dreams—
'Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada!'"

—*Helen M. Merrill.*

WOMEN'S EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY

MRS. JOHN LANE, who writes in too piquant a fashion to be called a scold, has been lately expressing herself in an English magazine to the effect that women save not wisely but in the wrong place. She thus criticises the penny-wise policy of her sex:

"What self-respecting man would lunch off a sultana cake, a tart, or an ice? Show me the self-respecting woman who has not done it. At what age can the girl-child be taught that what is too cheap is usually very dear? The majority of women never learn it. How many a woman goes out to buy a warm woollen frock and returns home with a be-chiffoned tissue paper silk, because it was cheap and looked so 'smart.' That ghastly, temporary smartness which is a kind of whited sepulchre! I think there is no doubt that the English women—and I include the Americans—are the most extravagant in the world. A Frenchwoman once expressed her amazement to me at the enormous amount of money English women spend on what is as useless as froth. Chiffon is the bane of the Englishwoman; she drapes herself in cheap chiffons, while a Frenchwoman puts her money in a bit of good lace. She adorns herself with poor furs where a Frenchwoman would buy herself a little thing, but a good little thing. Finally, when the thrifty Frenchwoman has gathered together quite a nice collection of lace and fur the Englishwoman has nothing to show for her money but a mass of torn and dirty chiffon, whose destination is the rag-bag. After all, it is an age of wax-beads and imitation lace, and they represent as well as anything our extravagant economy. . . . If the Englishwoman would only take to the chiffons of cooking instead of the chiffons of clothes! It is an extravagance to cook badly; it is an extravagance to buy things because they are cheap; it is an extravagance to waste time in doing what someone else can do better (if one can afford it). . . What we women need most of all is to be taught unextravagant economy, which includes the value both of money and of time, for the day is coming when women's time will really be worth something."

AFTERNOON BRIDGE

"I DON'T play cards in the afternoon," said a woman at what is called "one of the fashionable summer resorts of Canada." When she was asked what her objection could be to afternoon bridge, she replied thoughtfully: "When I go away for the summer I want the lake breeze, the walks along country roads and all of the outdoor life I can get. But I don't believe in card-playing in the afternoon, even in the winter, for women who have home responsibilities. It is making a mere amusement into a dissipation, and some women are so

emotional that they become gamblers before they know why they are so fond of bridge. It's a good game," she concluded, "but why make it anything more than a game?" Canadian women as a rule have a healthy love for outdoor sport and are not in immediate danger of becoming bridge fiends. But it is just as well for us to remember in time that in amusements as in politics and religion: "Moderation is the silken string that runs through the pearl chain of all the virtues."

WHEN LIFE IS SIMPLE

IF one refers to an article in the *Outlook*, the Canadian reader blandly assumes that the New York publication of that name is meant. But there is another *Outlook* coming from London, England, which every Canadian household would do well to place upon the library table, even if *Woman at Home* or the *Ladies' Home Journal* has to be sacrificed. In a recent number of the English *Outlook* there was an excellent article, "Simple Recipes," which exposes much of the modern cant of simplicity:

"Of course the simple life ceased to be possible from the moment that more than three or four families took to living within the same square mile. Law, duty, etiquette, a profession, taxes, the three 'R's' are complicated things. So are cooks, modern digestions, ambitions, clothes, railways, motors and games; and we cannot shed them all. But what people generally mean by the simple life is something with cheese and a country cottage in it, with top hats and frock coats out of it, the selections and exclusions to be made endurable by the cultivation of a general appreciation of dullness. This sort of interpretation has been ludicrously apparent in one of the daily papers which has recently devoted much space to the simple life. One lady's recipe was a breakfast of nice fruit and 'the whites of two eggs beaten up in milk till the spoon would stand upright.' More than half the proposals, if not so precise as this, were of the nature of ingenious little dodges: a shed in the garden, a punch-ball in the stable, predigested cereals for supper, a wife who could cook; as if life consisted of meals and muscles. As compared with the rest the Alsatian peasant at any rate has this merit, that he sees simplicity to be a spiritual thing. Cheese and a cottage complicate life if your digestion is weak and your desires urban. So poverty is a less simple state than the possession of an income, because you are forced, if not into envy—the chief deficiency from simplicity—into struggle with unessential details, with the effort to get hold of something which is of no matter. A livelihood and life clash. But occupation is a small part of the problem. No man approaches simplicity till he has a creed of some simple sort by which he can test the complicated motives of the hurly-burly.

"At present those who chiefly boast of seeking the simple life are not the most simple. The American apostle of physical culture whom we have quoted gives the lie direct to simplicity. He would have us do something because it is good for something else, which he accepts from a complicated argument as the thing to aim at. Now the perfect simplicity is to think of the thing in hand. Instinct, for example, is the very sum of simplicity. No doubt as a genus men owe some superiority to the emergence of reason which comes from the possession of a number of instincts, parallel and cross Between these we, as complicated beings, must find a way to decide, unless, like the ass flanked by equal bundles of hay, we are to perish from want of will to decide on the more pleasant."

AN EX-EMPRESS

IF the story of the Empress Eugénie were written as a romance, it would be regarded as highly sensational fiction. Not long ago I came across some old illustrated magazines which had been bought in a second-hand shop, and on the stained yellow pages were wonderful pictures of Napoleon III and Eugénie in all the glory of their extravagant Empire. Surely no woman ever had more startling changes in her career, or had better reason for saying "all is vanity." The woman whose marvellous gowns and costly jewels were once the talk of Paris and even of Europe, now walks about in the parks of the city, a lonely figure in black. Her only son died in the service of the country which the great Napoleon found his most stubborn enemy. The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes an interesting paragraph describing the ex-Empress as she appears in modern Paris:

"Passing through the Tuileries gardens I noticed the tall figure of an old lady, in deep black, walking slowly, with the aid of a stick, among the children and nursemaids who throng that somewhat dreary resort. It was the Empress Eugénie, who walked there on a spot where once a palace stood in which she

had reigned as Sovereign, and where now the children played; and she passed unrecognised, forgotten. Time dulls the edge of recollection; but even the thirty-four long years that have gone since the yells of the mob in the Rue de Rivoli, a few yards away, proclaimed the fall of the Second Empire, can scarcely have sufficed to efface all the memories of those other days. I turned into a side alley and watched, discreetly. The bent form in black was standing, leaning heavily on her stick. Three little girls were circling round her, absorbed in some game; one brushed against the sombre robe unheeded. The Empress seemed to be living in the past."

IMPERIAL LETTERS

IT was in a happy moment that the Daughters of the Empire thought of establishing correspondence between school children in different parts of the British Empire. Geography, which might be made one of the most vitally interesting subjects in the school course, but which is usually a matter of dry definitions and colourless maps, ought to gather more of human interest through this imperial correspondence. A small boy in Winnipeg hears from a small boy in Melbourne, and his horizon broadens until he realises what a different and yet the same world the Australian lad must know. A little girl in our Canadian London writes to a little girl in Auckland, that island which is "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart," and the map of Canada and the map of Australasia suddenly take on a new meaning for the young correspondents.

THE NEW EMBROIDERY

A REACTION has set in against machine-made garments, and the most cherished articles of dress at present are those which are hand-embroidered. If the spring hats were ugly beyond redemption, the summer brought alleviation in the form of the lingerie hat which is becoming to most women, and is positively picturesque on the head of "sweet sixteen." Our grandmother's samplers hang in reproach for our lack of skill in needlework. But we are beginning to improve the idle hours with linen and floss once more and, after all, the woman whose eyes do not brighten over a bit of dainty embroidery is not an ornament to her much-maligned sex. All the "magazines for women" are devoting pages to this elaborate work, but for really useful and illustrative articles on this "home industry" the "Corticelli Home Needlework" is easily first. Embroidered articles, including hats, parasols, collars, blouses, aprons, buttons and pillows ravish the eye and persuade the most indolent young person to take linen, needle and silk in hand in the hopes of evolving a hat approaching in attraction the pictured designs. A pleasant little explanation is given of "Hedebo," the new Danish embroidery, which is the name of the barren plains of eastern Denmark, where nothing but the heather grows; hence the name Hedebo, which means "people who live on the heather."

THE WELCOME HOSTEL

THE movement towards establishing a receiving home in Toronto for the girls sent out by the British Emigration Society has already resulted in the purchase of a neat and commodious house on Wellesley Street. The Government has made a grant of one thousand dollars and private contributors have been generous, while it is expected that this Women's Welcome Hostel, as it is called, will soon be self-supporting, as is the case in Montreal and Winnipeg. Her Excellency, Lady Grey, asked to be patroness, and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams has been an interested member of the board. It will be a great relief to distressed housewives to feel that maids who are sent from this distributing centre have been highly recommended by home authorities.

Speaking of hostels, there is an interesting article in the *Century Magazine* dealing with Lady Warwick's hostel at Reading:

"The hostel consisted of a house, with twenty acres of land, on the outskirts of Reading, a town forty miles from London. Here a dozen students took up their residence, paying a small sum for board; for it was not Lady Warwick's idea to make her scheme a charitable one. The girls attended the classes at the Reading Agricultural College, and what they learned in theory they

applied in practical work in the dairy and the conservatories, in the market garden, the poultry run and the beehives of their own little farm.

Early to rise, early to bed, was their motto—and no nonsense. They rolled their own lawn and killed and trussed their fowls; they baked their own bread, made their own jam, and marketed what produce they did not use. At the head of the hostel was a most capable woman, who set an example of hard work and cheerfulness. Lady Warwick was indeed very fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Edith Bradley, now the warden of the college at Studley Park. But this is anticipating events. For six years the hostel at Reading continued its work, each year more cottages and more land being added. In 1901 the students had outgrown their quarters and it was then that Lady Warwick, with princely generosity, bought the beautiful castle of Studley, with its 350 acres, to give her college the room to expand that it needed. By this time her scheme had been justified by its results. It is unnecessary to give a list of the certificates and diplomas that the students won at Reading. Suffice it to say that not a single student left the hostel without gaining a post which gave her a fair means of livelihood. The majority took appointments in big country houses as superintendents of the dairy, the garden and the conservatories; for the care of flowers was one of the chief branches of the work, and every year one of the sights of Reading was the show of roses and chrysanthemums at Lady Warwick's hostel.

Some of the girls who had a little capital, set up for themselves in poultry farms and dairy farms, and have done very well, although they have had their ups and downs.

It is in these ways that a number of girls have been able to gain a livelihood from the land. If, by the way, you should go to Warwick Castle when you are next in England, ask to see the conservatories and the gardens, for they are all under the management of a lady gardener If you could see the table at dinner you would be delighted with the artistic arrangement of the flowers. And you would then be convinced that it is not only horticulture that the students learn, but that they are also trained to make life beautiful."

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HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who was Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, became the wife of Queen Victoria's third son, Prince Arthur, on March 13th, 1879, when she was only eighteen years of age. Her husband is now the only living brother of King Edward. During their residence in Ireland the Duke and Duchess greatly endeared themselves to the people by their active interest in the country's industries. Their elder daughter, Princess Margaret, was married this summer to a Swedish Prince. Their only son attained his majority last year, and their younger daughter, Princess Patricia, is the most attractive of the group of English princesses.

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PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

ENGLISH TRAITS

THE Canadian may learn much from the Britisher; the Britisher may learn much from the Canadian. The Canadian may learn that impatience, impetuousness, lack of self-control, are not virtues to be cultivated too highly; he may learn that no private corporation should be allowed for more than a few moments to demand an extravagant price for a public necessity; he may learn that corruption in politics can be eliminated by public opinion; and he will surely see that selfishness in men of wealth is not a British characteristic.

The calmness with which the Britisher takes his meals, and stops his work at four o'clock in the afternoon to drink a cup of tea, is a lesson which Canada may profitably study. When the lesson is learned, the patent-medicine business will not be so profitable in this part of America as it is at present. Accompanying that calmness and even superior to it is their admirable self-control. At times this is so marked as to be painful, and one wishes that a crowd or an audience would display some enthusiasm or anger, as one sees it displayed in America. Their cheers and applause are decidedly decorous, and at times insipid and almost unmanly. The self-restraint in speech and conduct, this slowness to anger, make rudeness among servants of all kinds impossible. The cabbies are gentle and respectful; so are the policemen, the bus drivers, the train attendants, the waiters, and other such classes. If there is an American party on a bus, in a public dining-room of any kind, they will be heard before they are seen. If there are only British people present, the laughter and the conversation will be subdued. This same quality gives a dignity to newspaper and political utterances. These are always the expression of a gentleman's opinions, couched in language which he deems worthy of himself. The veneration which they have for history, historical precedent and ancient lineage, is a natural accompaniment of their habitual mental attitude.

THE EMBLEM OF BRITAIN

You seldom find it necessary to pay an extravagant price for anything. A Britisher may be a millionaire, but he never gives a porter or any other kind of servant sixpence for a penny's worth of service. He pays fairly, never extravagantly. For this reason he believes in government ownership of telegraphs and telephones, because the monopolistic character of these services might enable a private individual to exact an unfair fee. For the same reason, he favours municipal ownership and operation of the tram or street car service.

He does not believe in corrupting the electorate, and he makes elaborate pro-

vision for preventing it. A member of parliament may hire an agent at so much a year to devote his whole time to organising a particular constituency; he may hire halls, pay for printing, make subscriptions to cricket clubs and other associations, but he may not pay a cent to the men who do extra work on his behalf at election time. He may spend more money in a term than a Canadian member does, but he makes sure that not a vote is influenced dishonourably. In all this, public opinion is his master. To run counter to that public opinion is to ostracise himself from good society.

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The selfish seeking after wealth is not admired in Great Britain, as in Canada or the United States. It is difficult to define in exact terms this difference, but it can be felt. British life has its faults, but the general tendency is to hold those in check. The proper use of wealth, rather than the mere possession of it, is made the test.

In London, the business men do not rush as they do in Canada and the United States. The average British financier and business man is like the captain on the bridge of the vessel, the general on an eminence overlooking the field of battle. He stays in the one position and issues his orders. Moreover, he is never flurried, never in haste. A man who showed haste in this country would be regarded as one lacking in culture, in class. If you want to see a business man, you know where to find him—in his office. If you go to that office you will find him there between ten o'clock and one; between two-thirty and four—perhaps after taking a cup of tea, he may remain until five-thirty or six. If you go without an appointment, you may see him or you may not. If he has any business of importance on hand, he will not see you. He feels that he ought not to work; but as he has decided to do so, he ought to be interrupted only by arrangement. Anything sudden and out of the usual order seriously annoys him.

Perhaps the real basis of this custom lies in the fact that the British merchant deals in large amounts. He is not buying a case of goods, he is negotiating for a

H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES AND KING OF SPAIN
From a recent photograph

cargo, a ship load, a million cases. His decisions are important. Large transactions are possible when all the ships of the world are in your ports, or will be during the year; when governments, princes, trusts and millionaires are your customers; when your trade is with all the races of the world, black, yellow and white. The merchant who deals in less than cargo lots may be seen with much less difficulty.

This lack of rush is splendid. It is restful and it inspires confidence. The people think. They organise their business and their waking hours in such a way as to enable them to think quietly and extensively. They employ managers and head clerks, and trust them. Some of these managers and head clerks have been in the employ of the firm for a little less than a hundred years, and they are to be relied upon. They do not rush—master doesn't approve of it. They take their time and do their work deliberately. When it is done, it is well done; it does not require to be done over again. In the end, this method accomplishes just as much as the other. In the meantime, it does not work the master too hard. It

DR. J. O. ORR

Manager and Secretary of Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto

allows him to keep his nerves and stomach in good condition. A broken-down Englishman, weakened in health because of close application to business, is almost unknown.

—

When you go to London, do not try to use the telephone. The following of this advice will save you much time and worry. If you have an urgent message to send, use the post office telegraph, or ring for a messenger. There are two telephone services, one controlled by the post office, the other by the National Telephone Company. Some people have one line, some another. The two are competitors and refuse to facilitate each other's business. In five years the post office will take over the National, and in the meanwhile the latter proposes to make all the money and trouble possible. For eternal cussedness, commend me to the private corporation with any sort of monopoly. Five years from now when there is only one telephone company in London, there will still be trouble, because the city is large and the number of exchanges is necessarily great. There will be this advantage, however: When you do not get proper attention, you will know where to place the blame.

All the trunk telephone lines between cities are owned by the government and operated by the post office. Some cities have civic telephone system, some have the National Company in charge, some have the post office system within their borders. Subscribers in towns where the National Company does business are penalised when using the trunk lines. The post office subscriber pays six cents for 25 miles, twelve cents for 50 miles, and so on. The National Company subscriber pays this and an extra fee of six cents where the Trunk Wire charge does not exceed 36 cents; eight cents if between 36 and 72 cents; and twelve cents if over 72 cents. This, of course, gives the post office a chance to get into the towns desiring new services installed. Civic telephone systems are on the same footing as if the system were owned by the government.

—

I went to a cricket match in London. I had heard that there were such things at Lord's and I was anxious to see what it was like. Of course, I intended to waste part, perhaps the whole, of one afternoon on it, as necessity demanded. Ye ignorant colonial was staggered when he was informed that the match lasted three days. Play started each day about eleven-thirty and lasted until two. After three-quarters of an hour for luncheon, the game proceeded, and play kept up until six-thirty. I went each day for three days. There were 10,000 people there the first day, 12,000 the second, and slightly fewer the third. Many of them brought their luncheons, some bought their luncheons on the grounds. There are several dining-rooms and two or three bars where food as well as drink is sold. It was a magnificent sight—the players on the beautiful green lawn, the club house or pavilion with its extensive galleries and the covered grand-stands extended all around the field.

What was most noticeable was that the people were not there to see either side win. They were much more anxious to see good cricket, to learn to detect the

marks which distinguish one batter from another, one bowler from the other. Every good play was applauded, without reference to side. There was no unseemly shouting as we have at baseball, lacrosse and hockey, in Canada. No gentleman in England would be so rude. On the whole, I think it is an improvement. The slang and cat-calls of a baseball match in Toronto have always seemed to me to keep the game in disrepute with respectable citizens.

This cricket match was between eleven Gentlemen (the capital letter is English style), and eleven players. The latter are professionals, and played much stronger cricket. I was anxious to see C. B. Fry bat, because he is the editor of a magazine and is reputed to be the best run-getter in England. He made nine the first innings and six the second, so I was disappointed. The best batter for the Gentlemen was P. F. Warner, Esq. (as the card had it), who made 59 and 97. He batted very carefully and slowly, and seldom hit a ball up into the air.

Cricket is a fine game, and one could wish it were more played in Canada. It is not often, however, that players could take three consecutive days from business to play a match. Still the boarding schools and the colleges might play it more, and an annual match between McGill and Toronto might become as much a social feature as the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge, or that between Eton and Harrow.

It will be seen from these remarks that to spend three days at a first-class cricket match is to be enthused, even if one has not played the game for twenty years.

—

The Britisher eats often and consumes much food. The climate seems to allow this, for one seldom meets dyspeptic people. They eat slowly and with wonted dignity. Even more noticeable is their habit of drinking only as an accompaniment of eating. When a man drinks a glass of beer, he wants a sandwich with it. He drinks wine and whiskey with his meals, never between meals. The habit of dropping into a public bar or the club in the afternoon, or late in the evening,

EARL ROBERTS
Who is engaged in urging more citizen rifle clubs

for a few drinks, is an American, not a British habit. Pouring liquor into an empty stomach is a ridiculous custom, which amazes the Britisher. Consequently the average Britisher looks healthy, has a fine colour, appears to be well-preserved, and always has some reserve strength.

Moreover, while he loves a good dinner, he hates unnecessary waste. The other day an American gave a dinner for a score of people at the Hotel Savoy, which cost several hundred dollars a plate. It was served in a gondola built for the occasion on a lake made in the courtyard. The other features were in keeping, one artist getting a fee of $1,000 for two or three songs. This event pained the Britisher very much, because it brought the possession of wealth into discredit. He wrote about it in the public prints with considerable disgust. He has no objection to a man spending $25,000 in purchasing a single race-horse, or to another purchasing a rare painting at a cost of $100,000; but to spend $10,000 on a dinner for twenty-five people is brutish, wasteful and selfish in the extreme. It shows a lack of that self-control and discipline which the Britisher believes to be essential qualities in a gentleman. *John A. Cooper.*

About New Books.

TWO RIVER BOOKS

THE lordliest river of Canada affords subject matter for two volumes lately published:—"The Saint Lawrence, Its Basin and Border-Lands,"* by Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt. D., F.R.S.C., and "The St. Lawrence River, Historical—Legendary—Picturesque,"† by Mr. George Waldo Browne. The former volume is strictly historical, the latter deals rather with the romantic aspects of the river. Dr. Dawson dedicates his book to Sir Wilfrid Laurier as "the foremost representative in the present day of the people whose deeds are recorded herein." From John Cabot's first voyage to the arrival of the loyalists and English settlement of Ontario and Acadia, the history of the development of that great Laurentian region is carefully and graphically unfolded. Of especial interest is the chapter dealing with the "Corte-Reals and Portuguese Discovery," as that episode in the story of American discovery has been too little known, although "the early geographical history of the Maritime Provinces of Canada is plainly written in the earliest Portuguese maps." The achievement of the task set himself by the author of "The Saint Lawrence" is marked by scholarly research and the literary grace that renders such work more than a mere chronicle. To the modern Canadian who sees the twentieth century stretching before him as a highway of progress, the lives of such men as Cartier, Champlain and La Salle ought to be familiar reading, but we fear that the newspaper too often takes the place of such literature as "The Saint Lawrence." It is a far cry from old St. Malo, or the Bristol of 1497, to modern Montreal, and it is a poor Canadian whose imagination is not stirred by this conclusion: "We have passed from John Cabot's little vessel two thousand miles into the interior of the mainland he first touched, to the Sault of Lake Superior, where locks nine hundred feet long bear the monstrous craft which carry a traffic already larger in volume, if not in value, than the traffic through the Suez Canal, between the hoary continents of Europe and Asia." The forty-eight illustrations, particularly the reproductions of old maps, are valuable and well chosen, although the frontispiece, "Go-home Bay," is not so closely associated with the river's history as "Portrait of Champlain," or "The Town and Fortifications of Montreal in the 18th Century."

"The St. Lawrence River" by Mr. George Waldo Browne, the author of "Japan; the Place and the People," and "Pearl of the Orient," is admirable in reading matter, type and illustrations. The latter are seventy-six in number and in themselves form a kind of pictorial history. Mr. Browne seldom forsakes the banks of the "reever" and devotes himself to the picturesque and legendary features of the region, rather than the purely historical. The descriptive writing is fresh and vigorous, avoiding the excess of the gushing tourist and yet doing justice to the scenery of the great river, which, in the words of the author, seems conscious of its gigantic work of "carrying to the sea in its drinking-horn one-third of all the fresh water on the globe." It would be interesting to have a companion volume in the "Ottawa River" or the "St. John." The lines of Professor Roberts come to one who

*"The St. Lawrence, Its Basin and Border-Lands." By Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt. D., F.R.S.C. Illustrated. 451 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†"The St. Lawrence River. Historical—Legendary—Picturesque," by George Waldo Browne. Illustrated. 365 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.

"I AM HAPPY, MOST HAPPY TO SERVE YOU, MOST NOBLE YOUNG LADY!"

From "Maid Margaret," by S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

lays down the chronicle of the St. Lawrence:—

"O sacred waters, not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
Ye sound us in triumphal tone
The summons of your high refrain."

EDWARD FITZGERALD

It is much to be able to say of a man that he produced "a single small volume of imperishable quality." If Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam could have been spoiled or coarsened it would have been sullied by the cheap and indiscriminating admiration lavished upon it during the last decade. But it has stood the severe test of popularity and those who felt its charm from the first hold it yet as a poem apart though they may refrain from quoting "a book of verses underneath the bough," since the stanza thus beginning has become the stock quotation of young writers who contribute light and sentimental fiction to the August magazines. Mr. A. C. Benson's biography of Fitzgerald in the "English Men of Letters" series,* is written with a fine appreciation of his place among the poets of the last century and with a penetration that discovers "a certain childishness of disposition, indolence, a weak sentimentality, a slackness of moral fibre, a deep-seated infirmity of purpose." Fitzgerald's philosophy, it is objected, was not bracing. Well, we know where to go for the tonics of literature—"Rabbi Ben Ezra" and Henley's "Out of the Night." But there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon. His biographer has these final sentences on Fitzgerald's gift and grace:

"To enrich the world with one imperishable poem, to make music of some of the saddest and darkest doubts that haunt the mind of man—this is what many far busier and more concentrated lives fail to do. To strew the threshold of the abyss with flowers, to dart an ethereal gleam into the encircling gloom, to touch despair with beauty—this is to bear

*Edward Fitzgerald, by A. C. Benson. Toronto: Morang & Co.

C. G. D. ROBERTS IN CAMP ON THE MADAWASKA

a part in the work of consoling men, of reconciling fate, of enlightening doom, of interpreting the vast and awful mind of God."

THE WHITE PERIL

Since the large Russians and the diminutive Japanese have met in peace conference under the kindly eye of President Roosevelt, who once rejoiced in the leadership of Rough Riders, the interest in Eastern affairs has become even keener than it was during the months when the fate of Port Arthur seemed uncertain. "The White Peril in the Far East,"* being an interpretation of the significance of the Russo-Japanese War by Sidney Lewis Gulick, M.A., D.D., is a book which is timely, and which has the further recommendation of being well written. In thirteen chapters, the writer, who is evidently familiar with Jagan, treats of the Japanese Empire from Pre-Meiji times down to the present crisis. He shows clearly the cause of the reaction against foreigners, and also of the recent eagerness to study and adopt Western methods. The question—"Is Japan Oriental or Occidental?" is shrewdly discussed, the conclusion being:—"In her social evolution, Japan has definitely crossed the line that separates the Communal from the Communo-Individual social order, whereas in Russia these principles are to-day in deadly struggle, the Communal principle being still dominant. The chapter on "The Yellow Peril vs. The White Peril" is more than arresting to those who have complacently called the people of the East "uncivilised." The writer has the courage of his convictions, as the following sentences show:—

"The presence of the white man in the Far East has been distinctly destructive of morality. We count the Oriental immoral, but do we realise that we have helped to make him so? The most serious hindrance to Christian work is the immoral life and selfish spirit so universally exhibited by white men in those lands."

NEW NOVELS

Mr. Hewlett is one of the few living novelists. Since the publication of "The Forest Lovers" he has held a peculiar place among English writers. He has so much of the poetic quality that his novels can hardly be classed with modern fiction. His work is unmistakable in its strong depiction of the picturesque and the primitive. In "Richard Yea-and-Nay," we were given a masterly study of the king whose warring nature worked its own destruction. Mr. Hewlett's latest book, "The Fool Errant"* has neither the exquisite delicacy of "The Forest Lovers," nor the dramatic fire of the Coeur-de-Lion story. But the narrative of the adventures of "Francis Antony Strelley, Tennis-ball of Fate," is better worth reading than any other novel of the year, in spite of the author's defection. Francis is too much of a fool to enlist public sympathy, but the Italy of the eighteenth century lives and breathes and palpitates as we follow the unhappy Englishman from Padua to Lucca.

The author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" has written a new novel entitled "At the Sign of the Fox,"† which, although characterised by a sprinkling of clever phrases, is lacking in the spontaneity which made her first book entertaining. The "lesson" of the book is that work is the greatest thing in the world. But the heroine who takes to the manufacture of

* "The White Peril in the Far East," by Sidney L. Gulick. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

* "The Fool Errant," by Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: Morang & Co.

† "At The Sign of the Fox," by Barbara. Toronto: Morang and Co.

sandwiches and the serving of English breakfast tea, combined with the painting of wonderful animal pictures and who ends by throwing herself into the arms of the "hired man," an artist in disguise, is a bewildering young person, even for the modern novelist to evolve.

Ridgwell Cullum, author of "The Story of the Foss River Ranch," has written "In the Brooding Wild,"* a book in which the mountains and the woods overshadow the human beings whose lives belong to the wild. It is difficult to tell what happens at the last, but we are informed that it is a "sorry drama."

In his latest book "Maid Margaret,"† Mr. S. R. Crockett returns to Galloway and resorts to the time-honoured device of letters found among famous archives for his story. It is a narrative of stormy times and strong people, told in somewhat jerky fashion. One is almost forced to describe such a book in comparative terms and declare that it is not quite so good as Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," but very much above "The Maid at Arms," and that dreary stuff, "A Phantom Crown."

"Princess Sukey,"‡ is the story of a pigeon and her human friends, told by Miss Marshall Saunders, of Meadow Brook Farm, Nova Scotia, in so natural a fashion that we quite expect the Princess to "coo" when we come to the last page of her story. It has become the fashion to have a princess as heroine, but few of the royal personages in modern fiction are as restful as Sukey of the greenish-yellow eyes.

BOOK NOTES

Professor Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia University, New York, has contributed to the English Men of Letters series a volume on William Hickling Prescott, which is admirable in style, although at times it is over-laudatory of Prescott's "splendid vitality." The writer in speaking of Prescott's rank as a historian finally says:—"Without the humour of Irving, or the fire of Motley, or the intimate touch of Parkman, he is superior to all three in poise and judgment and distinction." (Toronto: Morang and Co.)

MAURICE HEWLETT
Author of "The Fool Errant."
Toronto: Morang & Co.

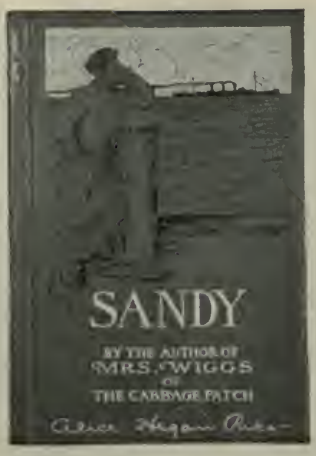
"The Studio" as an illustrated magazine of fine and applied art is easily the first publication of its class, both in range and quality. In the June number the work of Joseph Simpson, caricaturist, and the etchings of Count Louis Sparre, are the most unusual features, while "The Venice Exhibition" and the reproductions of the water-colour drawings of architecture by Kossiakoff in the July issue are exceedingly fine. (The Studio: 44 Leicester Square, London).

"A History of the Pacific Northwest," by Joseph Shafer, M.L., appears "by a fortunate chance" at the opening of the World's Fair at Portland, Oregon. The story of settlement is vividly told and the writer displays less of the jingoistic spirit in writing of "The Oregon Question" than do his journalistic countrymen. In fact,

*"In the Brooding Wild," by Ridgwell Cullum. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†"Maid Margaret of Galloway," by S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡"Princess Sukey," by Marshall Saunders. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs.



there is a reserve in relating the deeds and development of the pioneers decidedly refreshing in this age of superlatives. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

"The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, 1904," by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., is a useful and carefully compiled record of the Dominion's doings which means a great deal of work and an exercise of the discriminative faculty on the part of the compiler. Political affairs naturally occupy a large part of the volume, as there was a Dominion election held in November, and Ontario was on the eve of elections at the close of 1904. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

In the *Monthly Review* for July, "A Clerk of Oxenford" writes an interesting review of "John Davidson: Realist." The article on "The Battle of the Sea of Japan," by L. Cope Cornford, is illuminating both as "a retrospect and a moral." Canadians as well as Englishmen would do well to remember that "ships and the art of war are for the professional; but the men who direct and man them are our affair, too . . . . . The fight of the Sea of Japan proves the inestimable and prime importance of the man as distinguished from his weapons." (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

The Government has issued an illustrated booklet, "Canadian National Park," which, the first page informs us, was "published by the direction of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior." The illustrations, especially those in colour, are very fine and the description of the park and its neighbourhood is in keeping with the picturesque subject.

Professor W. P. Trent edits selections in prose and verse from "Southern Writers, making a volume of more than five hundred pages. Of these writers, Edgar Allan Poe is the greatest, and a happy selection has been made from his poems, but admirers of Sidney Lanier will regret certain omissions in the choice from his verse. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

"The Limestones of Ontario," by Willet G. Miller, provincial geologist, is published as Part II of the Report of the Bureau of Mines, 1904. It is illustrated and comprises 140 pages. It may be secured from the King's Printer, Toronto.

"Who's Who in Paris," is a valuable biographical dictionary of the leading members of the Anglo-American Colony of Paris, 1905, which fulfils the promise of the preface—"brief, bright and crisp." It is entertaining even to those who have no intention of visiting the gayest city in the world, and should be exceedingly useful to one desirous of knowing something of what English-speaking residents of Paris have done. Especially interesting to Canadians is the article "Relations Franco-Canadiennes," by the Hon. Hector Fabre, C.M.G., Commissioner-General of Canada. (Published by the American Register, Paris, and edited by W. H. Ingram, B.A.)

Canadians are glad to welcome Sir Gilbert Parker to his native land. He came out in August for a rest from his political and literary labours. A novel which he has had in preparation for some time will appear in serial form in Harper's Magazine next year.

"'Mid The Thick Arrows,"* by Max Pemberton, is a story of adventure in the dashing, breathless style of "The Impregnable City" and "Kronstadt." It is a book that many will enjoy for "summer reading," and can be safely recommended to keep the reader awake.

*Mid the Thick Arrows, by Max Pemberton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.

Idle Moments.

THE JAPANESE GAME

The Japanese josh jiu-jitsu
Is a terrible thing if it gitsu;
You're up in the air
Before you know where
You're at when the awful thing hitsu.
—New York *Mail*

BOYCOTTING THE WAR

Richard Barry, one of the few successful correspondents with the Japanese forces, tells, in the New York *Times*, some amusing stories of the trials and tribulations of his colleagues at the seat of war:

"It appears that, shortly after the beginning of hostilities, there were a number of American correspondents in a portion of Northern Manchuria still held by the Russians who were very anxious to secure from the St. Petersburg Government permission to accompany the troops southward. This permission was denied, and notification given the correspondents in a body. 'We think you are making a great mistake,' said one of the correspondents to the officer who had read his Government's telegram.

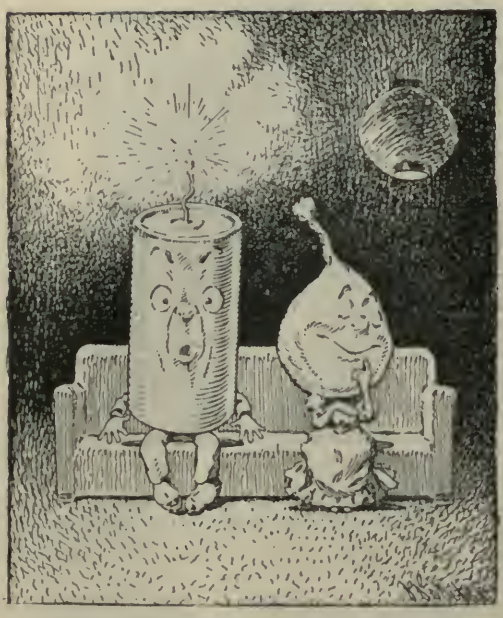
"'Possibly,' returned the polite Russian, with a smile; 'but I don't see how it can be helped.'

"At this juncture a brash young man from Chicago interjected with:

"'It seems to me that your Government is taking a big chance with us. Suppose

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

DOCTOR—"Well, John, how are you to-day?"
JOHN—"Verra bad, verra bad. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me!"
WIFE—"'Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the Doctor's physic?"—*Punch*.



TORPEDO—I do believe Mr. Firecracker is going to pop —*Life*

we should collectively and individually advise our publications to refrain from advertising your old war?'"

AN EPICUREAN STEW

"Sitting opposite to me in a down-town oyster-house the other day," says a writer in the New York *Press*, "was one of those fastidious men who undertake to transmit instructions through the waiter to the cook. He wanted an oyster stew. As nearly as I can remember, these were his instructions:

"'Now, waiter, kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and milk merely mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the liquor. The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good, rich milk and nothing but the best gilt-edged butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod salts. No ordinary stock oysters for me. Do you understand?'

"'I think so, sir,' replied the waiter, 'but do you wish the oysters with or without?'

"'With or without what?' asked the customer.

"'Pearls, sir.'"

GOOD REASONING

"You see, my son, every time that you are naughty papa gets a gray hair."

"Oh, but *you* must have been naughty. Look at grandpa!"

NOT THAT KIND

"No," said Miss Winthrop-Bradley-Winthrop, "your ancestors did not come over in the *Mayflower*, as mine did, and I cannot marry you!"

"Do you know why they did not?" replied Mr. Johnstone Smythe de Jones. "Well, I'll tell you. They were not the kind of people who travel on excursions."

Saying which he strode haughtily from the room.—*Washington Life.*

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"Dr. Bronson, your bill actually makes my blood boil."

"Then, madam, I must charge you fifteen dollars more for sterilising your system."—*Life.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

AN OLD FORT

THE shores of Lake Champlain are full of historic interest for France, Great Britain and the United States. Beautiful as the lake is, the picturesque country surrounding it knew many bloody scenes in the days when the European nations were fighting for the new continent. Later on, during the American Revolutionary War, several fierce battles were fought in this region, and again in 1812 the forces of Great Britain and the American Republic met in conflict within sight of Lake Champlain. In one of Hawthorne's books, he gives a quaint sketch of old Fort Ticonderoga, which had known the flags of three nations, and which now lies in ruins with yellow blossoms springing where rollicking soldiers had eaten and drunk. The old fort here pictured is also in ruins, and it is hard for the summer visitor to imagine the days when there was war, so quiet is the present scene, with the tall grass growing over the spot where carousing and fight had once echoed within the stout walls. The fortress was abandoned so long ago that

AN HISTORICAL SPOT—OLD FORT CHAMPLAIN IN QUEBEC
Interior view of ruins

A QUAINT STOVE IN A HOUSE AT THREE RIVERS

trees and shrubs are growing freely within the crumbling walls and a more peaceful spot could hardly be imagined for an afternoon's reading or an evening's stroll. In "Fort Amity," by the Cornish novelist, A. Quiller-Couch, the scenes near Lake Champlain as they were enacted in the time of the Seven Years' War and the later struggle between England and her colonies are graphically depicted.

A QUAINT STOVE

THE owner of the modern "range" in a city flat would be rather at a loss to know where to put such a substantial stove as that photographed above. It is, however, the most useful article in an old kitchen at Three Rivers. To the right is a French bake-oven of long ago, in which was cooked many a good meal before the modern stove with its many devices had entered into the mind of the inventor. Above on the mantel the candlestick lingers as if unwilling to yield place to the searching light of electricity which, in Quebec, is taking the place of every other method of illumination. But it may be hoped that it will be long before modern "improvements" will spoil the roomy kitchen and demolish the fire-place that has given comfort to several generations. One of the most interesting manufactories in the old days was "The Forges" at St. Maurice; the stove in the picture, however, came from the more modern establishment at Lotbinière.

THE AMERICAN OUTDONE

The English merchant and the American merchant were talking. Each was fully conscious of his own self-estimated pre-eminence. "Why," said Jonathan, "in my firm the clerks use 30,000 gallons of ink a year. I guess you will understand what a large number of clerks we have?"

"Oh," said the Englishman, "your office is evidently nothing compared with mine; why, we actually saved that much ink in a year by ordering our clerks not to dot their i's."—*The Tatler.*

THE BRITISH WARSHIPS AT QUEBEC IN AUGUST

This is a view from the Levis side of the St. Lawrence—The citadel is seen just above the second battleship from the left.

Photograph by S. H. N. Kennedy, Quebec

THE

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The Beginnings of French-Canadian Literature*

By BENJAMIN SULTE, President Royal Society of Canada

IN tracing the beginnings of French-Canadian literature in Canada, I cannot deal personally with the period previous to 1860, as it was only about that time that I began scribbling. Yet before describing the later period, it is necessary to glance at the earlier.

Let us pass over the newspapers and the seven hundred books and brochures published in French between 1765 and 1860, and confine our discussion to purely literary publications. The earliest review was dignified with the title *La Bibliothèque Canadienne*, and was first published in Montreal in 1825 by Michel Bibaud. It was a well-selected historical, literary and scientific miscellany. It appeared up to 1830, completing in all nine volumes, which are to this day still consulted. In 1830-1 Mr. Bibaud published *L'Observateur*, making two volumes similar to those just referred to and followed this in 1832 with two volumes of the *Magasin du Bas-Canada*.

Five or six ephemeral productions devoted to literature next saw the light at Quebec and Montreal between 1833 to 1838. *Le Coin du Feu*, issued at Quebec from 1839 to 1841, had merit. All these publications drew principally on European contemporaries.

From 1845 to 1847, the *Revue Canadienne*, Montreal, furnished three interesting volumes, and two other volumes under the title of the *Album*. *La Ruche Littéraire*, 1853-59, was warmly welcomed by readers generally, and did something towards developing the latent literary tendencies of the people. At the same time the *Canadien*, *Courrier du Canada*, the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* lifted themselves above the limitations of the ordinary newspaper press by opening their columns to other productions than political articles and the news of the day. The *Echo du Cabinet de Lecture* should also be mentioned.

M. BIBAUD
Magazine editor and poet
Photo by Notman

*That Mr. Sulte is here writing in what is to him a foreign language, accounts for the peculiarity of his style.

F. X. GARNEAU
Historian
From an engraving

HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU
Novelist
Photo by Livernois

It made fifteen volumes well got up, and covering a wide variety of subjects. It was in its pages I published my first verses. *Le Répertoire National* in four volumes, published in 1848, was a collection of all the best that the French Canadians had produced up to this time, and saved from oblivion much of the earliest works of writers for the most part unknown to the general reader of to-day, and whose names were not in all cases appended to their productions.

From 1850 to 1860, the literary element began to come to the front. We find with increasing frequency the names of Chauveau, Parent, Ferland, Taché, Crémazie, Fabre, Stevens, Langevin, Provencher, Le Moine, Faillon, Chevalier, all of whom produced works that live. This period shows that a start had been made in the direction of study. The newspapers, reflecting the impulse, gave publicity to numerous literary compositions, doing their full share towards the formation of public taste. The language in common use had for a century previously made but little progress. The soaring young plumes of French-Canadian writers were loaded, as it were, with lead. Literature, it may well be said, had to stammer through its babbling infancy to the bold, clear enunciation of riper years. There had been long days of battle for political liberty, the one essential on which men's minds were fixed. Our predecessors had neither time nor inclination to polish their phrases or to search for the appropriate term. It was different after 1850. The vital questions of public order had been settled, the restless spirit that agitation had aroused was calmed, and there was leisure to reflect, to weigh one's words, to dream of cultivating a better style in writing as in other things. The ancient tongue of the 17th century, the basis of the language spoken by the French Canadians was no longer used by writers without an attempt to improve upon it, except in moments of carelessness or forgetfulness. It was felt the time had arrived for a change, for an infusion of the new ideas that the literary revolution or reform had given to France in 1830.

It was then that a dozen of the most gifted and most courageous writers settled down in earnest to the serious cultivation of the belles-lettres with a view of founding a French-Canadian literature. Their names are mentioned above. They succeeded. It is remarkable with what enthusiasm their efforts were recognised by the public. In less than ten years under the better conditions already explained, not only was the language improved but a number of subjects of study which never before had

L'ABBÉ J. B. A. FERLAND
Professor and Historian
From an engraving

PHILIPPE AUBERT DE GASPÉ
Author of "Anciens Canadiens"
From an engraving

been approached, were attacked and dealt with to the profound satisfaction of the reading public. I must say that reading has always been a passion among the French Canadians since the introduction of the printing press. From this it follows that the authors doing better and better, the mass of the readers manifested their admiration and an ever growing interest in those who instructed and amused them.

Admiration! It was the highest reward of our amateur writers. None of them thought of asking payment in mere money for their manuscripts. They worked for country, glory and their own personal satisfaction.

> For truth to tell, the foolish fellows say,
> It amuses one to write, without a thought
> of pay.

These men formed a phalanx, or more correctly speaking, a little band whose names are known to all Thenceforth the political chiefs of Lower Canada were not the only objects of admiration or popularity. The world of letters had its renowned, and the rising generation was stirred with aspirations to share in the new field of glory.

As to these "Ancients" on whom men's eyes were fixed in 1860, at the dawn of a period of ten years more conspicuous than any in the annals of French-Canadian literature, I wish to introduce them to the present readers:

Pierre J. O. Chauveau—The most amiable of the men of his time, careful alike in his person and in his style, the friend of every intelligent student; convinced that we possessed within ourselves the elements of a sound literature.

Etienne Parent—Journalist, powerful, philosopher, of a rude exterior, preparing in his moments of meditation words that struck like balls from a cannon. An excellent counsellor.

The Abbé Ferland—As good as gold. A worker in the realms of history, an accomplished professor.

J. C. Taché—A patriot above all. A savant, sarcastic, launching phrases like a cricket ball, just to all, sparing neither friend nor enemy.

Octave Crémazie—A poet lost in commerce. A great reader, proud of his race, throwing out ideas of all kinds as they came to him.

Paul Stevens—Professor, a composer of exquisite fables and gems of prose that the newspapers reproduced everywhere.

Hector L. Langevin—Journalist, serious, a man of affairs, clear sighted, with the portfolio of a minister afterwards.

Hector Fabre—A man of most delicate taste, full of spirit, gifted with a marvellous facility of expression and a master of fine ridicule.

L'ABBÉ FAILLON
From a lithograph

SIR HECTOR L. LANGEVIN
Photo by Jarvis

The Abbé Provencher—Learned in ornithology, a pioneer in this class of study in Canada.

J. M. LeMoine—A student of the old families of Quebec, who brought back to the world a host of forgotten personages.

The Abbé Faillon—Immersed in the mysteries of early days in the colony; an historian of mark, clear in his language, rich in knowledge.

Emile Chevalier—A producer of superb romances wrought out of the pages of our history, that deeply move his readers.

Such was the band of the guest chamber. And there was Garneau who made remarkable books, but who wrote nothing in the reviews or newspapers to attract the constant attention of the public. It is true that Faillon and Ferland come in a sense under a somewhat similar category, but these two being professors, exercised an influence almost like that of leading journalists and public writers.

To-day Le Moine, Langevin, Fabre are all of these twelve apostles of letters that are left.

It is admitted that the most flourishing period for the writers of the French language in the province of Quebec was between the years 1860 and 1870. It made an epoch noticeable in divers branches of serious studies, among which history takes the first place, followed by biography, monography, poetry and romance. Public lectures and light literature became fashionable. Nor must we forget the works on law, philology, education, agriculture, colonisation, the sciences generally, voyages and the theatre—forming a not inconsiderable library.

Transient poetry, already much in favour since 1840, became animated with fresh life in the ten years' period, and interest in this class of literary productions has gone on increasing ever since.

Books were not numerous before 1860. The only volumes that can be recalled are those of Michel Bibaud, a volume of verse, 1830; *Histoire du Canada*, 1837; J. F. Perrault, *Histoire du Canada*, 1833; F. X. Garneau, *Histoire du Canada*, 1845; P. J. O. Chauveau, *Charles Guérin*, romance, 1852; Et. Parent, *Conférences*. Other writings are contained in the Reviews above enumerated and in the *Répertoire National*.

But after 1860 books commenced to make their appearance more frequently; the reviews became more important; young contributors to the press in all parts of the province offered an abundance of matter, better thought out and more correctly written as a rule than the work of former days. A ripple of inspiration passed over the country awakening a general desire to read. At inter-

SIR JAMES LE MOINE
Photo by Notman

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE, C.M.G.
Photo by Query Freres

vals of every month or two a new writer would be revealed, and this would stimulate the ardour of the others. There were daily discussions on the latest articles or the newest books. It was a new era, one of thoughts and developments unknown to our fathers, full of hopes of success that were for the most part realised, without however, a corresponding financial reward. We worked for the honour and the pleasure of it.

And we all knew each other. A community of taste brought us together in a circle of intimacy. Here are some of us whose names I write from memory, omitting some I do not at the moment re all: Bédard, Bellefeuille, Bibaud, jr.; Bois, Boucher, Boucherville, Bourassa, Buies, Casgrain, Cuoq, Daniel, Darveau, Drapeau, Dunn, Faucher, Fiset, Fréchette, Gagnon, Gérin-Lajoie, Gélinas, Genand, Gingras, Labelle, Larue, Laverdière, Leclerc, Legendre, Lemay, Marchand, Marmette, Montigny, Maurault, Pilote, Provencher, Prudhomme, Renault, Royal, Tanguay, Tassé, Trudel, Turcotte. Of this number nine are still living.

Let us glance at the reviews. In 1861 the *Soirées Canadiennes* appeared at Quebec. This was an event, and the five volumes composing the series ending in 1865 still furnish reading matter for those who take an interest in intellectual compilation of this character. *Le Foyer Canadien* was published from 1863 to 1866 with equally satisfactory results as regards the publications themselves, but these two precious enterprises owing to misfortunes connected with the business management had to be discontinued, notwithstanding the encouragement extended to them by the reading public. The first number of the second *Revue Canadienne* was launched at Montreal in 1864, and has this year, 1905, reached its fiftieth volume, retaining throughout the artistic form and make-up adopted for its first appearance. It deals with history, the belles-lettres, philosophy, esthetics, religion, the arts, and gives a summary of general events around the world. *L'Opinion Publique* from 1870 to 1883 was a literary and scientific review of large size under a title which gave it the colour of a party publication. The illustrations were costly and noticeably good.

A list of French-Canadian books and publications up to the present time includes more than fifteen hundred volumes and pamphlets, without counting productions of less interest or outside of literature. A large proportion of these books have been turned out in excellent style, some being notable examples of artistic taste and elegance, and nearly all showing as a rule the evidences of care in their production. The editions rarely exceed a thousand copies, and are so quickly sold as rarely to be found in a

N. E. DIONNE

Librarian Legislative Assembly, Quebec, and author of several Historical works

book store long after being placed on the shelves.

To return to the discussion of the character of French-Canadian literature, I may say that it is first of all devoted to the history of Canada and to poetry. The latter class of literature has numerous adepts, but the productions of France in this line are beyond our rivalry. The art of speaking well in verse is not yet ours, and the thoughts that find most fitting expressions in this branch of literature seem to fall short with us of the excellence attained in older countries, for lack of leisure to study. With us, though talent abounds, means for indulging poetic tendencies are often slender.

In prose we have among our French Canadians many capable of giving their best to the world in terms of refinement and vivacity, with clearness of expression; but there is still a certain restraint in our vocabulary compared with the same class of productions in France. Nevertheless, prose is the language of history, and inasmuch as all our best efforts tend towards this class of work, it follows that among the French Canadians history eclipses all other literary pursuits. The impossibility of borrowing from France in this connection necessitates our historians, more than those in other branches, depending on themselves, so they have a freshness and originality in this department not so frequently found in others. France knows little or nothing of Canadian history, does not study it, and never speaks of it. Happily, therefore, it is that we are thrown back on our own efforts to deal with new questions in new forms as the necessity arises. It is in the realm of history that we are worth something, whilst our poetry is as a *pistachio* when compared with that of France, or as some would say, a piece of Gobelin's tapestry seen on the wrong side.

As to criticism, it does not exist, for one cannot designate by that term the eulogies dictated by comradeship or attacks inspired by factions.

Eh bien! It is in this world or this limited circle that we live, talking, writing, doing our part as the days roll on to such evening hours of leisure as heaven vouchsafes, and not in any other. All our French-Canadian writers who indulge in literary works have to earn their daily bread here by vulgar labour, not one draws dividends or rents or a cent in money from his labours with the pen, with certain exceptions that confirm the rule.

For forty years there has been little or no change in the state of affairs above outlined beyond the gradual improvement in style, and the increase of the number of writers as the population of the country grows. My dearest recollections are centered around 1860 and 1870, the period of my entrance into dif-

PREMIER MARCHAND

ferent spheres of literary efforts, and that of so many others whose appearance in the career of letters at the same time was the cause of so much surprise and expectations among the reading public.

We were full of life, of great projects, rich in illusions and armed with courage. The Ancients still in the breach stimulated us with their example and their counsel. "The future, the future! It is ours!" The future was but an eternal present. Three-fourths of my colleagues are gone, the few who remain do not look at the present and the future in quite the same light as they did forty years ago. Yet, I never think of those days without a thrill of joy. I feel for the moment once more the emotions with which we were filled by the evidences of public approval, and the sympathetic reception accorded to each of our works as they left our hands. Fréchette published his first volume in 1863, and it was received with a concert of praise and national pride. Poetry henceforth was to be the flower of Canadian genius. The prose writers rejoiced too, without the faintest touch of jealousy. The triumph of any one of us was regarded as a family success. How far away now seem those sunny hours of youth devoted to friendship and the reciprocal exchange of confidences founded on our literary ambitions! Others to-day are probably in much the same position, but they arrived on the scene long after us. It seems to me now there must be something of the patriarch in me, for our group was its own ancestor. To us the future presented a radiant picture of hope and expectations. The contemplation of the past is like an enchanting dream growing more and more intense as the years go by. I see again my articles in the *Echo*, the *Journal*, the *Soirées*, the *Foyer*, the *Revue Canadienne* of forty years ago, and the vision conjures up around me the familiar faces and forms of those who have disappeared, the companions of my labours, my reveries and the conceptions destined to reform or remodel the world after our own ideas and our likeness.

SENATOR L. O. DAVID
Litterateur and publicist
From an early photo

In those early years we were unable to foresee how circumstances would modify our projects and the work each one of us would have to face. Now that all is done, now that each star has traced its orbit, and I remain one of the last in the field, I look back with gratitude to the abundant harvest that has sprung up from the seeds that we helped to sow.

"And What Good Came of it at Last?"

Quoth Little Peterkin

By ROBERT BARR, Editor of "The Idler"

In the August *Idler*, Mr. Barr ventures to forecast the future of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. He predicts that the people of the United States will rise in their might and banish the millionaire-robbers that fatten upon the public, will take over the control of the railways from private interests, and release themselves from their present slavery. His remarks on Canada and Great Britain are reproduced here by kind permission of the author.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA

AM old enough to remember the thrill of fear that ran through Canada when the United States abolished the Reciprocity Treaty. This was in 1866. The treaty had lasted eleven years and two months. Goods had passed freely between Canada and the United States, and the provinces had come to look across their southern border towards their great neighbour as the friend in need between whom and themselves profitable traffic would grow, and indeed was growing, when suddenly the United States annulled the treaty. Canada felt like a small boat in mid-ocean that had been attached by a line to a stately sailing ship. Without warning this line was cut. To Canada the abrogation of the treaty seemed an almost irremediable disaster. It was, in fact, one of the best things that ever happened, and on the part of the United States was perhaps the most gigantic mistake a big nation ever made.

A little more than a year after the commercial cord was severed, the separate provinces united and formed themselves into a Dominion, resolving to string themselves together with a railway from ocean to ocean. Four years after first Dominion Day, the surveys for the Canadian Pacific began. Now the Canadian Pacific has its own steamship line running from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal; its own line of rails crossing the continent from Quebec and Montreal to Vancouver; and its own steamship line running from Vancouver to China and Japan.

The Briton who reads the history of Canada will find little in it to make him proud of his country. He will learn that up to the year 1837 Britain bestowed upon Canada the vilest government in the world, which resulted in armed rebellion, promptly put down in bloodshed by the Redcoats. He will learn that if Canada is still a portion of the British Empire, it is not through any tact or kindness on the part of England, but simply because another country was producing a stupider set of politicians than those of Great Britain. This second country was the United States.

In spite of the fact that fifty thousand Canadians fought for the United States through the War of the Rebellion, as soon as that rebellion was closed, the new Republican Government set out to make things uncomfortable for Canada. Two weeks, or thereabouts, after it abrogated the Reciprocity Treaty, it allowed its ex-soldiers, under the guise of Fenians, to invade Canada. These veterans were promptly thrashed out of their boots by the Canadians themselves, while the slow-moving columns of the regular British army were twenty miles away. From then on almost until the present day, the politicians of the United States have been passing irritating laws with slight intervals of decency between elections, when the Irish vote did not need to be propitiated. Then Canada slow to anger, got into the habit of passing similar laws on the northern side of the border, which caused one interest after another in the United States to howl with pain. Quite recently there has been an agitation in the States for the re-enactment of the Reciprocity Treaty, but Canada is not listening. Nevertheless there were many people in Canada who still believed that Canadian interests lay in

closer relation with their southern neighbour. There arose throughout the land organisations which advocated annexation with the United States; others, not prepared to go quite so far as that, and yet disgusted with the indifference and general superior attitude of Britain and the British, formed independence clubs; then still others, and this the greatest number, formed a "Canada First" Party, which would retain the British Connection in somewhat lukewarm condition, but tax the products of Great Britain just the same as they taxed those of the United States. This condition of things showed that there was no danger of anyone dying of excessive loyalty to the Old Country.

If the United States had at that time possessed a single great politician with brains in his head, he might have widened the growing split which the iceberg statesmanship of Great Britain had produced. But what actually happened? A stout gentleman, for whom I had cheered myself hoarse because he was a free-trader and a democrat, had been elected President of the United States. His name was, and is, Grover Cleveland, and if Britain affords room for any gratitude in her soul, she will erect a monument to Grover Cleveland in Parliament Square, even though, in every sense of the word, the statue will require a great deal of brass. Grover Cleveland flung his Venezuela challenge straight in the face of Great Britain, and Great Britain received the blow with that Christian resignation and mildness which we all very much admire when we have had several years to think over it.

I shall never forget the night of the explosion. With the late Harold Frederic I went to the huge smoking-room of the National Liberal Club. Frederic's anxiety was that, being an American citizen, he would be ordered out of the country, and he didn't wish to leave. It never occurred to him that England was going to take it lying down. The smoking-room was seething with excitement. A certain section of the Parliamentary party could not conceal their jubilation over the fact that Britain and the United States would shortly be at war over a question that none of them knew anything about, being as ignorant about Venezuela as was President Cleveland himself. But next morning—oh, what a surprise! Of all people on earth that Great Britain dearly loved, according to the newspapers of this country, these were Grover Cleveland and his fire-eating brethren. And, indeed, it was a great blessing that the British Press and public men took it that way, because each country was ludicrously unprepared for war, as was shown later by America's contest with Spain and Britain's fight in South Africa.

The whole piece of idiocy ended in a joke, as was right and proper. City men cabled over to New York, alluding to the recent boat race:

"Will you keep your steamships out of the way if we send over our Fleet?"

The excitement speedily died down in a laugh, and all was well once more.

But this incident, begun so jauntily by the United States, and accepted so humbly by Great Britain, produced a very different effect in Canada than on either of those supposedly great nations. A wave of red-hot indignation swept the Dominion from Vancouver to Halifax, burning up all independence and annexation clubs, as a prairie fire licks up dry stubble. It will take a good deal of stupidity on the part of the Old Country to set back the clock to where it stood on the night before Cleveland's message.

To turn from the past to the future, and resume my task of prophecy, I venture to predict, when the Russo-Japanese war is ended, the trade of the world will take a lilt to one side. Heretofore the great traffic has been between Western Europe and Eastern America. The grandest steamships of the past have ploughed the Atlantic Ocean. After the war the bulk of the trade will be between Western America and Eastern Asia. The luxurious liners of the future will plough the Pacific. Canada is directly on the highway of the new traffic.

Her cities in the West will increase immensely in size. She is already preparing for the great destiny that awaits her. The Grand Trunk Pacific now under way will parallel the Canadian Pacific on an average of two or three hundred miles north of it. Its eastern terminus is Moncton, and its western Port Simpson, which is, roughly speaking, four hundred miles north of Van-

couver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific. The new line will have practically three ice-free ports on the Atlantic, and of course there is no trouble with ice at the western end. The line will be three thousand five hundred miles long, and is expected to cost twenty-five million pounds. It will shorten the route between England and Japan and China several hundred miles. When it is remembered that Canada has spent, in improving her waterways, eighteen million pounds, and on her former railways twenty-five million pounds, it will be seen that she is prepared very fairly for the coming movement in freight.

But Canada is not merely to be the highway of the nations, although her two routes, present and forthcoming, are the shortest paths around the world. This new road will run through millions of acres of the finest wheat land that exists, lands capable of producing bread in sufficient quantity to fill every hungry mouth in the Empire. Either the wheat or the traffic would make Canada one of the most prosperous countries in the world, but I now come to an asset that is probably more valuable than both put together.

Those who wish to see England remain as she is may be surprised to learn that her fate depends, not on foreign nations, but on Canada. Canada will be her great competitor in manufacture, and the roaring waterfalls of the Dominion are to-day chanting the doom of the Black Country. Years ago I took a canoe and two Indians, ascended the St. Maurice River, and visited the Shawenegan Falls. The other day a company was floated in London for the further utilisation of this power. When I went up there in the birch-bark canoe, the surroundings were wild in the extreme, an unbroken pine forest on every side, and these falls, higher than Niagara, and much more picturesque, came tearing down a slope instead of falling perpendicularly like water over a mill dam, as is the case with Niagara. To-day there is a manufacturing town where the forest stood, and thirty thousand horse-power has already been developed from this cataract. At the Sault Ste. Marie, a hundred and twenty-five thousand horse-power is now working. Rat Portage, a hundred miles east of Winnipeg, supplies thirty thousand horse-power, which will light that city and run its street cars, as well as factory wheels.

When the Canadian works at Niagara are complete, four hundred and twenty-five thousand horse-power will be available. Within a radius of fifty miles from Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, one million horse-power is running to waste. In the St. Lawrence valley alone the Canadian Government states that ten million horse-power is at present unused, but Mr. Archer Baker, who knows the ground probably better than any official of Canada, gives it as his opinion that the available power is nearer a hundred million than ten. The Lachine Rapids lights Montreal, and drives its street railways, as well as many of the factories. The city also receives power from the Shawenegan. Quebec is lit by the Falls of Montmorency. It is stated that there is enough water power in Canada to run every machine at present working in the world.

Now, as Canada lies on the great pathway of commerce, as she possesses all the minerals and metals that mankind uses, as she has this unlimited power at no cost except putting up the turbines, how can any nation using coal compete with her? I therefore predict that Canada will become the chief manufacturing nation of the world, as well as the chief wheat-producing nation, and will therefore be in time the most prosperous of all countries.

THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN

WHEN one looks at the little pin-head of red on the map of the world which represents the British Isles, one must stand in amazement at the thought of what the people on this crimson dot have done for mankind. Practically they have scattered liberty and freedom over all the earth. Nothing in ancient or modern times can equal their achievement. This midget among nations has fought with military giants, and conquered them. Alone she has held the seas for a hundred years, and for a thousand years her flag has braved the battle and the breeze, as the patriotic song has it. She has carried

civilisation to every corner of the earth. What, then, has this century in store for Great Britain?

It seems to me that the end of the Russo-Japanese war will leave Britain in a sort of backwater, like one of her own islets up the Thames. For a while, at least, she will still hold the bulk of the world's carrying trade, and the chances are that her people, not being so slow as other nations pretend, may quickly adjust themselves to the new conditions, and still keep afloat the greatest number of ships that sail the sea. But whatever happens to her sea power, her factories are doomed. Black coal cannot compete with white coal as the Swiss call their waterfalls. One by one her factories will close, and the industrial districts will become a desert, perhaps a little less ugly than they are now. It may be that she will realise the possibilities of Canada, and take advantage of them before the people of the United States do, but that is rather an unlikely anticipation, So far as the wonderful wheat fields are concerned, citizens of the United States are pouring across the border in double the annual number that comes from Great Britain.

American money is flowing across the border in even greater proportion than men. During the year 1904 nearly four pounds of American money was invested in Canadian securities to every pound invested by Britain. The new Grand Trunk Pacific bonds are held in the United States. It is significant of the prosperity of Canada that her own citizens invested in Canadian securities last year more than three times as much as America ventured, and within a fraction of ten times as much as was obtained from Britain. The exact figures in dollars are: Canada, $25,000,000; America, $8,300,000; Britain, $2,600,000. These amounts are vouched for by the Montreal correspondent of *The Times*.

I expect, as time goes on, perhaps fifty years from now, perhaps seventy-five, maybe a hundred, the Colonies will unite and purchase Great Britain. They will tear down the ruined factories, and turf the blackened fields. They will plant trees, and once more we shall see limpid streams flow through the Midlands—streams such as Ruskin dreamed of. England will be formed into one vast park, with all its fine old historical buildings carefully preserved. No one man will say he owns Stonehenge after that. London will be left pretty much as it is, except that all the slums will be removed, and beautiful houses will take their place, or perhaps gardens, parks, and lawns. Britain will then be the meeting-place of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. Its cities will all become garden cities. The tired men from India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, will congregate here as at a great outdoor and indoor club. It will become the sanatorium of the British race, and as its cities will possess the best music, the best theatres, the finest music halls, the most complete museums, the most efficient educational establishments, the whole country will simply be a place of delight, recreation, and education, and so it will become the pleasure garden of the world, all nationalities being welcome. It will not be socialistic, like the United States, but it will watch that experiment with enlightened interest. There will be no poor, and the former unemployed will be working in Canadian factories by electric machines, in air untainted by coal smoke. King, Court and nobility will remain, of course, but I am not so sure about the two Houses of Parliament. The House of Commons and the House of Lords may be retained under the head of amusements, or perhaps a central Parliament, with representatives from all parts of the Empire, may be convened.

Thus do I wind up my predictions, happy in the fact that I have so delightful a future to bestow upon this deserving old island.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
Photo by Fellows Wilson, London

Canadian Celebrities

NO. 65—SIR GILBERT PARKER

COMPARATIVELY few of the large number of Canada's sons who have gone abroad have found their way to England. The United States, until recently, was much nearer; the social and industrial organisation of that country is akin to that of Canada, while that of Great Britain is in considerable contrast; every man who went to the United States was taken at face value and given a trial and an opportunity, while in England there has never been a dearth of workers in any of the callings or professions. Further there has always been a distinct demand in the United States for college-bred Canadians; in fact, the chief business of most of our colleges and hospitals is to supply thoroughly educated accountants, dentists, nurses, doctors, writers, preachers and college professors for the United States. Canada has spent as much money in this work as would have built a new transcontinental railway, to say nothing of the twenty-five or fifty thousand of her cleverest young men whom she has so presented to the great Republic.

Of the few Canadians who have gone to England and there faced the struggle in a highly populated and thoroughly educated community, none has been

more successful than Sir Gilbert Parker. When he landed there sixteen years ago, he was without literary friends. He had but one letter of introduction, and that was not presented until two or three years afterwards; when it was forwarded, the famous literary man to whom it was addressed chose to ignore it. There were none to whom he could go for friendship, save some military friends of his father who had been a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Artillery and afterwards a captain in the Canadian militia.

It is necessary in writing a sketch of Sir Gilbert's career to dwell on this point. It has been said that his marvellous success is due to extraneous aid and favourable circumstances. Nothing could be further from the facts. In 1889, to be a Canadian was no asset in the London literary market, and it was there that he made his first success. Still he was not a poverty-stricken youth. When he left Canada for Australia four years earlier, he was indeed broken in both pocket and health. His success there had made a great difference. As associate editor of the Sydney *Morning Herald* and as a successful playwright, he had earned nearly $40,000. So he was in a position to wait for a hearing.

He established himself in a little village in Hertfordshire and began to send his MSS. to the London editors. They were taken on their merits. In 1891 he published a book of travel, *Round the Compass in Australia*—so that his first success, and it did succeed, was not with a Canadian volume. The next year he issued *Pierre and His People* and *The Chief Factor*. England liked the former the United States absorbed one hundred thousand of the latter. *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*, a year or two later, brought him the unreserved praise of the critics and made his position as a literary man secure. *The Seats of the Mighty* followed, and was even more successful than *Valmond*. His greatest success is *The Right of Way* (1901), which ran through the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Good Words*, and which has since sold to the extent of four hundred thousand copies From the purely financial side, there are probably less than a dozen more successful authors in the same period

Sir Gilbert's literary work has done more than bring him wealth. It has made him one of the "leading" Canadians, it has brought him the respect and friendship of the greatest literary men and scholars in Great Britain, and it has won for him a Knighthood at the hands of the Sovereign of the British Dominions over Seas. This seems a great deal to win in twenty years without introduction in a country where family connection and social influence are exceptionally potent.

The time came in Sir Gilbert's career when he decided to be more than a successful novelist. Just what events and circumstances led up to that decision can only be guessed at. The Empire was displacing Great Britain. The Jubilee of 1897 saw London thronged with colonial representatives and marked a new era in the significance of that word "Colonial." Who was to speak for this great body of colonials in the broadening councils of the Empire? The British statesmen, with their lack of knowledge of the distant parts of the Empire, would be able to do it but imperfectly. The official colonial representatives in London would be hampered by their official positions and were debarred from the House of Commons. Why should he not take up a share of this glorious work, he who was born in Canada and who had lived four years in Australia?

Again Sir Gilbert is frankly ambitious. He underestimates neither his own talents nor his ability to undertake great tasks. In Australia he worked sixteen hours a day. If he undertook to enter British politics, it would mean a great strain upon his physical energy. No doubt he considered this in all its bearings.

He began to take a greater part in public affairs and in 1900 was offered a nomination in the Conservative interest in Gravesend. He accepted, was elected, and entered upon a parliamentary career. Since then he has been an unofficial spokesman for the colonies. He spent last year studying South African affairs and visited for some months in that part of the Empire. He is Chairman of the South African Association, having succeeded the present Colonial Secretary, upon the latter's appointment to a Cabinet position.

SIR GILBERT PARKER
Photo by Maull & Fox, London

He is known as one of the best speakers and hardest workers in the House.

Sir Gilbert is a great economiser of time. He utilises every moment. His first hour in the morning is devoted to his correspondence. Then he rides for a half-hour in the Row—his London house being but a short distance from the Mall and Hyde Park. Then for two hours he closets himself in his study. After luncheon, he goes to the House, where he remains until it rises about seven-thirty. After dinner he returns to the House, where he remains until after midnight. His week-ends are spent in the country, where his writing is done. He has almost no leisure, for he enjoys his work. By intense regularity and close application, he manages to keep up his parliamentary work and still to find time for the necessary study and writing. In his vacations he has visited Canada, the United States, Egypt and South Africa. His next novel will deal with Egyptian life.

Of the quality of Sir Gilbert's literary work there is little necessity of speaking in a short biographical sketch. He has proven himself an apt story-teller. His art has been a development. His books show that. The earlier stories are strong, but *Pierre and His People* and *The Chief Factor* cannot compare for dramatic quality with *Valmond*, *The Seats of the Mighty* or *The Right of Way*. His characters have grown in reality, in personality. He has essayed mightier themes, more pretentious dramas. The life in which Pierre lived was full of great contrasts and it was comparatively easy to make a vivid story out of such material. In the older parts of Canada, the contrasts were less vivid and required more of the man who attempted to portray the life there. In psychological analysis, however, Sir Gilbert is now a master. Perhaps he is not the equal of some of the great French novelists, but he stands well to the front among English writers, many of whom confine themselves mainly to a study of action. His style is musical and elevated, and no one may read his later books without feeling that here is one who has thoroughly mastered the use of words and the construction of sentences.

It is not necessary to say that Sir Gilbert Parker is a genius or that he was born with exceptional endowments. His natural gifts are great and he has never wasted them. He has built up his knowledge with many years of close study and ardent observation. He has to a considerable extent wrung success from adverse circumstances, simply by persistency, common-sense and great personal effort. He has not been carried up the ladder, he has climbed.

Migration Not Emigration

By BECKLES WILLSON

"Canadians had grown so steadfastly into the belief that they were part and parcel of the British Empire that no Canadian would now tamely submit to be called a 'colonial.'"
—*Hon. J. P. Whitney.*

NOTHING has struck me more in reading the old ballads than to find how poignant was the emotion of a north countryman compelled to make his home and seek his livelihood in one of the southern English counties. To a Canadian of to-day who has to stretch the fibres of his heart so as to cover three million square miles of his "ain countree" alone, it is almost incomprehensible that it should ever have mattered to the dwellers in a little island like Britain whether he lived in this county or that, so long as he had his immediate family about him.

I am going amongst strangers, lad,
Into the far south countree.

The world has always witnessed interracial and international migration. Whenever social, industrial, or political conditions pressed unduly on a people or tribe, the tendency has always been to evade such conditions by exodus. If this tendency was not invariably followed it was because of the ties of nationality—the love of country. It gave and still gives the citizen a shock to be severed from those of his own speech, customs, flag and fealty. So in the olden days, when the sympathies of the common people were narrowed, a Shropshire man passing into Essex felt many of the moral discomforts of expatriation.

But the world expands—nations magnify, and withal comes an expansion of sentiment and a corresponding capacity for sympathy. Patriotism is just as keen although it covers a vaster area. There are even some zealous spirits amongst us here and there in Canada and England, whose bosoms respond to whatever affects the honour and glory and welfare, not merely of Canada or England, but of the whole of this Empire; whose hearts and hands go out to the Briton of from whatever corner of the fabric he may hail, while denying the same cordiality to Frenchmen, Germans and Russians, men of alien speech and laws, king and flag. And I am led with others to believe that this unity, this solidarity of patriotic sentiment is growing. That love of country which a few centuries ago was restricted to a small area around a man's fireside and led him to contemplate with misgiving the launching out amongst wild Lancastrians or eerie Kentishmen, will now cheerfully abide with him as he packs up home and chattels and moves off into Queensland, Rhodesia or Saskatchewan. There are no "colonies" any more; but nations and districts within the Empire and under the flag.

And this brings me to my first point. Why is it we use the word "Emigration"? A man only emigrates when he leaves his country; a Cornishman merely migrates when he departs into Essex; a Scotchman or an Englishman merely migrates when he passes over into Ontario. Nothing to my mind evinces more clearly how blind is popular sentiment and public opinion in Imperial matters than that this word should have been so long tolerated. But far worse than the word is the official habit of mind towards the thing itself. If there is one subject which should be regarded by Government as a science, as a grave problem affecting the welfare of the people to which it should apply its most earnest consideration, it is this problem of residential redistribution within the Empire. To read the English historians you would think that the mother country has always been proud of her colonies, interested in their growth and prosperity. Yet, as far as my reading carries me, there has never been a time when a British Government officially facilitated a wholesome diminution of the home population for the benefit of the colonies. What official steps have ever been taken to stem the current of

emigration to America—to divert that stream so that instead of becoming a weakness to the Empire, it should be a strength and an asset?

The rulers of England have looked on for over a century—ever since the grants in aid of the Loyalists—with folded arms, while thousands upon thousands of Britons emigrated when they should have migrated. True, at a time when the now obsolete practice of blood-letting was in vogue amongst surgeons, a vein was occasionally let in the body politic and a shipload of bad blood went off to the colonies; but the clandestine depletion of other and healthier veins continued, serving to strengthen an alien rather than to invigorate the remote members of the same body. Laws were perpetually made to cope with the problem of congestion and all the time the poor-rate in Britain rose steadily.

I will put it in another way. We in Canada in practice alone amongst the peoples of the earth regard population as a commodity. If you talk to any statesman at Ottawa, or any of the Provincial capitals, he will tell you grandly that what Canada wants is population. Question him specifically and he will tell you that it wants British population. Thousands of dollars are spent monthly by Government in an endeavour to purchase this commodity, because it means increased development, increased consuming power, increased wealth for our country. But these efforts of ours can never attain complete success until we can secure the co-operation of the one section of the Empire where population is cheap and which can afford to export it. As long as Britain regards the residential redistribution of British people with apathy, or as a matter for private philanthropists and social enthusiasts, so long must the Empire suffer an irregular drain of good blood, while congestion affects the heart and centre. Surely it should not be beyond the capacity of some Imperial statesman to systematise what has been so long left to chance and sporadic effort.

Roughly, out of Britain's forty millions there are at least five millions who would be bettered, physically, socially, and materially by migration to Canada. According to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman the five should be raised to twelve—that twelve millions on the verge of hunger. But let us take all considerations into account and say that there are two millions of Britons whom it would be desirable for Canada to have and for Britain to lose, under present industrial and economic conditions. The body politic—the British Empire—can never be truly healthy until the plethora of one part and the anæmia of another part are corrected by a more equal diffusion of the population. The reason the initial steps towards Government direction might properly come from Canada is that with us immigration is a matter of practical politics—in England it is left to the agents of the colonies—Dr. Barnardo and the Salvation Army. Now is the time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier should propose to the British Government a simple plan whereby the ends both countries seek—or ought to seek—could be compassed. I have elsewhere suggested that an Anglo-Canadian agricultural settlement fund of one million sterling to provide a small capital for settlers, the bonds to be guaranteed by both Governments, could be raised within twenty-four hours in London. Capital, as the Canadian Emigration Commissioner will tell you, is the one great drawback now to migration on the other side of the water. If an honest, industrious British migrant could receive in addition to his parcel of land, and the transportation of himself and his family, the loan of a few hundred dollars for the purchase of tools and equipment at a fair rate of interest, such loan to be protected by mortgage upon his property, not only the Northwest but New Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would speedily fill up with settlers. If this were done the old cry "I would go to Canada gladly and work hard if I only had the money to start" would no longer be heard. A few years ago I submitted on behalf of Mr. Preston the above plan to some of the leading statesmen in England, amongst them many members of the party now anticipating power, such as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, Mr. Haldane and Sir Charles Dilke, and its principle was warmly endorsed. As both land and implements would be mortgaged there would be no risk. There would be a

profit on the interest for the three or seven year term; and on the whole it seems to me to offer the best solution of how to get the best people and to solve, partially at least, for Great Britain the problem of congestion.

Migration is a source of strength to the Empire: emigration inevitably weakens it. Let England and Canada therefore tackle this question of Imperial residential redistribution in whole-hearted fashion. Let them co-operate.

Weep, Poor Will

An International Love Story

By LOUIS FRECHETTE, C.M.G.

I

A BEAUTIFUL summer evening, calm and solemn.

The sun had just disappeared in the crimson west, and the last fugitive glimmering of the dawn projected long trails of shadow behind the trees of Union Park—a cosy and gentle retreat of Chicago before the disastrous fire of 1871 had reduced to ashes the forty thousand buildings which formed at that time almost the whole of the Queen of the Lakes—the Garden City. The moon slowly ascended to the opposite side of the sky, blending her opalescent paleness with the rosy glow of the waning sunset, which faded gradually in the tranquil serenity of the falling night. Not a breath of wind stirred the foliage, nor disturbed the darkening surface of the ponds.

In front of one of these, on one of the benches beside an alley bordered with leafy acacia trees, a young couple—to all appearance lovers—were talking.

The young lady, in a tone of voice which prepossessed at once in her favour, said to her companion:

"Why are you so sad, my dear doctor? See how nature is beautiful and smiling. It is not right to yield to gloomy thoughts when God offers such a spectacle to our eyes."

"Why am I sad?" retorted the young man. "Can *you* ask me that, Mary? when you so well know the cause of my sorrow."

"You allude to our conversation of Sunday last, no doubt. I thought you had manfully made up your mind about it."

"It shows that you do not know me thoroughly, my dear friend."

"I should have thought that a man of your worth would be more of a philosopher and consider life from a higher standpoint," said the young lady; "why should we sigh after chimerical dreams, when it might be so sweet perhaps to enjoy the present as offered by destiny?"

"Is not destiny in our hands?"

"No, it is in the hands of God, who decided that I should be your friend, and nothing but your friend."

"Ah! say you do not love me then!" exclaimed the young physician in a desponding tone. "Your former love is still alive at the bottom of your heart . . . . . But it will vanish some day, Mary . . . . Time will heal your wound . . . . and then . . . Oh! do not deprive me of a last hope, at least!"

The young lady put her hand in that of her friend, and gazed into his eyes.

"Listen!" she said; "you also have loved, have you not?"

"Alas!"

"You have loved sincerely at all events?"

"I grant you."

"And you have forgotten?"

"Yes, from the very moment my eyes first looked into yours. Is that what troubles you?"

"Oh, no, no! my faith in your loyalty is absolute; do you believe in mine?"

"Blindly."

"Well, take my word for it, if time has removed all traces of your heart's wound, mine is only a vague reminiscence of the past . . . since. . . ."

"Since when?"

"I have never tried to conceal it, my friend; since your hand touched mine for the first time."

"So you love me, then?"

"My heart belongs to you entirely; you know it."

"You love me, you say; and nevertheless . . . ."

"And nevertheless, it is not from me you must look for happiness!"

"But why not? In heaven's name, why not?" cried the poor lover, wringing his hands as in despair.

"Because God forbids," was the solemn answer.

The unfortunate one sat with bowed head, while she whom he had called Mary, added in a more playful tone:

"Come, come, dear friend, chase away those sombre fancies; let me see your good smile again; repeat some verses for me, some nice verses. Don't be sad, or I'll scold you. . . . . Hark!—listen!—Here is one much more severe than I. Did you hear?"

"What? that bird?"

"Yes; didn't he say:—'Whip poor Will?' It's a warning, my child. Your French name is *Guillaume*; in English, *William*; in America, *Will*. Isn't that so?" said the young girl with a feigned gayety that was far from her heart.

And, in order to divert still further the course of the conversation, Miss Mary Fairfield began a little ornithological dissertation, while William Des Isles listened to her, lulled by the sound of the voice rather than heeding the sense of the words.

"This may be the first time you hear that bird," she said. "It is a kind of fern-owl, peculiar to America. He is seldom seen in this part of the country though, but at home, in Virginia, his congeners swarm at this season. He takes his name from the three sharp notes he utters by night or at sunset, to which the popular imagination has adapted the three monosyllables *Whip poor Will*, which he articulates rather distinctly, as you may have noticed."

At that very moment the three melancholy notes rang out again under the darkened boughs:

"Whip poor Will!"

A sad smile passed over the young man's countenance.

"The poor bird speaks bad English," he said. "He makes the same mistake in pronunciation which you corrected in me. It is not *Whip* poor Will he intends to say; it is *Weep*, poor Will!"

"Poor Will!" echoed Mary with a sigh, passing her hand lightly over her friend's cheek.

The young doctor took the little hand in his, and silently pressed on it a passionate kiss, while two heavy tears fell from his eyes; and the bird from his leafy nook, sent forth to the moon his three mysterious notes: "Weep, poor Will!"

II

William or Guillaume Des Isles was born in Montreal, of an old French family. He had completed a brilliant course of study, and had just obtained the degree of M.D., when his mother died. He felt the blow keenly, more especially when his father, who was still comparatively young, gave him a step-mother within the year—an event which largely contributed to the loosening of the bonds between the son and the family home.

Some time later, heart-broken by one of those love treasons which sometimes embitter a whole life, the young physician was about to give way to despondency, and live forever in the sorrow of his disappointed soul, when the War of Secession broke out—that long and murderous strife which soon transformed the whole territory of the United States into an immense camp, to which thousands of idlers, as well as of the disenchanted, flocked from all parts of the world to enlist.

The cause of the North, where they struggled for the abolition of slavery, had the sympathy of all the friends of progress and civilisation. William Des Isles bade adieu to his country, crossed the border, and, leaving behind—buried in a common grave—his hopes in the future and the dreams of his youth, joined the army of General Banks, with no other ambition

than that of devoting his life—useless to him now—to the triumph of a sacred principle.

His surgical knowledge and ability favoured him, and he had just reached the rank of surgeon-major, when the surrender of Richmond brought to an end the terrible conflict which had washed off in blood that shameful stain which the most valiant of modern democracies had inherited from the barbarism of former days.

Major Des Isles—a true American now—had proceeded to Chicago, the thriving city of the west, where he had opened an office as medical practitioner, and turned over a new leaf of life.

Time had achieved its usual result: the heart sorrows of the young man had faded away, but gayety had not returned. He regretted no longer the deceitful woman who had betrayed him, but—and such is the price of experience—the storm seemed to have blighted forever the blossom of his illusions. He was not yet thirty, and he felt as if his heart could never be tenderly moved again.

One of his regimental comrades, a young officer of wealth and distinction, lived in Chicago where his family held high rank in the most select society. Des Isles was not very fond of worldly life, but he could not decently refuse all social intercourse with his friend's relatives. He met in their company an exclusive circle, where—elegant cavalier as he was, with aristocratic manner, speaking pure English, in spite of a slight foreign accent which added a special grace to his language—he soon became a favourite.

They knew he was highly cultivated, of good family and irreproachable morals; they were aware of his having done his duty gloriously, as a soldier, on behalf of a cause which was not his own; all this could not but create a sympathetic interest in him, reconciling the young man by degrees with a world in which he found new and refreshing impressions.

One evening, a young lady of refined appearance, to whom he had just been introduced, addressed him somewhat familiarly:

"You are French, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Our country owes much to France, *monsieur*, and it is always, for a true American, a much prized opportunity to show sympathy to French people."

"That makes me happy," said the Doctor, "but I regret having but very little right to such sympathy. I am French only by race, having been born in Canada."

"You are a Canadian? You must know Montreal, then?"

"It is my native place. Are you acquainted with Montreal yourself?"

"Certainly . . . How things do happen! . . I spent a whole year there once, studying French with a Swiss pastor who had known my family in Virginia."

"Ah! you are a Southerner then.....?

"By birth, sir, by birth only. It was my father's political opinions that forced us to emigrate. And, if we keep in sacred memory the help given to us by the French of the old world towards securing our national independence, we feel no less grateful to the heroes who lent us their arms and gave us the support of their courage in the terrible crisis we have just gone through—especially when it is still French blood that runs in their veins!"

Our friend listened with visible emotion to that melodious voice which spoke so warmly of France, of his own native country, of the noble cause he had embraced; and, as the conversation continued, he felt a sentiment more tender than he had thought himself capable of e periencing.

"So you speak French?" said he.

"Oh! rather poorly; there are very few opportunities to keep it up here, as you know. Very few books; no newspapers."

"French books and newspapers? Why I have lots of them," eagerly put in the ex-officer; "and if Miss Fairfield would allow me. . . ."

"That is too good of you, Monsieur Des Isles."

"And we shall speak French together occasionally . . . . shall we not?"

"With great pleasure, Monsieur."

And the two unconsciously exchanged one of those glances which, if they do not decide the future of a whole life, at least often leave in two hearts an everlasting impression.

It is natural to suppose that, after the

conversation just related, a current of deep sympathy could not fail to spring up between the two new acquaintances.

Miss Mary Fairfield looked about twenty-five at most. We already know that she was handsome; but she had moreover that exquisite quality which we call charm. She was cultivated, sound in judgment, of perfect distinction, endowed with a delicacy of feeling which revealed itself in all she said or did—with just enough of that poetic touch which attests the vibration of the soul without altering the practical soundness of the mind.

Between two characters so well fitted to understand each other social relations could not fail to develop into intimacy. Mutual esteem could not but produce friendship with its natural reciprocal confidences; and when two hearts, pure and sincere, open themselves to each other, it is almost inevitable that love should follow.

A coincidence aided. Like William Des Isles, Miss Fairfield had also had her sorrow. She had loved with all her soul a young Virginian planter whose family traditions led him to cast his lot in favour of the South. The political troubles which had caused the emigration of the Fairfields, and which were to degenerate into a gigantic fratricidal struggle, had from the first opened an abyss between the two lovers. And finally—Oh! the terrible civil wars!—a fatal discharge of artillery which slaughtered the one in his prime and broke the heart of the other, buried all hopes of reconciliation in the bloody intrenchments of Gettysburg.

This similarity of their early life drew the two strangers together, and they soon became inseparables. Only sweet friendship at first, as already said, but a friendship which, as the stinging regret of the past weakened with time, brought the final exchange of two souls. It came almost unwittingly, in one of those exalted moments the delicious impression of which follows a man through life, like a lingering perfume which sweetens the atmosphere long after the flower which exhaled it has faded.

Between the lovers it was but a vague if unreserved surrender, without any precise purpose, without any definite project —a kind of unconscious, uncalculating impulse—intoxication of the soul, free from all worldly consideration, in which all plans for the future are forgotten, and the practical side of existence disappears in the radiance of a happiness the more careless because the more unsought. They loved just for the sake of loving, without a thought of what was to be found at the end of the flowery path.

William Des Isles was the first to awake from this enchanting dream. He spoke of marriage. To his astonishment, Mary seemed surprised; and then, with a tender glance and a profound sadness in her voice:

"Let us not trouble ourselves about the future," she said; "let us enjoy our present happiness, it's much better."

The young man did not insist; but if he spoke no more of the future, he did not cease to think of it. He redoubled his efforts until success, which is the friend of perseverance and obstinate labor, largely rewarded his activity. In two years, his practice increasing wonderfully, he acquired an enviable position among his professional brethren. In short, Fortune was knocking at his door.

"And now," said he to himself one day, "I think I have a right to talk of the future."

"Let us remain friends," she besought; "will you not? *Friends!* it sounds so sweet! *Friends* means everything. What else could be needed to fill the heart?"

"But," pleaded the young man, "I cannot renounce all hopes of enjoying one day the blessing of a home and family. . . nor do you, I suppose . . . And our well-known mutual relations. . . ."

"Might injure my future chances? . . . That is what you mean, is it not? Oh! you may feel at ease about that. Our friendship is a thousand times more precious to my heart than anything which may be in store for me. As for yourself, you are young yet, your prospects are brilliant; another woman will give you more happiness than I could."

In presence of such a strange, but inflexible determination, William Des Isles was, of course, greatly perplexed. He waited still; he waited another long year.

One Sunday—this circumstance is referred to in the first chapter of our authentic story—he called as usual to see his

friend; on his hat was a badge of mourning.

"Mary," said he, his voice trembling with emotion, "my father has just passed away, and I am his only heir. You will not now refuse to be my wife, will you?"

Miss Fairfield rose before the young physician, her beautiful eyes full of tender light.

"My dear friend," she asked, "did you think that I declined the honour of your name merely from interested motives? You could not wrong me more deeply. . ."

. . . . . .

To cut our story short.

That evening when William Des Isles took leave of his friend, respectfully kissing her hand as was his wont, an immutable decision had taken possession of his mind.

We have witnessed their next meeting; it was on the part of the disappointed man a disguised adieu. During the whole proceeding week, he had prepared for a long journey. The next day, after having written a lengthy and pathetic letter to her whose affection had lightened his days of exile, he started back to his own country, resolved to spend he remainder of his life alone, beneath the paternal roof, probably his last desolate refuge. We shall know presently what became of the solitary man.

The voice of the bird of dusk had been prophetic:

"Weep, poor Will!"

III

Long years have passed.

The beautiful Mary Fairfield had returned to Virginia after the departure of William Des Isles for Canada.

In the month of June, 1903, her old lover, hardly recognisable in his present costume, received a *lettre de faire part* with a black border, and bearing the post mark of Richmond, Virginia. He unsealed it with a trembling hand. The envelope contained another letter, and our friend started back as he discovered the dear and well-known handwriting of the address.

This is what he read through his tear-dimmed eyes:—

"Dear Friend,—My days are numbered, but I do not wish to pass away without asking your pardon. You may have judged me false or frivolous, but that would be a mistake. There is no deceit possible where I am now, and I feel bound to repeat to you here what I told you that day in Chicago, during our last conversation: my heart has been entirely yours ever since the day we met.

"Unfortunately there was an obstacle to our union; you thought I was younger than you, while, on the contrary, I was your senior by four years. If I did not correct your impression at the time, believe me, it was not from a sentiment of coquetry. It was because I knew you would have insisted notwithstanding. And when you asked me to share your life, I fancied I saw you in after years, at forty-five for instance, in all the strength and virility of matured age, with myself leaning upon your arm, myself, an old woman, wrinkled, grey-haired, nearing the half-century. I wanted to save you from this. You forgive me, do you not?

"Do not weep over me, we have had our share of happiness in life. We shall meet again in a world where nobody grows old. Adieu!—Mary."

A week later, in the dimness of the falling night, a Roman priest, prematurely broken down, was kneeling on a tomb in one of the cemeteries of the old Virginia capital. The tomb was that of Mary Fairfield. The priest was the late officer of the northern army, the physician of Chicago, and for the last twenty-five years a missionary among his French countrymen established in the United States.

"Suddenly a voice which he had not forgotten was heard beneath the green leafage:

"Weep, poor Will!"

The old priest buried his face in his hands, and silently wept over two noble lives blighted by an exaggerated sentiment of delicacy.

Canada

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL*

THOU land for gods, or those of old
Whom men deemed gods, of loftier mould,

(Sons of the vast, the hills, the sea:
Masters of earth's humanity:)

I stand here where this autumn morn
Autumnal garbs thy hills adorn;

And all thy woodlands flame with fire
And glory of the world's desire.

Far northward lie thy purple hills;
Far vasts between, thy great stream fills,

Ottàwa, his fleet tides impearled,
From deep to deep, adown the world.

O land, by every gift of God
Brave home of freemen, let thy sod,

Sacred with blood of hero sires,
Spurn from its breast ignobler fires;

Keep on these shores, where beauty reigns
And vastness folds from peak to plains

With room for all from hills to sea,
No shackled, helot tyranny;

Spurn from thy breast the bigot lie,
The smallness not of earth or sky;

Breed all thy sons brave stalwart men,
To meet the world as one to ten;

Breed all thy daughters mothers true,
Magic of that glad joy of you,

Till liberties thy hills adorn
As wide as thy wide fields of corn.

Let that brave soul of Britain's race
That peopled all this vastness, trace

Its freedoms fought, ideals won,
Strength built on strength, from sire to son

*One of Mr. Campbell's best poems will be found in the first number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, March, 1893.

Till from thy earth-wide hills and seas,
Thy manhood as thy strength of trees,

Thy liberty alone compare
With thy wide winnowed mountain air,

And round earth's rim, thine honour glows,
Unsullied as thy drifted snows.

The Spirit of Poetry

BY LILY ALICE LEFEVRE

MOURN not, oh mortals! that ye hear no more
My voice amidst the tumult of the day;
Sigh not that I, unsought, have passed away,
Or pine alone on some forgotten shore.

"Once strayed the nymph," ye say, "o'er earth's green hills,
The fair enchantress of a golden age,
Enshrined in dreams of lover, saint, and sage,
Through all the past her magic music thrills.

"But we have said farewell to her sweet face,
Her songs of grief and triumph, love and fate;
Alas! now she has left us desolate,
And Mammon's voice rings through the market-place!"

Be comforted, my children,—I am here!
Yet not as once, with vesture fluttering free,
To wander down the vales of Arcady,
Or sing to Pan's glad piping, soft and clear;

But with ye still amidst the surging crowd,
The roar of traffic and the swinging bales,—
The winds of Heaven, where Commerce spreads her sails,
My songs of world-wide Empire chant aloud!

Think not I dwell apart, beyond your ken,
While through your streets Life's myriad echoes roll,
The anthem of the Toiler's steadfast soul,
The mighty music of the march of men!

My voice the secrets of the Future sings,
To Nature's hidden haunts I lead the way,
Take ye my hand,—earth, sea, and air obey,
New Force undying glows, and Thought has wings!

Mourn not, oh faithful hearts that hold me dear!
In hopes and dreams, in deeds ye do and dare,
In star-lit skies, in Childhood, Love, and Prayer,
Amidst ye still my spirit lingers here!

The Boss of the Gang

By NORMAN DUNCAN, Author of "Dr. Luke," etc.

Illustrations by Fergus Kyle

ALL the gangs of the neighbourhood knew that Footlight Phil Ebber, newsboy, knight-errant, ragamuffin, as best pleased his wilful mood, coveted the mortification of Big Bill Crogan, who had defeated him in competition on last amateur night at the Eighth Avenue Gaiety Musee by the simple expedient—the prize is awarded to him who wins the greatest volume of applause—of packing the house. Least to be said, he was at odds with life, and bent on letting the world know it; and he had announced that he was hopelessly in love, and withdrawn to the seclusion of dark vestibules and alleyways and the curtained windows of his mother's little parlour, cheerfully enough accepting compensation in the opportunity to assume the tragic pose—to the feeding of his soul, and the maintenance of his leadership in the gang, to which he had fallen naturally when Mickey Smith moved to Hoboken. So it happened that, as the passers-by, mingling their chatter and complaining with the discordant noises of the street, emerged from the mist into the yellow flare of the theatre lights and swerved toward the little box-office or crowded into the mist again, he roosted in idleness and shadow on the railing of Ching Lee's cellar entrance, bruising the paint from the red sign with his restless heedless heels, and now and again spitting wrathfully at a cigar stub that nestled against the nearest lobby pillar of the Gaiety Musee, a scowl on his thin, freckled face, his cap away on the back of his black head, and his hair, frowsy and long and damp with the gathering spring fog, tousled to his eyes, which peered darkly from beneath puckered brows, restless and alert.

"Trun down!" he muttered, with a darker frown. "Trun down by de gang. An' the kids t'ink I'm in love. Ha! ha! Me in love! Ha! ha!"

He laughed with all the bitter meaning achieved by the hero in Falsely Accused, whose bill-board self, in the act of exclaiming, "Fair as a flower; false as a serpent. Great Heav'n, she has deceived me!" kept him congenial company at his elbow. Then he lighted a cigarette, puffed, quickly hid the glowing head of light behind his back, contemptuously whiffed the smoke off into the fog and resumed his attitude of dejection, only permitting himself to interrupt his reflections when overcome by a desire to observe the effect of his well-considered pose of melancholy on the happiness passing in.

"Cheer up, Footlight; she'll fall in line wit' ye yet."

A small, compassionate voice, so saying, brought Footlight to his feet. He let his melancholy expression pass deliberately through one of pain into a cynical sneer and caught his little comforter by the wrist.

"Tommy Dugan," he hissed, "me life is wrecked! An' for me ruin a woman'll answer t' high heaven! Go! le' me t' me grief."

"Cheer up, Footlight," Tommy persisted dubiously.

"Ha! ha!" responded Footlight.

With that he folded his arms high on his breast and dropped his head over them,

and watched, from the deep shadow in which his eyes were, to see how Tommy took it all; and heard him sigh, and saw him go off with a heavy heart.

Big Bill Crogan came lurching up, attended by two favourites; his eyes chanced to fall on Footlight where he stood stiff and forbidding, and he suspended his quest for more interesting baiting.

"Ladies and gents," he cried, mocking, "I nex' interdooce t' yer notice de Spaniard w'at blew up de Maine. Here's de guy w'at done it. De greates' livin' curiosity on eart'. Notice w'at a stiff 'e is on account o' bein' froze t' deat' las' amachure night. Did I beat 'im, say, did—"

"Have a care, Big Bill Crogan!" exclaimed Footlight, springing out and thrusting his face up, his eyes flaming. "Have a care, I say! By heav'n, I'll be reven'nged!"

"W'at d' ye t'ink!" said Big Bill, appealing to his friends, "Now w'at d' ye t'ink o' dat? Does 'e say who wins de prize on amachure night, er is it me? Didn't I beat him, say, didn't I? Tell 'im I does a clog again nex' Friday meself. Tell 'im, tell 'im, one o' youse guys. Well, well," again appealing, "w'at d' ye t'ink o' dat? Eh?" turning suddenly on his friends.

Big Bill swaggered off, his favourites following closely, protesting.

"Gee," thought Footlight, chuckling inwardly. "'E does a clog again Friday. De pig! I see 'is finish. Oh, my!"

There came along a little lad with a crooked back; a pitiful form he had, humped at the shoulders, short-necked and thin-legged; but a pale, gentle face, with pointed chin, thin-lipped, sensitive mouth, wide blue eyes and softly turned brow; and he had a timid bearing. He halted at the theatre entrance to listen to the faint sound of music that came from within, hardly distinguishable from the rattle and cry of the street. So he stood for a moment, his head cocked and his eyes half closed, straining his ears to catch the discordant tinkling of a piano and the sound of a woman's voice. Then the photographs and posters attracted him, and he advanced timidly into the lobby. He hovered wistfully over the pictures for a while, and at length came to rest before the photograph of a man with a violin in his hand. Here he began to hum the chorus of the song he had heard—softly and to himself, but so sweetly that Footlight Phil, hearing him, was surprised into high appreciation and an important inspiration.

"I kin do it wit' 'im," he thought; and he slapped his lean thigh. "I kin beat Bill Crogan wit' that face an' dat hump—an' dat voice," he muttered hysterically, slapping his thigh again; and there was no hint of the melodramatic method in voice or action. His little body straightened and quivered; and his eyes shone with a sly, eager light as he regarded the boy.

"Ever bin in?" he asked, with a knowing jerk of his head toward the theatre door, and flecking the ash from his cigarette. There was no response in kind to this friendly advance.

"Say," said Footlight, suddenly, "ain't you de kid w'at lives on Twenty-ate street —roun' de corner—red 'ouse—secon' floor front—green fire 'scape—flowers in de wes' windo'—sing Margareet across de street? Ain't yer old man dead? Ain't yer name Artie Dimon? Sure, I know ye."

Artie nodded and looked uncomfortable.

"D' ye want a gold watch?" Footlight went on indifferently.

"Eh?" said Artie.

"D' ye want a gold watch? Can't ye hear?"

"What did you steal it for?" in solemn deprecation.

"Steal it! thou damned Dane!"—Footlight, as it will appear, was not reading Shakespeare unprofitably—"Steal it? Ye gods! I ain't stole it. D' ye want a gold watch, I'm askin' ye?"

"I want a mouth organ."

"Aw," said Footlight in contempt, "'e wants a mout' organ. Can't ye git four mout' organs for a gold watch? Don't ye know ye can from de Jew right across de road, where I'm pointin'?"

"Are you going to give me a gold watch?" Artie asked naively.

"Oh, I don't know," Footlight said with a patronising air. "I might if I feel like it. Amachure night inside, ye know, Fridays. Sure dey hang up a gold watch. An' don't de fello's sing an' dance fer it? Sure; an' it goes t' de fello' w'at de audi-

ence yells fer loudes'. I might enter ye. I runs de show, ye know. You sings a song; me an' de gang, we does de res'. Go me?"

And then and there an agreement was entered into.

"Don't it 'urt ye t' walk?" Footlight asked, when the little talk was over. "Ye ain't got a—a—crutch, 'ave ye?"

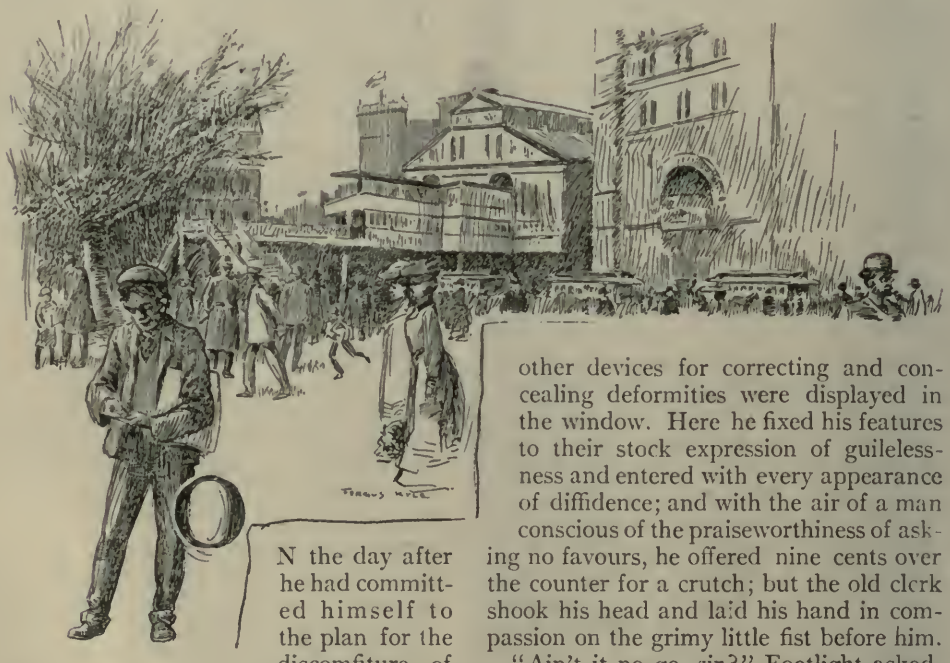
"I haven't got one now," said Artie. "Mother and I burned it up when the Doctor said I was much better. He says I'll be well soon if I take care and keep on. So I don't need one any more."

"Ye ain't forgot how to use it, 'ave ye?"

Artie shook his head and smiled.

"I guess you never had a lame back," he said slowly.

"Well, I git ye one," Footlight went on quickly. "Four foot one, ain't ye? Well," chuckling, "don't ye worry, I get ye one. Now, you mosey home." Footlight tightened the muffler about the boy's throat, turned up the collar of his great coat and saw to the buttons, patted him gently on the back, accepted his quiet "Thank you" with a laugh and sent him off. Then he did a jubilant double shuffle and went off himself. "Oh, my," he thought, "Crogan does a clog again Friday; an' 'e pushes me face in if I fight! Oh my! De pig t' try t' win twict. Oh, I won't do a t'ing t' dat audience, oh, no! I won't play horse wit' 'em. I'll be good. W'at kin I do—me, a poor little boy? Oh, gee!" And he planned to himself, until, seated near his mother's sewing machine, he forgot it all, as the wheels whirred, in a tattered, thumb-soiled book called The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.



N the day after he had committed himself to the plan for the discomfiture of Big Bill Crogan, Footlight Phil set traps for the audience to whom he was to appeal on next amateur night with young Artie Dimon. He counted his profits and called the day's work on Park Row well done at 3 o'clock; and, mercenary deception in his heart, made the best of his way up Broadway to a shop where crutches, false legs and arms, and many other devices for correcting and concealing deformities were displayed in the window. Here he fixed his features to their stock expression of guilelessness and entered with every appearance of diffidence; and with the air of a man conscious of the praiseworthiness of asking no favours, he offered nine cents over the counter for a crutch; but the old clerk shook his head and laid his hand in compassion on the grimy little fist before him.

"Ain't it no go, sir?" Footlight asked, unwavering appeal in his eye. "It's fer me little brudder wit' a bad leg—'is lef' leg at de knee. It's yaller in de middle, sir, an' blue on de edge, an' it runs. An' 'e 'as t' use a sawed-off barr'l stave; an' dat 'urts 'im terrible, an' makes 'is arm sore—'ere, sir, right 'ere w'ere me finger is. W'at makes 'em cos' so much, sir? Dey say 'e'll die soon."

Footlight leaned his head on the counter and sobbed quietly, the face of the little brother, white through pain, clear in his mind's eye—so sadly real it was, this and the disappointment present and in store. The good clerk abandoned the explanation it was on the tip of his tongue to give, and made the price to fit. Whereupon, secure in a pathetic effect at small expenditure, Footlight thanked him with honest heartiness and departed with his booty; and he cried on for a block or more; for the fictitious little brother, whom he had come to love, and the jagged end of the barrel-stave and the open sore it made, and the black-robed death drawing near, and the grave under gray skies, and the rain pattering on the coffin, and the solemn faces gathered round, could not soon be forgotten.

At four o'clock Footlight burst with an air of great good-fellowship into the office of young John Catlin, proprietor of the Eighth Avenue Gaiety Musee.

"Got a amachure night candidate, t' enter, John," he said with brisk familiarity.

"'Is name's Artie Dimon; 'e's a dark 'orse, an' 'e's a bird. Put 'is name down. Tell ye de trut', John, 'e goes on las'—dat's a perticerlar point. I got a gang at me back, an' de gang stays out if 'e don't do 'is little stunt last. It's a big gang, John, an' it come of'en. W'at's more, I own it. Now, I ain't got no time t' lose; does 'e, er don't 'e?"

"Ain't you said he does?"

"John," said Footlight admiringly, "dere ain't a guy on de avanoo kin keep out o' trouble like you. Keep it dark."

At the next corner up Footlight came into opportune collision with Tommy Dugan—who was always subject to the melodramatic influence and therefore well beloved.

"Tommy—," he began solemnly.

"Sure, I can't stop," Tommy plainted. "I got t' go an'—"

"Bloody Spot!" hissed Footlight; and Tommy, recking no longer the inevitable maternal chastisement, fell in behind. Round the corner he was given the sign—a scrap of paper with blood, which Footlight supplied then and there, while Tommy stood trembling.

"Tip de gang t' meet me at de old place w'en McTaggart's lights is lit," Footlight said in a hollow whisper, indicating the gilded corner saloon. "Shh-h-hh! Der's bloody work t' be done. Fail not, by Blood! Deat' t' traitors! Begone, minion, begone!"

Tommy was off like a shot.

Twenty minutes later Footlight, bent on sowing seeds of defection, was loitering on the afternoon stamping ground of Cad Gross, second in command to Big Bill Crogan. Soon he espied him, huddled over a pavement grating from which the warm air was ascending—in a fit humour to receive what it was in the mind of Footlight to sow.

"Clog at de show, Friday?" he asked of Cad in a friendly voice.

"Naw."

"T'ought you was goin' up fer Bill Crogan's gang."

"Naw."

Gross, a tall, ungainly boy, with a long, sour face, shivered.

"Ain't Crogan said las' week it was yer turn?"

"Well, ain't 'e change his min'? Don't 'e clog hisself?"

"Say," said Footlight, stepping back and looking Gross over from eyes to boots, "ain't ye ever goin' t' be nuttin' but a Me Too? W'ere's yer nerve? Ain't Crogan's collar hurtin' ye?"

Footlight moved off in disgust and quickly; and he thought no more of Cad Gross.

At dusk, Phil emerged in haste from the side door of the corner saloon on his own block, carrying a tin pail in his hand. So pressing was his business that he started to run; but the beer splashed over, and he came to a fast walk again. He pushed open the door of an old, sorry-looking frame building across the street; brushed past a stout negress—who exclaimed, "Mah goodness!" in great fright—and stumbled along the hall and up the dirt-littered stair. In a cold, bare room he found an old man, with straggling gray hair, leaning over a table with his head on his arms, sound asleep, and thrown into strong relief by the light of a candle that burned near him.

The old man started up.

"I loved her, God, I loved her truly!" he cried out in terror. He was looking

upward; he was trembling, and he had his thin hands clasped.

The boy watched and listened, breathless, for more of the story, vaguely suggested—as he had done, vainly, often; but there was no more of it.

"Ah," said the old man, suddenly composing himself. "It is my young pupil, in whom Herbert Carvin, tragedian, shall live again." He spoke in a fine, deep voice, and with precise accent and strained enunciation. "I thought," he went on, brushing his hand across his brow—"I thought death called. Come, boy," in affected cheeriness, "stand forth, sir; take the position."

> Soft, you; a word or two before you go,
> I have done the state some service, and
> they know't.
> No more of that. I pray you in your
> letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds
> relate,
> Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice, then must—

"What do you want, boy?" he cried, breaking off. "This is not the day for your lesson."

"Write me," said Phil, earnestly, throwing off the dialect, as Carvin always demanded, "write me two verses to the Banks of the Wabash music. I've got the Wabash words here, sir, and I'll whistle the tune. About the *Maine*, sir—so I can sing them—the United States battleship *Maine* that was sunk—"

Carvin's eyes chanced to fall on the pail of beer in the corner. He moved toward it softly, saying, "Mm-m-mm!" as a cat purrs, but the boy was before him and had a way of escape open before he could be caught.

"Ye write," said he angrily, " 'er ye don't drink."

"Mm-m-mm! About the *Maine*," Carvin said quietly, his eyes lingering on the pail; then he declared quickly, half humorously: "The muses to m' aid! The beer's on't!"

Soon he sat down to write. As he poised his pencil, the hoarse voice of a newsboy sounded in the room, above the street noises:

"War-r-r 'clared! States an' Spain! Ex-tra, ex-tra! War-rr 'clared. War-r-rr, war-r-rr—"

"Make it sound like dat," whispered Footlight, intensely, when the strident cry had lost itself in the distance. "Make it make ye feel yer heart beatin'. Make it soun' like snare drums an' fifes an' cannons an' cheerin' an' flutterin' flags."

"Ah, boy!" said Carvin, sadly, "the time is past for that. Time's past for poetry; time's nearly past for rhyming;" and he set himself to the task.

When the moving patriotism with which Artie Dimon was to be baited had taken form, been amended and fairly copied, Footlight released the beer and hurried away to the presence of the assembled Brothers of the Bloody Spot, whom he found huddled in the lee of a lumber pile in a yard of the street below, shivering in the cold air, one and all; and to them he made this brief appeal:

"Brothers, w'at this gang wants is revenge—reven-nge an' de blood o' traitors. (Tentative applause from Tommy Dugan, which, being approvingly noticed, suddenly became loud and enthusiastic.) Ain't dat right? (Two little boys, influenced by threatening glances, diffidently agreed.) Ain't Bill Crogan done dis gang dirt? Ain't he kicked yer little brudder, Denny Thompson? W'at did 'e say to yer sister, Sliver Smith? Aw don't I know. Ain't 'e named de winner every amachure night fer a mont'? Is dere a watch in de gang? (General applause; and cries of 'No, no!' and 'Revenge!') Aint' 'e done me dirt? (A big boy laughed.) All right, Nobby Stoneman, I'll lick you now, damn 'f I don't. Ye got t' fight er yer got t' git in line. Yer de on'y chronic kicker in de gang an' I'll do ye now. (At this point the proceedings were suspended, and there was some slight commotion.) Now, if dere's any more knockers—? (A short silence). All right. W'at I say is we do Big Bill Friday w'en he does a clog fer de watch. (General applause, led by Nobby Stoneman.) Now, I runs dis game. (Cries of 'We're wit' ye.') Nobby, you git over t' de gangs by de docks an' put 'em on. Don't ye care w'at ye say. Git 'em t' come. Git everybody t' come—everybody git somebody. Give 'em pipe dreams—tell 'em any ol' t'ing. Git 'em t' come—dat's all. Denny, you put Crogan's gang on. You say I do 'em Friday night wit' Tommy Dugan. (Tommy Dugan gasped.) Tom-

my, you do wa't yer told. If I changes me min' I gives youse de tip; but, Denny, you say it's Tommy. All youse git money an' bring yer frien's. Dere's some lead pipe lyin' loose behin' de junk shop on Twenty-sevent' street. It's easy meat w'en O'-Halloran's in McTaggart's. Are youse on? Now, I got some dough meself. (Loud applause.) I got a bunch of it. (The speaker jingled the money in his pocket. Renewed applause.) An' I don't min' spendin' it. I'm in t' win, an'—"

"Cheese it!" whispered Tommy Dugan.

The Brotherhood of the Bloody Spot faded into air; and the phenomenon moved the policeman who came around the corner of the lumber pile to ejaculate: "Howly St. Patrick!"

FOOTLIGHT PHIL began to pace up and down the lobby of the Eighth Avenue Musee at 8 o'clock on Friday night, pausing only now and again to strike attitudes; in all, recklessly courting the badinage of an uncommonly facetious throng of passers in. He was calm within—as a barrister whose case has gone to the jury. True, Crogan's fellows, overwhelmingly recruited from gangs east, west, south, even to the north of Forty-second street, were in control inside, actively opposed only by the little Brothers of the Bloody Spot; but the candidacy of Artie Dimon had not been betrayed, and the gangs from the docks, who were to be caught with a crutch and a hump and a sentiment, were in numbers surely sufficient for the undoing of the enemy. So Footlight posed, at ease, as the responsible manager of a close campaign; and waited, indifferently, for the coming of Artie.

Tommy Dugan came panting down the street.

"Footlight, Footlight!" he gasped, whining.

"Spit it out, by Blood, spit it out!"

"'E ain't comin'."

It was then ten minutes to the rising of the curtain.

"'is mother's on," Tommy whispered. "I couldn't 'elp it, s'elp me! It ain't my fault, Footlight, I—"

The impending humiliation pressed hard on Footlight. There appeared now no way to evade it. But there was a fight to put up.

"Tommy, it'll be you," he said, impetuously. "You got t' win fer me." He began to sob and stamp his feet. "You sing ''Er Eyes don't Shine' an' 'Mother's me Bes' Frien'!' Put de gang on. Tell 'em t' raise—"

Tommy was out of hearing.

Footlight walked to the gutterside, his legs giving under him, and stood staring across the street—at the open shops; at the people hurrying, jostling along and hanging in cheerful idleness over the bright windows; at the busy road between where trucks and carts went rattling, and cars went jingling by; but seeing nothing so clearly as a turbulent surface of cruel, jeering faces, starting from the darkness into the yellow light, open-mouthed, staring, swollen with shouting; and himself in a theatre seat, sunk to the stature of humiliation and crouched in fear against the wall. But when, in the crowded little theatre, the curtain had risen and a buzzing of relief swept over the listless, perspiring audience, from the packed front seats even to the gallery where the Brotherhood of the Bloody Spot was gathered, he was in the theatre seat of this vision, with grinning face giving and taking the "jolly" with the leader of the gangs from the docks across the aisle, bantering Bill

Crogan's men in the seats behind, chaffing and signalling his friends scattered sparsely through the crowded seats and mingled with the throng that pushed and quarrelled in the standing room space at the rear, shooting glances of mysterious meaning at the gallery—hot, restless, boisterously excited, with fine courage keeping himself conspicuous.

"Ain't no use me stayin', is dere, Footlight?" said his aide-de-camp, who had been informed. "We lose, don't we?"

"We do," Footlight replied solemnly. "Up against it fer fair; an' dey'll raise perticerlar wit' us. But we dies game—like—like de martyrs dat de li'ns et. By Blood, we do die game, we do!"

The aide-de-camp fell back in his seat and sighed, it being apparent that Footlight was bent on having company in the part.

The manager announced the first "turn"—a trick bicycle rider; but the audience had no interest in him, nor in the cake-walkers, nor in the strong man, nor in the buck-and-wing dancer; and they greeted the appearance of the melancholy Tommy Dugan, whom they believed to be Footlight's candidate, with howls of derision. Tommy's face lengthened as his song ran its stormy course; but he stood up to the ridicule with a brave heart and sang it to its turbulent end, as though every ear were appreciative. Footlight Phil, it appearing that nothing better was to be had from the situation, posed as the defeated candidate in a ward caucus after the announcement of the vote.

Soon Tommy came hurrying down the aisle.

"'E's behin'—Artie is," he whispered in Footlight's ear.

"W'at?" exclaimed Footlight, with a quick, frowning side-glance.

"'E run away," Tommy went on. "But ——"

"Gee!" Footlight gasped in elation.

"'E's got cold feet. 'E won't sing."

"'E won't," Footlight gurgled, staring vacantly at the ceiling. "Oh, my, won't 'e? 'E will."

Tommy regarded him impatiently.

'Tell 'im," said Footlight, turning slowly, fun in his eyes, "'e gits four mout' organs. An' you say I stabs 'im in de heart wit' a long, sharp, bloody bowie knife if 'e don't. W'en I catches 'im in de dark, you say, I stabs 'im—wit' a knife, bloody an' sharp an' shiny."

Tommy moved at once.

"Next and last turn," the manager announced, "clog dance by William Crogan."

Last turn? The heart of Philip Ebber fluttered—faltered—and beat on again, composedly, under the stimulus of courage regained.

They were on their feet right and left, front and rear, when Bill Crogan came to the end of his long dance, cut a series of pigeon wings across the stage, and, panting and perspiring, bobbed his head and disappeared in the wings—on their feet, with hats in the air, roaring out their judgment for him; and it seemed that there was no voice left to be raised for any other.

"It's all over," shouted the leader of the gangs from the docks in the ear of his chief of staff. "Crogan wins easy."

"W'at?" The noise was deafening; the chief of staff turned up his ear again.

"All over," screamed his leader. "Dey got Footlight on de run." And the chief of staff glanced agreement and nodded.

Footlight Phil was struggling desperately to assume the pose and expression of proud defiance, as the situation demanded; but neither mouth, nor head, nor eyes would answer to his will.

Little Artie Dimon came on, walking on a crutch, his face pale and his eyes full of fear. He hesitated and made as if to turn, but the sudden hush seemed to reassure him, and the spreading quiet, that let him hear the music, brought him on to the footlights, where he stood waiting for the end of the prelude—small, frail, deformed, painfully trusting to the crutch, and frightened by the upturned faces, appealing in all, as Footlight had foreseen, to the compassion that audiences of primitive emotions, though they turn to mother beating within the hour, yield to frailty when taken unawares. He took up the song timidly; soon he fancied he was following his father's violin again, which had taught him to sing, and his eyes moved trustfully over the faces of his audience, now earnest and kindly. They knew the song; came out the chorus grandly from

Drawn by Fergus Kyle

'The manager stretched his hand toward Artie Dimon,"

them all, the voice of Artie Dimon shrill in leading:

Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me;
Take back your gold and promise you'll be true.
Give me the love, the love that you'd deny me;
Make me your wife, that's all I ask of you.

The sad story of a woman wronged, a simple familiar melody, a little boy, with a crooked back and a crutch under his arm, singing sweetly—these were not to be resisted here; and young Footlight Phil, looking about on the waste of tense faces stretching far back into the shadow of the gallery, saw himself, with a tumultuous consciousness of the inevitability of it, approaching the greater triumphs of his dreams.

"Voice like a-a-piccolo," ejaculated the leader of the gangs from the docks, clapping his hands resoundingly, won by the song.

"Dey bite," thought Footlight gleefully, observing.

Artie next sang the poor lines that the old tragedian had fitted to a popular "sentimental ballad" about "the bloody hand of Spain" and "the dastards' coward plot," and "the dark waters," and "the Heroes of the *Maine*."

Oh, the moonlight softly falls upon the waters,

so ran the chorus,

Where the heroes of the *Maine* unshrouded lay.
Send Old Glory down with shot and shell, and raise her
On the shores of sad Cuba, far away.

These were the days of clamour and foreboding after the destruction of the Maine—when great crowds congregated in Printing House Square, and thronged the downtown streets; when newsboys swarmed at every corner and shrieked alarmist intelligence at the tops of their hoarsened voices; when a sullen conviction was spreading like a wild fire; when the flags were flung flaunting out, and, at the sight and the sound of them glowing patriotism burst into a flame of cheers and waving hats. Artie Dimon waved a small flag, suddenly drawn from his pocket, and the hook was right; the enthusiasm ran beyond control.

"We trun bot' de slobs down!" exclaimed the leader of the gangs from the docks. "Dis little devil's good enough for us. Put de gang on. We's fer de little humpback every minute."

The gangs from the docks were immediately informed.

"Oh, I'm on'y a little boy," thought Footlight, again observing, and prodigal of the melancholy he forced to his face. "But dey do bite nice."

The applause continued to swell and subside until the competitors had been called to the stage and ranged in a long row, and the prize had been held before them severally for applause—save before Big Bill Crogan and Artie Dimon. When at length, the watch dangled before the covetous eyes of Big Bill, the excitement burst into a thunderous roar, like to that which had followed his exit, the less only in volume by the significant, waiting silence of the gangs from the docks, and was prolonged and renewed again and again. When exhaustion compelled the lessening of effort, the manager stretched his hand toward Artie Dimon, inviting applause for him in turn. Descending on the enthusiasm of Crogan's supporters—assimilating it—came the shrill cries of the urchins in the gallery, who leaped to their feet, and, with waving arms and scarlet faces, shrieked their topmost with a courage and a will; descended on this the deep, hoarse yells of the gangs from the docks, persistent and strong, giving depth and dignity to the acclaim; joined with all the cheers of the casual spectators, whose sympathy carried them away, so that they stood on the seats and waved their hats and cheered with the best, and were not ashamed.

Tommy Dugan ran to the front of the stage and screamed encouragement. Artie Dimon looked from the manager to Big Bill, to the tumultuous scene beyond the footlights, to the drawn, white face of Footlight Phil, where he sat huddled — watching. Suddenly the manager thrust the watch into the hand of Artie. Footlight bounded out of his chair and capered to the centre aisle, where he danced a mad breakdown, screaming in a transport of triumph, at Big Bill, at the gangs from the docks, at everybody:

"I done ye, by Blood, I done ye!"

So it was disclosed that young Footlight Phil had engineered a game and won out with a hunchback. The gangs from the docks burst into laughter and cheers; but Big Bill's fellows began to clamber over the seats toward him, howling their rage and threatening to kill him. He was quick to take advantage of the opportunity, and put his back against the orchestra rail as the curtain fell, outstretched his right hand, palm open, to the advancing mob, and delivered himself, grandly of an impromptu adaption:

"Back, beaten dogs! You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate, as reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves I prize as the dead carcasses of unburied men that do corrupt my air! I bid ye back! What, ho! Make way, er be heav'n, I'll t'row up me trusty dukes! Back, back, I say! Make way!"

They fell back, amused, nonplussed; and through the lane they opened up he strode, his ragged greatcoat gathered grotesquely about him as a cloak, his hand in his bosom, his head hung forward and his eyes flashing alert from side to side.

Nelson and His Victories

By H. T. MILLER

THE Battle of Trafalgar, which was fought on October 21st, 1805, may well be regarded as the crucial battle of the British race. Bonaparte had a camp of eighty thousand men at Boulogne ready to land on the shores of England and grave men were anxious. At length the hour and the man came together, and in two hours and a half on that memorable day the crisis was past and the little schooner *Pickle* sailed away to the old shores to hoist the signal that England was mistress of the sea.

In studying the career of Nelson it must ever be remembered that he was a sailor first and a fighting man afterwards. The three battles in which he was most prominent are the Nile, August 1st, 1798; Copenhagen, April 2nd, 1801, and Trafalgar. In the battle of the Nile his qualities as a sailor comes out with marked effect, and was the secret of his success. England had a coasting fleet of merchantmen before she had an oversea commerce, and in this coasting trade her sailors had learned the value of most instant decision in maintaining the safety of life and ship. One standing rule of the road was—that where two ships are riding at anchor, there was room for another ship to pass between them. The same rule applied when ships sailed in line, as at Trafalgar or when anchored near the shore as at the Nile.

On the first of August, 1798, the Pharos of Alexandria was descried, and soon after the French fleet was perceived at anchor in Aboukir Bay. The fleet was moored in a strong and compact line of battle close to the shore. To a common mind the obstacles and difficulties in the way of attacking a powerful fleet thus situated and protected would appear in-

LORD NELSON
Painted in 1800 at Vienna by Heinrich Fuger—unfinished. Original in the National Portrait Gallery

surmountable; but Nelson's was not a common mind. It rejoiced in overcoming difficulties. Signal was made to prepare for action. Nelson addressed his officers: "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage in Westminster Abbey," and then gave orders to anchor by the stern. In order to be ready for anchoring, a bower rope cable of each ship was passed out abaft through the stern ports, and made fast forward to the anchors. His object in doing this was to deprive the enemy of the advantage of raking him, as he would have swung round and exposed the bow or stern of his ships, had he brought up in the usual way.

Captain Berry of his flagship exclaimed with ecstasy: "If we succeed what will the world say?" "There is no if in the case," replied Sir Horatio; "that we shall *succeed* is certain; who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

Captain Foley in the *Goliath* passed round the bow of the enemy's van, getting inside of their line. He was compelled to go very near the edge of the bank, but he laid his ship alongside the *Conquérant*, and dropped anchor. The *Zealous* followed and greeted the *Guerrier*

LORD NELSON

Painted by Lemuel Francis Abbott. Original in the National Portrait Gallery

with such telling broadsides as in less than five minutes the Frenchman's masts clattered about their ears, and his vessel soon became a helpless hulk, losing nearly half her crew in killed and wounded. At sundown the battle became general, and continued most of the night. By morning, the French fleet, consisting of 13 sail of the line, having on board 1,198 guns and 11,230 men, was captured or dispersed. A most complete victory had been gained. Only two of the thirteen ships of the line escaped. The battle was fought close to the shores of Egypt, which were crowded with astonished and anxious spectators.

Having been promoted in 1801 to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue, Nelson was ordered to hoist his flag on board the *San Josef*, 112, which he had captured off St. Vincent. The three Northern Powers, Denmark, Sweden and Russia, having coalesced to resist the right claimed by England of searching neutral vessels, and Russia having laid an embargo on all British ships in Russian ports, treating their crews with unexampled cruelty, a powerful armament

was fitted out for the Baltic under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Lord Nelson as second in command. This fleet consisted of 18 sail of the line, 4 frigates, 10 brigs and bomb vessels. They got under weigh from Yarmouth Roads, and after delay from foul winds and severe weather reached the entrance of the Sound on the 30th March. Sir H. Parker made the signal to form order of battle. Nelson being appointed to lead the van, shifted his flag to a lighter ship, the *Elephant*, 74. The whole fleet successfully effected the passage of the Sound, rendered difficult by the removal of the buoys, returning the fires of the Danish batteries. On the 1st of April the British fleet again weighed and anchored about four miles from Copenhagen. The signal was now hoisted for Nelson's division to weigh and, skirting the shoal, anchored the same evening about two miles from southernmost ship of the Danish force, which extended in a line a mile and a half long, and consisted of eighteen ships, mounting 628 guns and carrying 4,849 seamen. On the following morning the battle began as the British ships moved in to the attack. For three hours the engagement lasted without a glimpse of victory on either side. At one time the tide of success appeared to set against us; two of our ships being still aground, hoisted signals of distress and one of inability. At this juncture Sir H. Parker detached three ships to the assistance of Nelson, but their progress was so slow that the Commander-in-Chief hoisted the signal of recall. The flag lieutenant of the *Elephant* repeated the signal to Nelson and asked if he should repeat it. "No," replied he, "acknowledge it." His lordship then asked if the signal for close action was still flying on board the *Elephant*, and being informed that it was, answered: "Mind you keep it so." He paced the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. "You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye and I have a right to be blind sometimes," and he put the glass to his blind eye and exclaimed: "Really, I do not see the signal." Presently he said: "Keep my signal for close action flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

About 2 p.m. the fire slackened and the Danish ships were greatly disabled. Nelson resolved to try what negotiations would do. He hoisted the white flag and wrote to the Crown Prince of Denmark: "Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when no longer resisting, but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them. The brave Danes are brothers, and should never be enemies of England." Nelson refused to wafer this letter, as he desired to show it was not done in a hurry, and so ordered a light and sealed it with due care, sending it on shore by an aide-de-camp, who presented it in person to the Crown Prince.

For five hours had the brave foes fired incessantly, the action only ceasing when the Danish Adjutant-General came off bearing a flag of truce and asking further explanations.

An armistice having been ratified, this brilliant achievement resulted in the secession of Denmark from the league of the Northern Powers. Sweden and Russia afterwards made pacific overtures.

During the short time which followed the peace of Amiens, Nelson retired to his estate at Merton in Surrey, which he had lately purchased, and enjoyed the society of his friends; but no sooner was the peace dissolved, than his lordship was called to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. For fourteen months did Nelson cruise off and on the port of Toulon, sometimes during terrible weather, using every artifice to draw the French out.

In December, 1804, Spain declared war against us. The French fleet joined the Spanish, and got through the Straits of Gibraltar, followed by Nelson on the 7th day of May. The combined fleet effected but little, and the formidable armada returned to Europe when they heard that Nelson was in pursuit. Nelson returned with his fleet to Gibraltar on the 19th July, and went on shore for

LORD NELSON

Drawn in 1802 by Henry Eldridge, A.R.A. Original in National Portrait Gallery, London

the first time *in two years wanting ten days!* He returned home and struck his flag after two years of most harassing work. Scarcely had the hero of the Nile and Copenhagen paid his respects to his Sovereign and the Admiralty, when he was again called to the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

On the 9th October Nelson sent Collingwood his plan of attack. In his plan he summed up with these emphatic words: *No captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.* As the enemy did not seem inclined to come out, Nelson hoped to decoy them by withdrawing to cruising

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN—APRIL 2ND, 1801

From an old engraving

ground about fifty miles to the westward, leaving two frigates to reconnoitre and report. On the 20th October the enemy's ships were announced by Nelson's repeating ships to have put to sea.

But it was not till daybreak of the 21st that the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. The wind was now from the W.N.W., light breezes, with a long, heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail.

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward and formed their line on the port tack, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. The French Admiral Villeneuve was a skilful seaman. His plan of defence was original and well conceived. He formed his fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second, ahead and astern. The Spanish fleet was under Admiral Gravina.

Nelson, certain of a triumphal issue, asked Blackwood what he should consider a victory. That officer answered, he thought it would be a glorious victory if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty. I'll now amuse the fleet with a signal"—and up went the signal which is to last as long as the language: ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY. This was given word for word—each word requiring three and four flags—according to the code; but the word *duty* was not in the code, so it had to be spelled letter by letter—D-U-T-Y.

"Now," he said, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this opportunity of doing my duty."

Ten minutes before twelve the fire commenced. The *Fougueux* was the first French ship that fired a shot, when all the ships in the British fleet immediately displayed their colours, but did not yet return the fire. Before the *Victory* had fired a single shot, fifty of her men were killed or wounded, and her main topmast with all her studding sail, booms and wheel shot away, so that she had to be steered by the relieving tackles below. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the

NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, THE VICTORY, AS SHE IS TO-DAY

cool courage of his men on this occasion.

At 12.04 she opened her fire from both sides, pouring a tremendous broadside, double or treble-shotted (including a 68 pounder carronade loaded with shot and a keg of 500 musket balls) into the *Bucentaure*, that she actually heeled two or three streaks. The Master was ordered to put the helm to port and cut the line and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly closed her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. The *Temeraire*, after having engaged the *Neptune*, 80, for a time, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side, so that these four ships formed a compact or tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way, and locked yard-arm to yard-arm. The lieutenants of the *Victory* seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Temeraire*. Twice Nelson gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing she had struck, because her great guns were silent, for as she carried no flag there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death-wound. A ball fired from the mizzen-top struck the epaulette on his left shoulder about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "My back bone is shot through." He lived to know that the triumph was complete. The greatest sailor since the world began was thus lost to his country.

The total loss of the British in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1,587, while the enemy lost 20,000 including prisoners. The *Victory* had 56 officers and men killed and 102 wounded.

Nelson won the love of his men; we give but one illustration of his devotion to them. On one occasion all letters for home were to be ready at a certain time, the frigate to convey the mails to England hove in sight, and her boat was soon alongside for the letters, and she sailed away. Before she was out of sight a sailor came on deck and showed signs of great excitement. He was a slow writer, and had come on deck too late. Nelson enquired into the cause of his agitation. Immediately the signal was hoisted recalling the frigate, and her boat came alongside for the one letter of common Jack. "Only a trifle," some may say, but trifles help to make men great.

"A la Gaumine"*

By WILLIAM McLENNAN, author of "Spanish John," etc.

Illustrations by Lucius Hitchcock

IF old Nicolas Juchereau of Beauport had not had so many sons and daughters—there was a round baker's dozen of them, beginning with Marie Anne, twice a wife, and ending with Jacqueline, once and forever a nun—his succession might have amounted to something. As it was, most of the boys left home and one had to be helped here and another there, so that the daughters, who made fewer demands, had but a meagre enough share. So when Magdeleine married Monsieur Joseph Alexandre de l'Estringan de St. Martin she had to be satisfied with her imposing name and her husband's position in the Governor's Guard rather than with the length of her purse or the fatness of his pay. However, as "God shears the sheep according to the wind," they had only three children —Josephte, Magdeleine and François—instead of seventeen, like her brother Ignace, or sixteen, like her sister Charlotte.

Josephte, Marie Anne Josephte she was christened, the eldest of the family, was a regular gypsy. Her aunts declared she was badly brought up; that it was a disgrace for a should-be respectable child to run wild over the whole parish; that she was altogether too familiar with both her father and her mother, who had united in spoiling her from her cradle upwards. At these and all similar fault-findings Mme. de St. Martin would only laugh and vow she cared but little, so long as her Josephte loved her and admired her father as the best and most lovable persons in the world. And Joseph Alexandre laughed too, for which his little Josephte, his namesake you notice, jumped on his knee and hugged him until his face became redder than ever as he expostulated:

"Oh, la, la, mes sœurs! We have neither lands nor gold. The children are our only wealth, and a little extravagance in it now and again keeps us from growing too wise or too old."

"You'll both be old enough, some day," rejoined Mme. Ignace, whose husband, M. Duchesnay, was now head of the family, and she, as his representative, was jealous of its dignity,—"You'll both be old enough some day; but I doubt for the wisdom."

"My Joseph is quite as wise as I'll ever want him," retorted Joseph's wife.

"You are a disgrace to the whole family!" thundered Mme. Ignace. "I don't know how you ever came into it."

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"By birth, madame; not by marriage," flashed the little mischief-maker so quickly that her husband had no chance to interfere.

At which Madame Ignace very properly left the house, stating emphatically her opinion of both parents, and prophesying an unpleasant future for their eldest daughter, Marie Anne Josephte de l'Estringan de St. Martin.

All this was when Josephte was quite old enough to have known better; so were her father and mother; but even when a few years went by and they were all a few years older, they still knew no better way to get their best out of life than by going on in the same happy-go-lucky manner, a family whose goods were freedom and affection held in strict community.

"Depend upon it, Joseph and Magdeleine will some day repent of allowing such nonsense as the children dining when they have company," criticised Mme. Ignace to her husband.

"Surely you wouldn't have the children starve," soberly answered her husband.

"Have some sense, Ignace! Certainly no child should be seen when the Governor is present."

"Well, Josephte is no child now; the Governor said to me only yesterday he was surprised that St. Martin had been able to keep so pretty a bird in his nest so long."

"That is just what I say! The idea of allowing a great girl like that to be seen and talked to by every Tom, Dick, and Harry who chooses to come out from Quebec with him."

"Do you mean the Governor, ma vieille?"

"No, I don't mean the Governor, imbecile"—for Mme. Ignace disliked above all things to be called "ma vieille," and M. Duchesnay should have remembered this—"I don't mean the Governor, imbecile, I mean such trash as that young Montholéon, who comes from no one knows where."

"He happens to come from a place called Paris."

"A pretty place!" she snorted.

"So I've been told."

"Then why didn't he stay there? M. Boulard says only the trash come out here."

"M. Boulard has a fine nose, but he'll get it too high in the air if he turns it up at every one whom he meets from Paris. Leave the lad alone and tell M. Boulard to do the same or he may run foul of Joseph a second time." And M. Duchesnay ended the discussion by walking off towards the mill.

And M. Duchesnay was quite right as regards Louis de Montholéon, for in spite of Curé Boulard's nose, he was a fine young fellow and came of most respectable people in Paris. I'm afraid his fault in the eyes of Mme. Ignace was that he had borne a letter to M. de St. Martin, instead of to some more influential member of the family; that he had found the little house by the church more to his liking than the manor, and most of all, that her short-sighted brother-in-law allowed the handsome young fellow to go in and out at all hours and make one with his family in their expeditions into the woods. Of course, had Josephte not been so young it would have made less difference, for Mme. Ignace was fond of her pretty niece in her own imperious way, and M. Louis de Montholéon added a new anxiety to Mme. Ignace which she shared together with her indignation with M. Boulard, who found all her points well taken.

As for the young gentleman and Mademoiselle Josephte, they were innocent of all cause of anxiety or offence. He was as much at home with M. and Mme. de St. Martin as if they had been his own father and mother, and was like an elder brother to Josephte, Magdeleine and François. But gradually there came a change; Josephte became more silent when in his company; she no longer proposed their usual visits to the traps or to the quiet reaches of the Montmorency where trout abound; she preferred to go off alone with her father, and when at home stuck very close to her mother's apron-string.

Louis was somewhat troubled at first, but, having a clear conscience, decided it was only a girl's way, and she would probably come round in time. So he wisely made no change in his relations

towards her, and Josephte gradually became reassured and in her own good time she came round. Her natural upbringing saved her from all affectation, and, once over her first startled apprehension of this new element in her life, she fell back into her usual relations without misgiving or explanation.

That both the young people were in love was clear, and, being of a suitable age, neither father nor mother made any objection. Louis satisfied M. de St. Martin that he was in an independent position, that his marriage would please his mother, from whom a warm letter of approval was soon received by Mme. de St. Martin —for he had written long before the innocent Josephte had suspected his feeling —and, best of all, he announced that, once married, he would remain in Canada.

Now had Mme. de St. Martin known all the wheels in the case, she undoubtedly would have confided this important news to Mme. Ignace. Had she done so she would have made a strong ally, for Mme. Ignace would have welcomed such a step for Josephte, as young men of respectable family and sufficient means were not to be found every day in the colony, and the sight of his mother's letter would have won her own important approval. But Mme. de St. Martin had not as yet dreamed of speaking of so private a matter to any one but her husband; so neither Mme. Ignace nor her coadjutor, M. Boulard, was informed of the projected marriage.

It was one of those days in the late Indian summer of November, and Louis with Josephte were high on one of the upper slopes of Beauport in a quiet spot still known to lovers. She was intent on plaiting ribbons of birch bark and he lay at her feet. Neither had eyes for the valley below, the river beyond, nor the walls and towers and steeples of Quebec encircling the bald heights of Cape Diamond. They saw only each other and had neither eyes nor ears for outside sights or sounds.

"Josephte," said Louis, joyfully kneeling and taking both her hands in his, "I feel as if I must tell the whole world!"

At which Josephte laughed merrily, snatched one of her hands away, and struck his black curls lovingly; but he caught it as she struck and kissed it, and then, despite her struggle, kissed her, as lovers have often done before and since.

"Shame on you, good-for-naughts!" thundered a voice above them, and they sprang to their feet to find the Curé Boulard glaring at them. "Go home to your mother, you hussy, and stay there unless you wish to do penance in your shift before the church! As for you, sir, be off to Quebec, and the sooner you take your shameless ways off to France the better for you. I want none of your sort a ound my parish!"

"Hold your tongue, M. Boulard," thundered Louis. "Josephte is my promised wife; and, priest or no priest, I'll choke the life out of you if you dare say another word to her."

M. Boulard looked at the indignant face before him for a moment in silence, then he said quietly, but with an unpleasant little laugh: "Your promised wife, eh? Well, there's where the matter is likely to remain."

And he turned at the words and walked away.

When Louis recovered himself somewhat Josephte was crying, and, begging him not to follow, m de the best of her way home to pour out her indignant shame and mortification on her mother's sympathetic breast.

"You must not breathe a word of this to your father, my child," said her mother when she had succeeded in calming her. "I don't know what he would do to M. Boulard. Remember that, whatever we think of him, he is our priest, and 'tis here you must be married. Why in the world did I not say a word to your Aunt Duchesnay?"

"But I cannot be married by him, mamma. How can I when he has said such things to me?"

"Hard words break no bones, my love," laughed her mother, hiding her indignation in her desire to comfort. "Keep a brave heart! Go on as if nothing had happened, and it will all come out right in the end. You can tell your father after M. Boulard has married you, if you care to—though by that time you'll be laughing at it as a good joke."

But the few days of Indian summer had barely fled when M. Boulard met M. de St. Martin on his first return from Quebec, and with that bold outspokenness which so often rendered his other more admirable qualities invalid, he straightway exposed what he held to be the reprehensible conduct of Josephte and Louis.

To the father it was so impossible that any one should impute evil to his girl that he was more moved to indulgent pity than anger.

"Tut, tut, M. le Curé! Remember you were young yourself once. All the world has been making love since the days of Maître Adam and Mme. Eve.

"Dieu bénit ce couple charmant
Dans le moment,

as the old *complainte* says."

"A very different matter. Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden."

"Oh well, Louis and Josephte will soon be."

"Don't be too sure of that, monsieur."

M. de St. Martin stared at the obstinate face of the Curé in angry surprise, but firm in his resolution not to quarrel, ended the conversation—

"Oh, yes they will, M. le Curé. M. de Montholéon will wait on you and ask you to marry him all in due form."

On the morrow M. de St. Martin and his intended son-in-law, dressed in their best, set out for the presbytère. They found an atmosphere within quite as frosty as that without.

M. de St. Martin plunged boldly into his business.

"M. le Curé, my wife and I have known M. de Montholéon since he came out from France last year, recommended specially to me. He and my little Josephte imagine they are sufficiently in love to set up house together, and, as they have enough to keep the pot boiling, we wish you to proclaim the banns next Sunday so they may be married hard and fast before the New Year. Is there anything special you require of us?"

"Yes, there is a good deal I require of this gentleman," said M. Boulard, looking hard at Louis. "Before there can be any question of marriage, I require to be thoroughly satisfied about him."

"Isn't this going a little far, M. le Curé? I should have thought that question rested chiefly with my wife and myself."

"I am not given to talking about other people's business, M. de St. Martin. Where does this young man come from?"

"Ask him yourself," said M. de St. Martin, shortly; which was not a good beginning.

"I come from Paris, monsieur. My father was an officer in the King's household, and my mother, Mme. de Nesle, still lives."

"Have you any occupation?"

"None, monsieur."

"Have you ever been married?"

"Hardly, monsieur. I am only twenty-four now."

"That is no answer. Are you married?"

"Monsieur, that is very nearly an insult, before M. de St. Martin," said the young fellow, reddening.

"Answer my question. Are you married?"

"No, monsieur."

"How do I know?"

"Because I tell you so, monsieur."

"You have no certificate from your parish priest?"

"No, monsieur. Why should I? Every one knows me here," stammered poor Louis, for he was unused to brow-beating of this description, and was woefully distressed at such insinuations before the father of his Josephte.

"Nobody knows you here that counts for anything," answered the priest arrogantly. "Let me tell you we don't choose to marry every adventurer who strays out here for reasons best known to himself."

"M. Boulard, what do you mean by such impertinence?" broke in M. de St. Martin. "Speak out like a man and tell me what you mean."

"If you attended your religious duties better, M. de St. Martin," said the Curé in his ordinary tone, "you would know there is a mandement of the Bishop forbidding marriage with persons arriving from France unless they bring proper certificates and produce reputable witnesses to the same effect. This gentleman—"

"His name is M. de Montholéon," interrupted M. de St. Martin, angered

by the intonation the Curé put on the word.

"It may be—this gentleman does not seem to me to have fulfilled any of these conditions."

"I have a letter from my mother to Mme. de St. Martin, in which she approves of my marriage," put in Louis, anxious to avoid further discussion. "Will you not see it?"

"No, I will not. I will take what the Bishop requires and nothing else. M. de St. Martin, I am busy this morning. I tell you plainly your daughter shall have no wedding until you bring a proper suitor before me."

Imagine the indignation and anger in the house by the church that evening! The worst of it was that no letter could be sent off to France before the end of next May at earliest, and before an answer could be received, the certificates examined and admitted, the banns published, a whole year might have gone. The thought that M. Boulard was fully aware of this was an additional aggravation. A whole year seemed an eternity to the month they had counted on, and the young people were in despair.

That evening Mme. de St. Martin said to her husband: "No, Joseph, you have tried your hand at this business and no one could have done it better. Now I'm going to try my hand on him and see if he can understand a woman's good reasons."

"All right, ma vieille," assented M. de St. Martin, greatly relieved, for he could see no way out of the tangle.

And Mme. de St. Martin, who did not mind being called "ma vieille" at all, kissed her big husband, calling him her "p'ti' chou," her "grand ours" and other equally affectionate names, and there the matter rested for the night.

But Mme. de St. Martin, alas! made no better progress with the unreasonable M. Boulard than had her husband. She returned home, very indignant, but unconquered. All the fighting qualities of the Juchereau were aroused within her, and she announced to Louis her determination to go with him the next day and appeal to M. Glandelet, the Grand Vicaire of Quebec.

M. Glandelet was white and austere like his dwelling, and invited neither familiarity nor appeal.

When Mme. de St. Martin began her story, he waved his thin hand and said:

"I have already seen your Curé, M. Boulard. He is right in the position he has taken, and there is nothing to be discussed."

"But, monsieur, allow me to explain," protested Louis.

"You can explain, M. de Montholéon, when you produce the certificates required by the Bishop's mandement."

"But, monsieur, 'tis winter now, and though I am perfectly willing I cannot possibly receive any certificates before next autumn."

"That is your affair, monsieur."

"At least allow me to produce my proof."

"What proof?" said M. Glandelet, leaning forward with some show of interest.

"My mother's letter."

But M. Glandelet fell back in his chair with a gesture of weariness. "Oh, la, la, la, monsieur, this is an old story. M. Boulard has refused to accept your so-called proof, and I am not going to waste my time nor my temper over such matters. The Bishop's mandement is there, it is perfectly clear. Comply with it and M. Boulard will marry you with all the pleasure in the world. And there's an end of it!" And M. Glandelet rose to point his words.

Unfortunately it was not the end; for M. Louis de Montholéon, burning under a sense of personal injustice, and outraged in his tenderest feelings, gave way to his indignation with words that certainly did nothing to help forward his cause.

Mme. de St. Martin did not accept it as a defeat. Soon her influence worked on Josephte, who after a day or two, went singing about her work. No one in the household could guess what kept Mme. de St. Martin so cheerful or inspired her unfailing assurances that all would come out right.

For her, marriage was in the air, so much so that she apparently could leave no single people in peace. So thought Michel Potvin, that staid, quiet-going

bachelor with the mature wisdom of forty years and better, when his mistress came into the kitchen one night after the maids had gone to bed and he sat before the fire mending his snowshoes.

"Michel," she began without preamble, "have you any thought of getting married?"

"Boutique! madame. Why should I get married?"

"Because I wish you to."

"Get married, madame? Me?"

"Yes, certainly. Didn't I speak plainly?"

"Pour l'amour! madame. That is a poor jest to bring to a quiet man at this time of day. I've had trouble enough by myself, and 'tis a poor fool that would double it. No, no, leave such things to the young people who don't know any better."

"'Vendredi' Levêque's daughter is a good girl, Michel."

"Then let her be a comfort to her father, madame."

"Now, Potvin, no more nonsense! I wish you to get married and that's all about it. I'll see you have enough to start with, and old Levêque's daughter is willing. What more do you want?"

"I don't want Levêque's daughter, madame," said poor Louis, dolefully.

"Good gracious! man. One woman's much like another. Who do you want?"

"Well, to speak frankly, I don't want any; but if madame is set on the matter —perhaps, Marie Belanger—"

"Marie Belanger be it!" closed Mme. de St. Martin, quickly. "I'll speak to her father to-morrow, for the banns must be read next Sunday."

"That will make the wedding, madame—?"

"Early in January."

This important business being settled to Mme. de St. Martin's satisfaction, she then entered into some explanations which so satisfied M. Potvin that every cloud vanished from his face and by the next day his cheerfulness rivalled that of Josephte; he proved as ardent a lover as Mademoiselle Marie Belanger or any reasonable girl could demand, so their banns were duly read in the parish church of Beauport by the Curé Boulard the very next Sunday.

The New Year came with its obligatory round of visits between relations and friends, but no unpleasant remarks were made, either at the presbytère or the manor; the young people were apparently in good heart, and Mme. de St. Martin had a light of triumph in her eye which nothing appeared to justify unle s it were the approaching marriag of Potvin and Marie Belanger.

The marriage was fixed for Wednesday, the 7th of January. To do honour to their faithful servant and the lady of Mme. de St. Martin's choice, the whole St. Martin family were n the church with the exception of M. de St. Martin, who was on duty at the Château in Quebec.

Louis de Montholéon stood beside Josephte, and a very handsome couple they made. The bride and groom were in their proper places, M. le Curé Boulard officiated, and the marriage was duly performed. He then prepared to celebrate the benediction, but the moment the consecration of the elements was complete Louis de Montholéon arose in his place, and holding Josephte by the hand, declared in his clear voice:

"I, Louis de Montholéon, before M. le Curé Boulard and in presence of you all as witnesses, do take Marie Anne Josephte de l'Estringan de St. Martin as my wife."

Then mademoiselle, very pale and trembling now, in her turn said:

"I, Marie Anne Josephte de l'Estringan de St. Martin, before M. le Curé Boulard and in presence of you all as witnesses, do take Louis de Montholéon as my husband."

The consternation was general. M. Boulard turned as red as his altar cloth; but what could he do, dear man! It was after the consecration and he could not interrupt his mass. He stood still, in speechless indignation, while whisperings began to run through the congregation: "Un mariage à la Gaumine! Oh, la bonne blague!" and the like, unti he r - covered his composure, when, raising his hand to command attention, he went on with his office steadily to the end.

Once outside, every one by common accord waited, eager to see the pair who had awakened such sudden interest in their eyes. Side by side, hand still in hand, they stepped out of the door and

"I, Louis de Montholéon, . . . do take Marie Anne Josephte de l'Estringan as my wife."

Drawn by Lucius Hitchcock.

paused at the edge of the narrow platform which ran across the front of the church. Then Louis spoke.

"My friends," he said, "you have seen what has happened. Every step I have taken," continued Louis, "up to the day that I went to ask M. Boulard to marry me to this lady has been with the full knowledge and consent of M. and Mme. de St. Martin and of my mother.

"M. Boulard refused to marry us. Why? Because, he says, I am a Frenchman, because I must bring to him a certificate from my parish priest, from a notary, from some one or other, whom he has never seen—to prove what? That I am not married already.

"I have, as a good Catholic, the highest respect for M. Boulard as a priest, and I now declare that if I have in any way offended him as such I humbly ask his pardon and forgiveness, but I have done nothing I am ashamed of. I know I am in the right and M. Boulard will yet say so himself. No man or woman will ever be able to say that any scandal save such as he himself has forced upon us shall ever fall on my wife, for, in spite of all you have heard, my wife she is, married by him, in the face of the Church, and I call on each one of you as a witness!"

When he ended there was no doubt of the popular verdict; though some of the elders might shake heads over the scandal, the shaking was more perfunctory than condemnatory. There were few who did not press forward to shake hands with the rebels, and while the feather-brained laughed over the ruse, the more serious assured the young people of their sympathy and support.

"Dame!" exclaimed Potvin to his bride, "we are very much like the dead man at his funeral—all the compliments for the company."

Beyond the Veil

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

YOU lifted eyes pain-filled on me,
Sad questioning eyes which did demand
How I could thrust back churlishly
The friendship true you offered me.—
Ah, Sweet, to-day you understand!

'Twas that my heart beat rapturously
At smile of thine, at touch of hand,
At tender glance vouchsafed to me,
The while I knew it must not be.—
Ah, Sweet, to-day you understand!

There's neither pain nor mystery
In that far-off and fragrant land
To which you journeyed fearlessly,
By golden street and jasper sea.—
Ah, Sweet, to-day you understand!

"Maskee!"

A Tale of the City of Peking

By EVE BRODLIQUE-SUMMERS

ILVA West flashed out into the Legation gardens with a swirl of her white petticoats and a pout of her pretty lips. Like a discontented bird she bobbed about among the palms, the ferns, the potted plants, which made the Legation court as a huge, but roofless, conservatory. The sun gleamed upon the copper of her hair, and vainly searched her young face for some wrinkle or flaw. To such as she the world should have been "fair and very fair," but she dwelt this morning among dark clouds of her own making. It was all on account of a little god, not the small winged creature who usually acts as the disturber of peace with young ladies, but a squat little Buddha of the inner temple, near the Legation.

"How muchee plice can catchee b'long my?" she had eagerly inquired of the pale, yellow priest, stately and calm, who was escorting this lively young visitor through the dim temple. He shook his capped head.

"But I want him. I must have him—he's so perfectly dear," cried the excited girl, lapsing from her shaky pidgin English, and pointing with one imperative forefinger to the little gilt bronze she had so stubbornly fancied.

"God makee no tra-la, all got in Temple, no tief can takee," exclaimed the calm priest, with great lucidity. Ilva frowned and took out her purse. It was not particularly well-filled, as the Priest's sharp eyes at once perceived. When she tried to press it into his hand, while at the same time she reached forth for the coveted Buddha, his slim yellow fingers deftly returned her the purse, and protected the grotesque little god. She shrank from the silky heathen touch, but her blood was up.

"Pay my!" she pleaded.

"He topside joss," explained the Priest, still more laboriously, slyly offering her as a substitute another bronze Buddha which he took from the recesses of his flowing garments.

She repudiated the compromise. Ilva knew very well what she wanted. Her fancy had been captivated by the smaller god, and she would not be put off with another and inferior Buddha. She rushed to the Legation to enlist aid and sympathy.

The Minister looked grave. "My dear Ilva," he said, "you already have trunksful of 'loot' to take home; you can't possibly need this especial small god."

"But I do!"

"Then I am afraid you will have to go needy. If this is a 'topside joss,' you simply cannot get it. Why not be satisfied with the nice little unconsecrated Buddhas you can buy in the Bund?"

"And bring home by way of the Maloo in a Peking cart," she pouted. "Oh, Uncle, haven't you any sentiment? What is the use of belonging to the Legation if you can't have some privileges? Anybody can buy these things in the Bund."

"Well, no Chinese bronze is worth breaking the Tenth Commandment."

"There isn't a thing in the Tenth Commandment about coveting your neighbour's gods," snapped Ilva.

"Then it is the First Commandment you are set on smashing."

"Don't be so silly, Uncle! I'm not making any genuflection before the thing. Lieutenant Turner, won't *you* help me to get this darlingest little Buddha?"

The young attaché laughed uneasily. "I'd go through fire and water for you, Miss Ilva, or any other little thing like that, but you see, these brutes of Chinamen really do pin their faith to some of their fat, cross-legged bits of earthenware, and it's a—well—a sort of a sacrilege for us 'foreign devils' to even touch them."

"Oh, of course, if you are *afraid*," began the young beauty, disdainfully.

The attaché flushed crimson, and the Minister spoke—more sternly than was his wont.

"That is distinctly unfair, Ilva. I tell you once for all, that this Legation will not countenance any insult to the religion of these Orientals. You do not understand what you are talking about."

It was then that Ilva bounced out into the garden in an unmistakable fit of sulks. Her heart burned hot within her. She had been reproved like a naughty child—she—who had queened it over the Legation for the past three months—reproved before Lieutenant Turner, her hitherto devoted slave. At first it had been only a passing fancy for the freakish little god, but now she was mutinous. She was determined she would not give up. She would show them. She would have that little god yet. But how? She went up to her own apartments to think it all out.

Her maid was packing her treasures; rare specimens of celadons, famille vert, jade, sang-de-bœuf, censers, tripods, wine cups, tea-pots, candlesticks, carved ivory and teak, bone and bamboo and crackleware. "Ain't they just beautiful, Miss?" cried the admiring maid, but Ilva barely acquiesced. At that moment all the splendid collection was as dust and ashes to her without the little gilt Buddha of the inner temple.

She sat disconsolately down by her window, amid roses and hyacinths and chrysanthemums, real and pictorial, blowing either in or on vase and pot and jar. From where she sat she could see the broad, bright street of the Legations, and the large walled square of the Tartar city, lying northwest of the oblong Chinese city, and through all the distance never a spire or a minaret, only pagodas shining in the sun.

Down in the court below she heard a masculine voice humming:

"Bloomin' idols made of mud
What they calls the great God Budd."

She poked her fair head out of the window, and met Lieutenant Turner's upturned, worried gaze.

"Won't you come down?" he asked.

"I'm down, desperately down, already."

"I didn't mean in the matter of spirits," said the young man, heavily. "I shouldn't want to drag you down to my level in that regard."

"Why! Is your barometer pointing 'low,' too?"

The Lieutenant languished effectively. "Aren't you packing up to leave Peking?" he queried.

Miss West laughed, then paused, her bright head on one side, more like a pert little bird than ever. "I'm merely waiting for my keepsake," she said, and then ran blithely down the stairs.

"What keepsake?" asked the young man, eagerly, as she joined him.

"Oh, that dear little Buddha Uncle was so horrid about."

The face of the young man clouded. "I'm afraid that—you—you—don't quite understand," he stammered.

The girl stopped abruptly in her promenade. "I fancy I've heard about my lack of intelligence before," she said, sharply. Beads of perspiration stood out on the young man's brow. Ilva watched him closely. "If we did not live in such degenerate times I might have found a knight gallant enough to get me a piece of bric-a-brac from a difficult place," she said, with a fine air of contempt.

"But the knight always did his spectacular deeds for a reward," said poor Turner, trying to laugh the matter off.

"Ah, well the reward could be easily managed," said Ilva sweetly.

Turner stared, flushed rosy red, hesitated, then caught her pretty sun-burned hand in his.

"Would it be this—Ilva?—this?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Yes," whispered Ilva, dropping her eyelids demurely, and drawing her hand slowly—very slowly—away.

* * * * * * * *

That evening a disconsolate lover sought his lady in her bower—or what passed for her bower, the forest of potted trees and plants in the Legation Court.

"Have you got it?" she whispered, with all the impatience of a spoiled child for a forbidden toy.

Slowly he drew a little image out of his pocket. She clutched at it, and held

it up to the light. Then gave a cry of anger, and dashed it to the ground.

"This is not my Buddha! It is the same common thing the priest tried to sell me! How dare you try to hoodwink me so!"

The lover protested, humbly. "It was the best I could do. The old fellow said the disposal of this would get him into disgrace, but that to let the other go would mean death. It seems that it's an awfully high-mucky-muck sort of a god that you've set your heart on, for all it's so small. This one is nicer looking, to my mind, as well as bigger, and not so dragon-y. The other isn't a pucca Buddha, you know" (Lieutenant Turner had been in India). "Anyway, you wouldn't want to get the old fellow murdered, would you? I noticed another yellow rascal watching us terribly closely as I tried to strike the bargain. I fancy he was a spy. It looked suspicious."

Miss West's expression was unutterably scornful and very wise. "They fool you and the Minister," she said. "Of course they see I have set my heart on this one article—I don't care if he's a pucca Buddha or not; I like 'em dragon-y—and they are holding it for all they can get. I suppose they are afraid the tall priest may let it go too cheaply. That is what the watching means, unless it is merely a part of the game to impress us. However, a man playing at being a spy does not terrify *ME!*" and with a withering glance she left the young Lieutenant, a man who had never known fear, and who never would. Birth and breeding and training made it impossible, but he was clear-sighted enough to be careful, especially when others were involved.

For the matter of that, neither was Ilva easily frightened. Nothing daunted she traversed the dim temple again and again, always stopping before the little gilt bronze hung with jewels, and always followed by some keen-eyed priest. Whenever it was he of the tall form and the serene face, with pale yellow skin satin-smooth, she tried to wheedle, to bargain, to coax. The calm priest always shook his gentle head.

"Me catchee killum," he would say, but the wilful girl believed him not. It was a part of her most firm belief that all these yellow heathen lied, and lied constantly. Besides, her heart was more than ever set upon the little gilt god. It had become a matter of pride. She wanted to show the Minister and Lieutenant Turner how much cleverer than they she was, and how utterly unafraid. Still the expiration of her visit was drawing near, and she had made no further visible progress, though even the priest's Oriental stolidity could not hide from her sharp eyes the fact that she was a welcome visitor to his temple.

She grew desperate. One dull afternoon she filled her purse with every available coin she could spare. She selected several rings, a brooch or two, and put them in her chatelaine bag. She wreathed flowers in her hair until she looked like a mischievous fairy, for Ilva had been a belle too long to despise the day of small things, and she knew of a surety that the tall priest appreciated her beauty and unlikeness to the women of his own race. Then with her hands filled with flowers for the altar, she tripped, like an embodied Flora, to offer her priest a final bribe. He was there, in an attitude that suspiciously suggested waiting. When he caught sight of her, his slant eyes shone in unveiled welcome, for this butterfly girl had come to be a daily sunbeam in that dim place of carven teak and sandalwood and bronze. She put her flower-decked head coquettishly on one side:—"Chin-chin joss pidgin," she said imperatively, and then, holding out her open purse, "pay my!"

The priest looked at her wistfully, hungrily, for he was young (if Chinamen are ever young), and she was fair to see. Then he answered softly, without more than a sidelong glance at the gleaming little purse: "You wanchee he? My no can gettee. You sabe my catchee killum." Ilva laughed. To her mind the priest was evidently weakening, and for his allusion to capital punishment for the theft, she cared not one whit.

"My talkee tlue, pidgin," he said, reproachfully.

Ilva made a merry little grimace. "Of course, you dear old ivory image," she

said in English, then "Can? No can?" holding out a little pearl ring in addition to the purse.

"That belong what ting?" he asked, anxiously.

"Mine, my ring," answered Ilva, collapsing into regular English again, but quickly drawing the ring on and off her finger to indicate its use. The priest looked at her straight in her blue eyes as his own oblique gaze would permit.

"Maskee!" he murmured; then, with fingers unbent and knuckles out, he beckoned her into a dimmer corner, near the place where the little gilt Buddha stood. He held out one thin, yellow finger for the ring. She tried to put the purse and the bauble into his hand. To her amazement, he repudiated the money, but still held his finger stiff and outstretched to receive the ring. She slipped it on—his fingers were as slim as her own. Then he stood looking at her, humbly, worshipfully. She shrank beneath his gaze.

"What time can make god b'long my?" she asked in a business-like tone, fully aware that she dared not remove the god there and then. The priest stood like a pale ivory carving, and Ilva noticed how singularly straight and intelligent his features were.

"Can do chop-chop," he answered humbly; then, with a rush, "Kissee my one time, one little one time?" Ilva sprang back. Here was the influence of the foreign customs of the "foreign devils" with a vengeance! Her eyes blazed. She turned to go. As she went, the Celestial reached forth to touch a fold of her dress with caressing fingers, and caught a flower as it fell from her hair. But she went without a word. "Maskee!" he breathed, "Maskee!" and held the little ring to his bosom.

* * * * * * *

Notwithstanding the manner of her departure, Ilva felt sure that the coveted treasure would be forthcoming, and went to sleep that night happier than for weeks. The next morning when she opened her eyes, there the Buddha was, standing on her window-sill, sheltered by a trailing vine from the outside world, and yet set so that the early sunshine glistened on the jewels about its fantastic little neck. With a cry of delight, Ilva cuddled the grotesque thing in her hands, and then slipped it into the blouse of her morning dress, and hurried down to air her triumph to the rest.

But the moment she entered the breakfast-room she intuitively knew the time unpropitious for her declaration. The Minister was striding up and down the apartment with an anxious frown knotting his fine iron-gray brows. Young Turner stood by the open window, looking worn and harassed. Dull reports boomed discordantly from a distance. The Minister's wife sat pale and trembling behind the coffee urn. Evidently this was more than a domestic disturbance among the retinue of servants necessary for official residence in that flowery land. Ilva crept up to the motherly presence behind the steaming urn. "What is it, Auntie?" she whispered.

The poor lady patted her niece's hand in a feeble attempt at reassurance. "The Minister is troubled, my dear, for this morning a dead priest was found lying across our doorstep, and he thinks the Chinese mean mischief to the Legation. Oh, I am so glad you are going away from it all!"

"Do you remember that tall, yellow fellow we used to see so much in the Temple?" asked Turner of Ilva. "Poor chap, they've bow-strung him! He seemed a pretty good sort, too."

Ilva felt her lips stiffen with horror. The Minister regarded her kindly, in spite of his pre-occupation. "Don't look so woe-begone, child," he said. "You had no hand in this matter. Indeed, I expect the fellow wasn't worth troubling over, for the servants say there was a ring on his finger—a pearl ring—which he very likely had stolen from one of the Legations."

"Yes; and inside the breast of his robe they found a rose such as we alone raise," said the Minister's wife. "It is dreadful to think that the man died stealing—he a priest, too!"

"Well, I'm jolly glad we had nothing to do with him, or any of his little old gods," said Turner; "but I can't for the life of me see what is meant by their laying his body here! Just hear those yellow

beggars now exploding firecrackers to drive away the devils from their joss house."

They listened. The booming grew more insistent. Detonation after detonation marked the effort to repair a sacrilege. Ilva felt that every one was a shot in her heart. Then the Minister resumed his conversation with Turner: "I wish I could understand," he said. "Did you notice last night, and again this morning, a mysterious scratching on the boards of the house? It annoyed me so that I could not sleep, and I sent the servants out to find the cat, or the rat, or whatever it was. But nothing could be located. Now that part of it is not surprising. This is—this morning the servants unite in telling me that the scratching proceeds from a beast, half dog, half dragon, which comes from the Temple near by, and that this strange animal only pays visits when some awful calamity is about to happen."

"I see," broke in the young Lieutenant, eagerly. "You think that the servants are trying, in a vague way, to warn us of approaching danger, and put us on our guard?"

The Minister nodded, and glanced significantly towards the women. "We must get them out of the way as quickly as possible," he said.

Young Turner ruffled up the pages of his newspaper. "The *Empress* sails from Taku the day after to-morrow," he said. "We must get them off to Tien-Tsin to-night, and then they can go down the river in the morning. There is no time to lose."

That night the Minister's wife, Ilva West and the attendants were quietly driven out of the Legation in Peking carts drawn by sturdy mules, whose legs sank deep in the thick mud which oozed along the uneven streets, and splashed the occupants of the carts in dismal splotches. Ilva had been strangely silent all day. The others thought she was frightened, when it was but the fear and horror of what her wilfulness had accomplished. Her little Buddha she still wore in the blouse of her gown, afraid to return it to the Temple, or to anyone who might take it thither, now the friendly priest was gone, and restitution might very likely be more dangerous than concealment. She had worked enough mischief. She had brought death to a human being—perhaps bitter danger to her friends. It was horrible, horrible, and the knowledge of it all crushed her.

As they drove out through the Chien-mên, quietly as might be, then by the Chi-Huro, past the Liang-Kung-Foo, she looked back, shudderingly, at the walled cities, seeing with aching eyes the Temple she had persistently haunted, and beyond it the awesome Imperial City, court upon court, which she had dreamed of in its yellow glory, with piles upon piles of gleaming gold, and its topaz-embroidered yellow velvet draperies. She thought of Nineveh and Tyre, her terror deepened and concentrating, until she hid her face in her aunt's lap to keep from shrieking aloud. That good lady bravely turned her thoughts from her own sorrows to comfort the weeping girl, believing that her tears were for the brave lover she was leaving behind to almost certain danger.

All through the days of their flight westward, the little gilt god weighed like iron on the breast of the girl, but she could not summon the courage to drop the thing overboard of the Taku river-boat, nor later into the sea. Before the fugitives reached home, the Peking massacre had begun, and the quiet river banks of the Taku had been foreground for stirring, dreadful pictures of war. There a varied host had been gathered, there had fought in unison an admiral of England, a field-marshal of Germany, and Sepoys of India, and there the Stars and Stripes had been drenched in the blood of Liscum's brave men. It was a terrible time. The whole civilised world was raging at the Chinese procrastination which prevented it from knowing whether the diplomats and foreign residents of Peking were dead or alive. Report after report appeared, only to be contradicted. The little bronze god sat on the edge of the mantel in Miss West's boudoir and smiled hideously, as though conscious that the hour of revenge had struck. Ilva loathed the thing, yet it held her by its fascination, as it had from the first. She could not destroy it. It had become an

embodied penance to her, as ever-present as the albatross to the Ancient Mariner. Before its stony countenance she made moan, and prayed, helplessly and hopelessly, to the God of the Christians that the awful consequences of her folly might be stayed. So the dross of her nature burned away in the quick fires of remorse and repentance.

Then definite news came. China was receiving its chastisement, weltering in the dreary, decadent grandeur of its thousand yellow years. The West had recognised its duty towards the East. But alas for the spilled blood, the broken hearts!

The Minister wrote that he had escaped, hungry and nerve-worn, but unhurt. Turner, poor chap, had lost an arm. It was cut away by the sword of an undersized yellow priest from the near-by Temple. Good boy, Turner! It was ten thousand pities! And he was coming home by the next boat.

Ilva went straight to her wounded warrior as soon as he landed. He turned away from her. She implored. "I wanted you to marry me when I was a whole man; I wouldn't tie you down to a battered cripple," he said, bitterly. Then she drew him gently home, and laying one hand tenderly on his empty sleeve, looked straight into his face, and told him all her tale, all her remorse—all her love.

Gaily he clasped her with his strong remaining arm. "Why, little woman, you musn't blame all this uprising on yourself," he cried. "Losing their trumpery little old god may have helped matters a bit with those fellows at that particular Temple, but the whole thing had been brewing long before. If I were to recount half of the reasons and conditions your precious little head would spin with weariness. But surely you remember how anxious the Minister used to be long since, over the isolated Boxer outrages which were so constantly cropping up even then?"

"Ah!" she sighed. "But the poor murdered priest—and he did like me, in his queer way. And this—this—is my fault, too." She pressed her cheek against the empty sleeve, embroidering it with tears.

The happy lover laughed, for even the loss of an arm seems little to the young beside the loss of a sweetheart, and what was a yellow priest more or less? And as he laughed he cast his eyes up to the squatting, cross-legged figure on the mantel edge, and hummed as he had hummed before among the palms in the Legation court:

"Bloomin' idol made of mud!"

But Ilva only sighed, thinking of the havoc she had wrought, and the sorrow, for she had seen the light in the slant eyes of the yellow priest, and knew that he had laid down his life to gratify her mere caprice. "Greater love hath no man than this," she thought to herself, but aloud she only said, softly: "Maskee!" which being interpreted is "Kismet!" or "The Fates will it! What's the Use?"

Endeavour

BY J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON

WE cannot climb beyond a certain height,
We cannot pass beyond a settled mark
We cannot hope to reach that shining light
Which we perceive but dimly in the dark.
But hark!
What is that voice that seems to come from heaven,
Cleaving the azure pureness of the sky?
"You cannot strive, perhaps, as some have striven,
But you can try!"

THE BUILDERS

by Eric Bohne

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago. In Halifax new troops land under Colonel Battersby and proceed to the West, Captain Morris being entrusted with a letter to Mrs. Manning from Maud Maxwell. The life at Penetang is described, and one event is Big Thunder's account of the death of Tecumseh.

CHAPTER XXXII

IT was July before Colonel Battersby's column, after a long march from Montreal, reached Kingston and joined the forces of General Drummond; and none too soon, for word had been forwarded of the disastrous invasion of the Niagara frontier under Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley. Fort Erie had been taken, and Commander-in-Chief Brown, with a heavy force, had advanced against Major-General Riall and defeated the British forces at Chippewa. The country was ravaged, St. Davids burned, Niagara threatened.

With all possible speed General Drummond pressed forward his troops, but it was the 25th of the month before Niagara was reached and Riall reinforced. Part of Colonel Battersby's command was left with the veterans and Indians stationed at Queenston, to oppose the landing of American troops there; while the balance, including Battersby himself, as well as Captain Morris and his company, continued with the main force in the advance toward Lundy's Lane.

At six o'clock of that memorable night when Drummond's forces met Riall's, at the junction of Queenston Road and Lundy's Lane, the latter were retreating before the superior force of the enemy. Countermanding the retreat, the General at once placed his guns in strong position on the hill. Eight hundred soldiers, however, added to the British troops still came short of balancing the forces. Nevertheless,

the famous battle of Lundy's Lane at once commenced, and before night it was fiercely raging. As it progressed, reinforcements were received on both sides—this only added fuel to the flame—and it was not until midnight that the battle ceased.

Among orchards laden with fruit, on hillside and summit, in little copses of woodland, in open plain, throughout that long twilight, until the pale moon sank in the west:

"Roar of baleful battle rose
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife like tigers sprung."

What gave enthusiasm to Canadians and British in the contest was that they were fighting for home and country. The attitude of defender and invader can never be the same. The balance of heart and soul against mere mentality can never be equal. The one has virile force in every fibre of its being, ready to sacrifice life and limb to principle—the other mere elusive energy, begotten of baser metal with the hope of ultimate gain.

Still the American infantry fought with gallant determination. With unfailing energy they made charge after charge to capture the British guns. General Riall, now second in command, was wounded and captured; and at nine o'clock it seemed as though the Americans would win. Then reinforcements poured in on either side. Though tired from long marches on that hot summer day, they at once rallied to the support of their respective commanders; and lighted only by the faint moonlight, and the flash from the rifles, the struggle continued with redoubled fury.

The English gunners stood manfully at their posts, and swept with deadly fire the lines of Brown's battalions. The carnage was terrific. White men of the same blood, the same language, the same religion; nay, in the highest ethics, of the same race, shot each other down by hundreds, as if life were of no moment, bayonetting each other to death in the light of the silvery moon.

At last, spurred on by the determination to win the battle at any cost, Colonel Miller of the Twenty-first made an impetuous rush and for a time captured the British guns.

Now began the wildest scene of all—a hand to hand and bayonet to bayonet struggle for mastery. General Drummond's men rallied on every side, determined to fight to the bitter end, and hour after hour the slaughter continued. Everywhere the fight went on. The shouts of command, the thunder of artillery, the continual flashing of powder, the clashing of steel, mingled with the roar of Niagara and the groans of the dying, made it seem as though the demons of hell had been let loose to ravage the earth.

But six hours of mortal conflict were enough. Seventeen hundred men, Britons and Americans, lay side by side, dead or wounded, on that field of battle. The position of the British was too strong to be taken and held; and the invaders, realising the futility of further effort, withdrew from the field; returning to Fort Erie, which they had already captured, and where they more adequately intrenched their position.

Left to themselves the British were not long in making a change. Lights were lit and at once men were dispatched to examine the field and search for missing comrades.

Colonel Battersby, although he had led his men in the thickest of the fight, had come off unscathed; but he knew that some of his officers had been slain and others wounded. To his horror, Captain Morris, the man of his own selection, was missing. Eager to know the truth, accompanied by orderlies, he went carefully over the field. Headless trunks, disembowelled bodies, the dead, the dying, the wounded, were everywhere. Agonising groans came from the fallen, both English and Americans, while side by side with them, stoic Indians with impassive faces did not utter a sound.

As they passed on limbs were straightened, a comfortable position given or a wound stanched; while now and then a few drops from a pocket flask were poured between the lips of a life fast ebbing away.

"Colonel, here's a captain's epaulets," ejaculated one of his men at last. A light was thrown upon a body, whose face was hidden in the moss beneath an oak shrub

The man, unconscious, still breathed, though he lay in a pool of blood. Wiping his face they gently turned it upwards.

"My God! It is Captain Morris," exclaimed the Colonel.

Tenderly they placed him in an easier position. Blood from his scalp and arm and leg were flowing freely.

"Tell one of the surgeons to come at once," was the Colonel's order, while he stooped to loosen his clothing.

In a few minutes the Doctor came and made an examination.

"Suffering from concussion as well as loss of blood," were his words. "Let us lay him on a stretcher and carry him to quarters."

In a few minutes they reached a vacant house on the lower side of the hill, which they purposed using as a temporary hospital.

"Who is it?" inquired General Drummond as they approached.

"Captain Morris, sir."

"Ah! Another brave man. One of our best officers! How many we have lost in this terrible fight! Will he live, Doctor?"

"He is not conscious, but he opened his eyes just now."

"Thank God! You must do your best for him."

"I will, sir."

They placed him on a low settle, on one side of the room, and the Doctor dressed his wounds.

"I saw him fall," came in a low tone from a man in the opposite corner, whose foot had been shot off. He had fainted from loss of blood, and his leg had been bound up until it could be properly dressed. I belong to his company. Twice we were driven back—half our men had fallen—but he drew his sword and rushed on again, calling us to follow him—then a Yankee officer struck at him, so he knocked his sword back and ran him through—but a couple o' sogers came at the captain with their bayonets—that's the last I saw for I got dizzy and fell—I didn't think I was hurt."

"You've said enough," said the Doctor sharply. "We don't want you to faint again."

"All right, sir."

There was a deep flesh wound in Captain Morris' thigh, and a bayonet thrust in his arm, while the top of his scalp had been torn to the scull by a bullet.

"Pretty badly knocked out," said the Doctor. "But not hopeless. His pupils are still sensitive to light."

The General expressed satisfaction as with Battersby he left the house. Several other shanties near by were being utilised for the wounded.

"I suppose the owners all fled on the approach of battle," said the General to Colonel Scott, who had charge of the relief department.

"Yes," was the answer. "This battle has been impending for days, and orders were issued to the people to escape to the back districts without delay."

"They may as well stay away now," said Drummond. "There are hundreds of wounded and our first care must be for them. We may have beaten the enemy, but it has been at terrible cost."

"Your arrival, General, was a God-send. If your men had not come, I don't know where we would have been."

"Your own vanguard helped to save the cake, Scott. But the horror of it all! A thousand men have bit the dust."

"If we have many fights like this, thousands more may do it yet before we are through."

"True, but it is a fight to the finish. We must hold our own. Every foot of it. Never relinquish an inch."

For more than an hour Captain Morris remained unconscious. His continued insensibility caused much concern, and Sergeant Dennis, his faithful subaltern, was placed beside him to watch.

After a while he opened his eyes again, and looked vacantly around him through the dim light of the candles. Gradually he took in the situation.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last, fixing his eyes on Dennis, and looking at his bandages. "I got hurt. Did I?"

"Yes, Captain, a trifle," was the answer.

"And the battle—is it over?"

"Yes, Captain, keep still."

For a time there was a pause, and the sergeant put some whiskey and water to his lips.

"I must be badly knocked out," he ventured again after a while.

"Not so bad as some," was the answer.

"Bad enough."

"I will call the Doctor or Colonel Battersby," said the Sergeant. "I had orders to report at three."

"Wait a minute, Sergeant. It can't be that yet."

"It is nearly."

"There is something you can do for me."

"I will do anything in the world for you, Captain."

"Thanks—You will be with me all night, won't you?"

"Yes, till daylight."

"Well, I'll tell you later. After the doctor comes."

"He's here now."

So the communication was delayed.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HALF an hour later the Sergeant again had charge of the Captain. He was weak and pallid but his mind was clear and he fixed his eyes on the Sergeant's face.

"Now, I can tell you," he said at last with some difficulty.

"You had better not," returned the man. "The Doctor says you must sleep before you try to talk again."

"It will only take a minute—I've got to say it now," said Morris.

"Very well," said the Sergeant, bending over him. "Speak low, Captain. Don't say more than you can help."

"It is only about two letters—they are in my wallet, and I want you without fail to send them on—— One is directed to Penetang—— I intended to forward it from York—but it was in the bottom of my wallet—and in the hurry of leaving I did not do it—— The other is one of my own to Halifax. It, too, should have been sent on before we crossed the lake—but the order to march was so sudden that I had not time—— Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I might have given them to the Colonel—but I did not want to bother him—Whether I get well or not—I want this off my mind."

"All right, sir. I will have them forwarded by the very first chance. You may depend upon that."

"Thank you, Sergeant."

The Captain pressed his hand and closed his eyes. Soon he was asleep.

The Sergeant, while he decided to carry out his instructions faithfully, thought it singular that so trifling a matter should occupy the attention of so sick a man.

"Well, I have something for you at last," said Miss Maxwell to her sister, one bright morning, several weeks earlier than the tragic events of the last chapter. She had just returned from the Citadel, and holding two letters high above her head, shook them gaily at Maud.

"I am so glad," returned that young lady, holding out her hand. "Who are they from? One from Mrs. Manning I am sure."

"Who do you suppose the other is from? Which of your lovers has written you a letter?"

Handing over one she still held the other aloft.

"How foolish you are, Genie! This is the one I want to read first, anyway."

Sitting down she broke the seal and commenced reading Mrs. Manning's letter, apparently unconscious that the other was waiting for perusal. The letter was a long one, and Maud's face glowed with pleasure as her eyes ran rapidly over its pages. Parts of it she read aloud, and other parts to herself. By-and-by when she had finished, she put it back within its cover, and held out her hand for the other one.

This was from Dr. Beaumont, and she flushed slightly as she perused its contents. Still she read it through to the end, without speaking a word.

"Are you not going to read any of it to me?" Eugenia asked as she sat opposite, watching her sister's face.

"You may read all of Mrs. Manning's letter and welcome," said Maud, handing it over; "but this from Dr. Beaumont I must keep to myself," and she slipped it into her pocket. "Was not Mrs. Manning brave?" she continued.

"Indeed she was. She tells all about the journey and the new settlement and the trials she had."

"Yes," said Maud, "but there's an undertone of joy through it all—even in her account of that terrible march along the Madawaska."

Maud turned to the window and looked dreamily out, while unconsciously she took the Doctor's letter from her pocket and tapped the sill with it, to keep time with her thoughts.

"Dr. Beaumont comes in for his share of praise," said Eugenia as she read on. "I don't see how they could have done without him."

"Would not Dr. Fairchild have done as well?" Maud asked in a low voice.

"He did not get the chance," was Eugenia's quick response.

"I always had doubt as to the real reason of that," said Maud.

"Mrs. Manning says," continued Eugenia, "that she sent a letter a few days before this one by a man in a sailboat round by Lake Huron; but that this would be sent through the woods by Little York. Did you get the first one?"

"No; possibly it may not come at all, and if it does it will be later, as the way out West by Georgian Bay, and then through Lakes Huron and Erie, would be much longer than the overland route."

"Have you been studying geography lately?" Eugenia asked, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"It is not long since I left school, Miss Inquisitive, and then I was at the head of my class."

That afternoon they called upon Mrs. Mason, and as they expected found her loquacious upon the subject of Penetang. She said that Sir John Sherbrooke and Colonel Mason had both received despatches from Sir George.

"I understand that you are a favoured one, also," she continued, good-humouredly turning to Maud. "Two letters all for yourself from the little new garrison, while not another lady in Halifax has received one."

"All owing to my fortunate meeting with Mrs. Manning," returned Maud with a slight flush. "Nearly all the troops were fresh from England, so their letters would naturally be sent home instead of here. Mrs. Manning's letter is very interesting. I brought it over for you to see."

"Thank you, and may I read it to Colonel Mason?"

"Certain parts, but not all. You will know what I mean."

"I'll take care, my dear. Trust me for that—but was there not another letter? —ah, ah, my lady—but I will ask no more questions," and Mrs. Mason with twinkling eyes laughed softly to herself.

"Did not a ship come in to-day?" Eugenia asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason, "with another regiment. The Colonel says it is imperative for it to leave at once for Montreal, as the war is not over yet, and it has important letters to carry."

"When will it sail, or did you hear?" Maud asked.

"To-morrow morning, I believe."

On the return home Maud was in a thoughtful mood again. When in doubt she rarely sought the confidence of others — not even that of her sister—but considered the matter out for herself. It was her own business, why trouble others with her perplexities? True, she had only received the letters that day, but when such an excellent opportun ty for immediate replies occurred, why postpone to another time, which might be long in coming?

Her candle burned late that night, and when the ship left for Montreal the next morning, the mail bag contained two letters for Penetang—one to Mrs. Manning—the other to Dr. Beaumont.

More than a month passed away. The fortunes of war had been ebbing and flowing first on one side and then on the other —the belligerents on neither being as yet satisfied. Still the conflict was nearing the end. News travelled slowly then; but word of a battle, even when three weeks old, was as interesting as it is now when the happening was only yesterday.

The news of Lundy's Lane had arrived. The Citadel and all Halifax were excited over it, for although the British claimed the victory, yet one of the companies that had served in the fort for years, had been

in the brunt of the fight, and had lost more than half its men.

In small garrison towns, stationary troops soon become identified with the people; and the results of battle create intense interest. Having once heard the rumour of the conflict, the people were anxious to hear more, and soldiers off duty were asked repeatedly for the latest details. At every street corner the battle was discussed; while in the homes it was the one absorbing theme.

With the news also came that letter to Maud, forwarded by the Sergeant, but, as already noted, written before the conflict.

"Captain Morris' name is in everybody's mouth," said Judge Maxwell to his family that evening. "The people are wild over him. They say he is one of the bravest officers in the service. What a pity he was so nearly killed!"

"Nearly killed! Is it so bad as that, father?" Maud asked with trembling voice. "I didn't know he was wounded."

"The news is three weeks old and we cannot tell what may have happened in that time, but he was shot in the scalp, and bayonetted in the arm and the leg. What is more, he was leading what remained of his men for the third time, and he struck down his opponent with his sword the very moment that he fell. If that is not bravery you will have to search the pages of history to find it."

Maud's eyes flashed into her father's face a look of mingled exultation and anguish.

"But his wounds, father, are they dangerous?"

"Colonel Mason says, from the despatches, that he would not anticipate serious trouble from one of them by itself —but from the whole combined, particularly with midsummer heat, there might be. Still, without doubt, all will be done that is possible for him."

"Where are they keeping him, father?"

"In a cottage near the battlefield, on the Niagara River. If they can hold the place they will retain the settlers' houses for the use of the wounded until they are well enough to be removed."

"Who nurse the men, I wonder?" was Maud's next question.

"There won't be much nursing," replied the Judge. "The men will do what they can to carry out the Doctor's orders, but the poor fellows will have a tough time of it no doubt. It is always the case in a military campaign—no matter where you go or who is injured."

"And can we do nothing?"

"Nothing whatever, my dear. It is beyond the pale of civilisation, one might say. Throughout that region there are few settlements and no regular roads. Supplies are taken in with great difficulty —and often have to be carried on the backs of the soldiers. As for people here going over to help, by the time they arrived the whole place might be deserted."

"You are a Job's comforter, father."

"Father's quite right," said Eugenia. "But it is terrible to think of poor, brave Captain Morris suffering so frightfully. I wish those dastardly Yankees were in ——"

"Not in Halifax," interrupted the Judge with a smile. "We don't want them here, even if we could whip them, which I am not so sure about. But you are on the wrong tack, Genie. The Yankee soldiers are not dastardly. They are just as brave as ours are—and in that very battle lost as many men as we did."

"But when the battle was over and the Americans retreated," said Eugenia, "who looked after their wounded?"

"The British of course."

"And dressed the wounds of their enemies just the same as those of their own men?"

"Certainly. That's the only bit of civilisation in it."

"And what would the Americans do if they were the victors?"

"Just as the English do."

"Then there is Christianity in war after all," said Maud.

"Another paradox," said the Judge. "It is always the Christian nations that do the most fighting."

"Were not Napoleon's wars an exception?"

"Not by any means. It was the Christian nations that opposed him—and more than half of his own men professed the faith."

"But how soon do they expect to hear

again of the wounded?" Maud asked somewhat impatiently.

"The way is open now and word will come every week," replied her father.

Captain Morris' letter affected Maud differently to Dr. Beaumont's. It stirred the martial enthusiasm in her nature to know that he had been a hero in the fight. But the feeling changed as she thought on. He had fallen bravely, probably without a murmur, but it was weeks ago. How was he now? and in any case how intensely he must have suffered! And then to know that he had written that letter—the only one she had ever received from him—only a day or two before the fight that may have cost him his life. Over and over again she read it—every word seemed to have a new meaning. Was it not sad in tone—premonitory of coming evil? Was there not a shadow behind the hand rendering dark the future? Filling his life with the elusiveness of love and producing on his heart the passion of disdain?

She shivered when she thought of what might have happened to him, and while proud that such a man should have given her his confidence, she was carried away with a passion of feeling, that at the time she could neither analyse nor understand.

Would a letter reach him? If it only could? At any rate she must do her part and send him a message. This time she wrote rapidly. She seemed to be under physical obligation to do her most and her best, without a thought of any one but the wounded Captain. After a while she finished the letter and went to bed.

Notwithstanding the restless tossing and wakefulness that followed, she rose early to post it. Then her mind wandered off beyond Niagara to Penetang; and taking out another letter which she had often read before she thoughtfully perused it again.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE ebb and flow of battles on sea and land in the war of 1812 and '14 do not belong to this story. Sir John Sherbrooke's despatch of men fresh from the European wars to Eastport, Castine, Bangor and Machias, in Maine; and the retention of the Penobscot and St. Croix by the British till the war was over, are matters of history. So also is the victory of the American General Macomb, at Plattsburg, where with five ships of war, and fifteen hundred men, he drove back twice as many British vessels and troops under the command of their weak and incapable head. No wonder that the officers broke their swords and vowed they would never fight again under such a leader. But on the war dragged. Sometimes with success on one side, sometimes on the other; and if it had not been for the harassing blockade of the Atlantic seaboard, when Britain's navy, let loose from European conflict, came over to fight the battles of her Colonies, it is hard to tell where the fratricidal war would have ended.

Month after month passed by. Villages were pillaged; forts were captured and recaptured; cities were bombarded and wasted; York was ransacked; Niagara was burned; Washington was stormed by shot and shell and its buildings set on fire. Even after peace was declared, the final battle of New Orleans still had to be fought, where two thousand of the flower of the British troops were lost within the trenches, their General slain, and the remainder put to flight; while only a handful of the American defenders in their entrenched position were either wounded or slain.

Such is war with its mighty agony, its seas of flowing blood, its tumultuous passion, its frenzied rage—the most inhuman of all human things—and yet, with all, the purifier and ennobler of the races of men. Who would not do without it, and thank God that it was abolished? And yet, when rights are trampled on, when liberty is invaded, when oppression is rampant, who would not draw the sword again, and thank God that by its glitter and fury wrong could be righted and truth made plain?

At last peace was declared, and the tired people, of both nations but of the one race, wondered what they had been fighting about. Without solving the question they smoked the calumet, offering up the fumes as incense, while they fervently prayed that the vicissitudes of life should never again force them to draw swords against each other.

To Penetang, however, the din of battle did not come. Month after month during that first long summer the troops revelled in the ways of peace; and it was astonishing what progress they made in the practice of the mechanical arts. In Captain Payne's engineering corps were carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, and men who had followed other trades—all useful, aye, more than useful—in the founding and establishment of the new garrison.

By the end of August the walls of the stone fort were up, and an army of men were working with energy towards its completion. The design was to have it ready for occupation before winter arrived. The trail cut through to Little York had also proved of service, for, as the months passed by, mail matter and goods were carried regularly over to Penetang.

While all else denoted prosperity, the non-return of the *Bumble-bee* caused much anxiety. Month after month passed by, yet nothing was heard of it, not a single word came from either Corporal or Skipper. Many were the conjectures, and night after night was the subject discussed around the camp fires of the little garrison.

Mrs. Bond had a little room in Mrs. Hardman's quarters, and from her larger experience and fuller confidence in her husband, was the more hopeful of the two.

"Whatever happens to Latimer, Peter Bond will be sure to come back. He's the honestest man alive, and he'd die before he'd turn traitor," were her words.

"That's true, but suppose the Yankees 'ave shot the men and cabbaged the boat?" suggested her pessimistic friend.

"It might be," returned Mrs. Bond, tightly drawing in her lips. "But the *Bumble-bee* wasn't a fighting craft. Yankees might steal 'er and all she 'ad on board, but it wouldn't be natural for 'em to kill the men. They'll both turn up sometime. I'll warrant that."

"She's just right," returned Private Hardman. "They may 'ave taken 'em prisoners and looted the craft, but that's the worst that could 'ave 'appened 'em."

"An' vat about de voman?" asked Bateese who had just come down from Helen's cottage.

"They'd set her free and she's hanging round till her ole man gets off," said Hardman.

"Mebbe," commented his wife.

"Yes, mebbe," said Hardman. "They're not dead anyway. The Corporal will come back again in time, but Latimer and his wife mayn't. Why should they? They're gone three months. What 'ud be the use?"

"We'll miss the woman worst," said his wife. "She's like one of ourselves. It's too bad, when there's so few of us."

"If my man turns up I won't care much about the rest," said Mrs. Bond. "Though I did hear Mrs. Manning say, that if it hadn't been for Latimer's wife when she first come, she didn't know what she would 'a done. But my! She had a sperit. She kept the ole fellow in his place I tell you."

"Vas she de boss?" Bateese asked.

"Inside that little box cabin of her's she was."

"What about the obeying bizness as the prayer book says?" enquired Hardman.

"Inside he did the obeying—outside she did."

"By Gar, dat's about vat it should be!" exclaimed Bateese. "Now, my Emmeline she boss me inside always. She say 'Bateese, you come here.' I come. 'You go dere,' I come too. She say, 'Bateese, vous garçon, vat you make dat splash on de floor?' I say pardonnez-moi, mon ami. She say 'All right;' an' I don't make it no more. Den I go outside and make splash all ovare if I vant to."

"And do you want to?" said Hardman. For answer Bateese shrugged his shoulders.

"How is Emmeline to-night?" Mrs. Hardman asked. "I 'aven't seen her since morning."

"She be nice—but I stay 'most too long—she vant you to come and see her again right vay."

"And how is the boy?"

"Fine! Oh, mon fils, he beeg, bouncing garçon. Doctare say he weigh ten pound—an' he so goot he almost laff."

"Bateese, you're crazy."

"Vell! he open his eye and try laff—Den—cause he can't, he cry."

And Bateese hurried off after his long wait to tell Emmeline that Mrs. Hardman was coming.

One Sunday morning several weeks later, the Chaplain was waited upon by Bateese. Breakfast was over and having arranged his books and notes, he was putting on his surplice in preparation for the service he was about to hold in the barrack yard.

"Good morning, Bateese," said the Chaplain.

"Goot-mornin', Padre," replied the habitant, pulling his forelock.

"What can I do for you?"

The exceeding gravity of Bateese's countenance made his mission very uncertain.

"Nothing wrong, I hope. Is Madame Bateese well?"

"Oui, oui, Padre."

"And that big bouncing boy of yours?"

"Yees, 'ee tres bien, Monsieur."

"Well, my man, I'm glad to hear it. Tell me now what you want. You see I haven't much time to lose. The men are gathering in for the service."

"Vell, Monsieur, it iss about de boy. Ve call him George, after de Colonel, and Louis after me, and Emmeline want to have him baptise, vat you call christen."

"I'll be glad to do it, but you are too late for this service."

"Dat all right—ve don't vant no service—ve vant it done all by 'isself."

"But the Church does not baptise its children that way. They are done in the congregation before the people."

"But, Padre, me an' Emmeline goot Cat'liques. Ve no Engleese. Only no priest in de troop—and Emmeline go clean crazy if ve no get it done. You know, Padre, ve loss our dear petite babees. Ve no vant to loss dis one too."

"I see," said Mr. Evans. "You want me to christen the child privately."

"Yees, Padre."

"Well, bring him over to my quarters at three o'clock, and I will do it then."

Bateese, while expressing his thanks for the Chaplain's kindness, still appeared nervous, and stood twisting his hat as before.

"One more t'ing, Padre, Emmeline alvays goot Cat'lique. Alvays go to church, alvays count her beads at night. Vell she see de curé before she leave Kebec and he say—if she ever 'ave child again, an' leeve vere dere is no priest—she must burn holy candles and have holy water—an' den some minister of some oder church could baptise de boy all de same."

"And have you got the candles and the holy water?" the Chaplain asked with a smile.

"Oh, yees—Emmeline bring everyt'ing."

"So she got them from the priest six months ago, and brought them with her to celebrate the christening."

"Oui, Padre, she did."

"She's a good woman," returned the clergyman, laughing heartily; "and although it's against the rule to use holy water and candles at a christening, tell her I will do my best—and shall baptise the boy as well as any priest could do it in Quebec—and to please her I will use both."

A halo of light spread over the little Frenchman's face; and, happy as a king, he hastened away to tell the good news to Emmeline.

So that Sunday afternoon was celebrated the first christening among the troops at Penetang. It was made memorable, too, in more ways than one, for at the request of Emmeline, Mrs. Manning acted as godmother, while in honour of its priority and from the fact that the child was named after himself, Sir George accepted the position as godfather; both of which events delighted not only the parents of the child but the whole garrison as well.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Ride of Waster Cavendish

By W. A. FRASER

JACK CAVENDISH was a really Cavendish. This in England stands for something; a really Cavendish is a Brahmin of the social caste. But in the valley of the Saskatchewan, in the great North-land, all this stood for nothing; Hogan or Montmorency were at sixes as regards primogeniture table, the man was the thing.

And Jack Cavendish, *apsi*, that is, out of his own acts, was of the sweeper caste, which is the seventh remove from desirability. He had lived in the tepees of the Crees and half-breeds; and had foregathered with eaters of husks. He had shovelled the gravel bars of the Saskatchewan River for flour gold, homing in a hole in a clay bank.

Half-yearly some sovereigns came from England to the Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton to the credit of this socially elided one. The gold created a ripple in the stream of Jack's life; it was an evanescent influence running the length of a week, perhaps; a seven-days' saturnalia that filled the old clap-boarded hotel at Edmonton with noise of carouse while the Englishman sifted in his remittance. And because of this and the written word on his goal, "Futility," he was named "Waster" Cavendish.

In fact everything pertaining to life was evanescent and subject to change with Cavendish, except "Wenotah" and "Montana Gold." Wenotah was a Cree woman; and Montana Gold a chestnut mare that was an equine gentlewoman of lineage.

Cavendish was quite content with the nomadic life of sometimes breed, sometimes roystering white man, and sometimes labourer, until Louis Riel raised the flag of rebellion, and the half-breeds and Indians snapped and snarled like wolves at the British overlord. This woke Waster Cavendish. For himself it had not mattered; the drink and the bad food, and the exposure, was a sin against his own physical owning; and the aftermath of punishment he would take and stand for; the filth of the tepees; the repulsive, coarse immorality of the dwellers therein he could put up wi h; but here, at last, was something that warmed the sluggish Cavendish blood.

It was Wenotah who told him that Yellow Bear and his Indians had massacred the whites at Frog Lake; and the next day they would surprise Fort Andrew and kill the small force of redcoats that was there. Then it was that Cavendish woke up.

He gave Wenotah her choice—it was a simple choosing, white or black. The Cree woman had not thought of this. Somehow she looked upon her ogama as cut off from the whites; as a solitary, outcasted buffalo, herding not w th his own.

Cavendish was an ogama, a love lord, an indistinct sun-god; but aside from this Wenotah was a Cree, hating the whites, and, psychologically akin to the Cavendish's own philosophy, her people, her land, her pagan gods first.

Very stolidly, crouching in their little tepee, she chose the life trail which forked from the way her ogama would travel.

The man took his rifle and Montana Gold, kissed the Cree woman on the thick, heavy lips, left her the little buttons of river gold, the slab of bacon, the flour, everything. He gave her a paper on which was written the date she should go to the Fort at Edmonton and draw the money he would arrange for—half of his remittance. You see, when he was squeezed, and the blood came, it was red blood, red from the vermillion microbe of honour.

Then Montana Gold carried the Waster to Fort Andrew with his warning of the advent of Yellow Bear.

The red tide, the blood-athirst Crees, had not swept up to the stockaded wall of Fort Andrew when the tired mare loped into the square of the Hudson's Bay post.

Major Woodcote, the Superintendent of Police, knew nothing of the Frog Lake disaster; he simply knew the wires were down, and no news was coming his way. He discredited Waster Cavendish's tale until four o'clock; that was for two hours.

At four a police constable, as he dipped a pail in the blood-brown waters of the Saskatchewan, dove into the river, a 45-90 Winchester bullet plowing down his spine, cutting a pulpy canal beneath the skin. A puff of blue smoke, hanging like a gentle bit of lace-work over a clump of wolf-willow on the opposite bank, was a convincing attestation of Waster's unbelieved message, and the subtle malignity that had come to hover over Fort Andrew.

The rebels had struck at the vital part first—the water; the film of smoke intimated that the water supply was cut off; no man could go down that bare clay bank, a hundred feet from rim to river edge, and hope to return alive.

"If I'd had a day," the Major lamented, "to have laid in water, we could have held the fort against these cowardly coyotes till snow flies."

No rebels appeared on the fort side of the river as yet, and the Major decided that he must send a message to Fort Saskatchewan before his communication was cut.

That night two constables rode forth; the log gate closed behind them, as, their horses' hoofs muffled in bags, they melted silently into the night gloom. The dwellers in the fort strained their eyes, and their ears, till the murmur of their own hearts grew articulate. The minutes went by, and the black pall that was over the face of the river valley held nothing but the weird cry of a loon, as, unseen, the harsh-voiced diver passed up the river.

"Thank God, the boys have got through!" the Major whispered hoarsely. "I was afraid; this Yellow Bear is a blood-thirsty brute. Heavens! *there* they go!"

Over on the trail there was an eruption of noises as though lost souls issued from the doors of hell. Rifles crackled; there was the deeper bellow of shot-guns; the Cree battle-cry caught up from point to point, till it rang in a circle the full sweep of the compass. The watchers could see the red serpent-like tongues of fire, vermillion letters of alarm on the black background of night.

"What's that cry—who knows? Here, you, Cavendish—what's that?" as the turmoil crystallised in one unintelligible scream.

"They win," Waster answered; "the devils have got the boys, sure—that's what the cry means, Major."

In the morning the two dead constables were brought out into the open, and then their hearts were stuck upon stakes, that the garrison might know of the method of Yellow Bear.

The rebels' ambush had been betrayed; and now the prairie, holding its cheek to the love kiss of spring, trembling to wakefulness at the hot breath of the sun-god, held a dozen foot trails smooth-beaten by the moccasined feet of blooded Crees, who slipped stealthily from poplar bluff to poplar bluff; and the green ribbon of spruce and tamarac, through which the gleam of Little Otter wove like a silver thread, held camp-fires that sent many shafts of purple smoke skyward. These seemed like monuments of constancy; they were shadows of evil against the blue sky writing the sombre message that until the post yielded the fires would burn

Twice in the night Yellow Bear's Indians wriggled, belly to earth, as indistinct as the small prairie fox, to the wall of the fort. Each time the rebels were beaten off, dowered with gifts of death; each time their back trail carried red blotches that were neither blood lilies nor other growth of the prairie.

Now an Indian or a Breed, born to the lust of killing, dislikes to face death to the length of repugnance, so Yellow Bear's wolves said in wisdom: "The throats of the grey-eyed thieves who are white men, will close up, and they will die, if we keep the river."

But not to wait in peace. Each day had its fruitage of malevolence, and each night its phantom of murderous surprise.

On the fourth course of the sun there fell upon the shingle roofs of the post a sputtering rain of fire arrows—air serpents, clothed in oakum that blazed with a resinous flame.

"It will hasten the going of the water," Duplisse, the half-breed lieutenant, said to Yellow Bear.

"The redcoats are cowards, they are dog-hearted," said the chief; "send them a wampum tied to an arrow—a wampum to come forth, then we will not kill—"

"Not kill the Company men," Duplisse added; "but the redcoats—hell!" His voice carried the pent-up hate of years.

So the haft of an arrow carried a message of literary kinship to the episode of the staked hearts, as barbarously malignant. And if the redcoats did not give up the fort, their hides would be used for the making of snow shoes at the time of the post taking.

Strange to say the arrow clove, in influence, between two factions; it rested in the rift that was between the Factor's authority, and that of the Major's.

Factor McNeil existed that the Hudson's Bay Company might acquire fine furs cheaply. Pelts and hides dominated all else; and to save for his company the marten, and black fox, and bear, and all the wealth of Winter's kill, he was for surrender.

With the Major the British flag was trumps; and, as he said to the Factor's face, "Damn your furs! We're here, and here we stay."

Then Factor McNeil said the Major should send a messenger to Fort Carford for relief. But Woodcote, pointing to the gruesome earnest his men had given of their courage, the hearts drying in the sun, told the Factor to send one of his own men. In fact neither official would ask a man to go to certain death.

Then it came out why Fate had corralled Jack Cavendish with these people of routine who were not of his way of life.

"Waster Cavendish thinks he can get through the rebel lines, Major." It was Factor McNeil who had brought this message.

"If he thinks that, Factor, we'll call him *Mister* Cavendish. He's outside? Ask him to come in. How are you going to pass a thousand breeds and nichies?—Hello! where did you learn that trick?" as Waster clicked his heels together, and drew his figure up like a slim poplar, with finger to eyebrow

Perhaps Cavendish had been in the Blues or a line regiment, or something at home; however he answered along the lines of the business in hand, ignoring the irrelevant dab at his military salute,—"I want four horses, sir, and a good revolver in exchange for my Winchester."

"You've got one," the Major clicked, nodding toward Waster's belt.

"I want two, sir. I'll have to ride like bally hell before I pass the rebels, and can't monkey with a gun."

"All right, you can have the horses and revolver. What's the plan of campaign?"

"I'm going to play breed—juice my skin—it's pretty dark now—it won't need much. To-night I'll slip up the coulee from the fort with the horses, riding my own mare, and I want your men to cut loose with their carbines—sound the alarm—shout that the horses are stolen, and generally convey the impression that a breed has looted the bronchos. Louis Duplisse's tepee is yonder—I'll call for Louis—"

"And he'll shoot you," the Major interrupted.

"A breed won't waste ammunition on a dead bird. There's a bit of a moon to-night, and they'll see one man riding into their lines with horses; they won't shoot. There are breeds from all over the country out there—half a thousand of them—they'll think it's one of themselves. While they're busy with the bronchos, I'll make a break on Montana. Once on the trail they'll never catch her."

"It looks a good plan to get shot,"—Woodcote commented; "but it's a straight, plucky English way of doing things. If you get through you ought to have a V.C.; of course you can't get that; but—ahem—I mean—" The Major fidgeted with the braid on his jacket, looked at Cavendish, and, rising, continued: "Come into my quarters, Mr. Cavendish, I want to give you the despatches."

Inside, Woodcote shut the door. "Now, sir, what about the folks at home? Damn it! you're a gentleman—you can't hide that; there must be somebody there that ought to know—how it was at the end; I dare say they know how it is now—with you."

"Give me a slip of paper, sir. There is an address; if I don't get through—the breeds 'll show you in the morning—you might write that the blood hadn't turned to water; it'll wipe something off the score. If I have luck, and you're relieved, you can burn this slip."

Then Waster went about his campaign with methodical precision. At four o'clock

he gave Montana Gold six quarts of oats, and no hay, saying: "Old lady, chew every grain of it, that's the last bite you'll get till you've run a matter of fifty miles or so. Your lean belly 'll stand us in good stead to-night, sweetheart, if we can make a race of it."

He fed the other four horses as though they were geese whose livers were being magnified for patè. "You see," Waster said to the sergeant of the day, "the breeds might catch these mounts, and give me a run for it. Their own cayuses will be everlastingly chewing at the police hay they've come by in the stacks outside, and they'll run beery—they'll crack up."

It was ten o'clock before the valley of the Saskatchewan cradled enough of darkness to blur the trail-scored prairie to a dim field of mystery. Even then a low-hanging half moon wove the poplar shadows into a fretwork of chased silver. Behind the Fort, from the bosom of the river, a ghost-like mist streamed through the valley, an attenuated cloud of vapour as though a steamer had passed.

The rebels flitting from camp fire to camp fire, dark shadows like rabbits in a muskeg, were suddenly stricken to silence by the defiant crack of a carbine on the Fort walls. Crack-k-k-k! the echo went beating against the high banks of the valley; and immediately the imperious blare of a bugle sounding the alarm came to the ears of the listening breeds.

Then the sombre stockade of the Fort, a gloomy blotch in the grey transition of light, spurted patches of fire; the valley crackled as though it were a tin pan beaten with sticks.

From the human hedge of the rebel force a shrill ry went up, and the Indians, throwing themselves into the trenches they had steadily thrust towards the Fort, and behind trees, waited the sortie they fancied was coming.

There was the rolling thunder of hoofs beating the sleeping prairie, and above this, that was like the melody of drums, a shrill voice calling in Cree: "Ho, brothers! help me—I bring the police horses! Ho, Louis Duplisse! Brother Louis—ho, brother!"

Silent, grim, waiting, half a thousand marksmen lay hidden, rifle in hand, waiting for the closer manifestation of the hoof-thunder, and the voice claiming blood kinship. Now the galloping shadows were close to the watchers, and surely, even in the dim moonlight, it was but one man and a handful of horses.

Now the rider reins his steed to his haunches, and calls again: "Ho, Louis Duplisse! Ho, Maskotic! Ho, brothers that did the brave battle at Frog Lake!"

"Hi, hi, yi, hi, ya, hi!" From a trench the shrill signal started a yelp of wolf-like calls; from poplar bluff and the green-blushed prairie rose up the warriors, calling to each other that here was someone of themselves who had stolen the police horses. And behind the log walls of the Fort the redcoats were firing their ammunition at the moon.

They crowded about this one of the brotherhood who had done this brave thing.

"Ho, nichies!" he was s ying; "where is the tepee of the great chief, Yellow Bear? Say to him that Buck Roland has brought a present of four horses."

"This way is the tepee of Yellow Bear. I am Louis Duplisse, and frien' to any Roland."

The horses excited by the gallop, the flashing torches held by the breeds, the rifle fire, were ready to create the diversion Waster Cavendish had meant for their part. On the toe of each boot he had fastened a big Mexican spur; and, as eager hands stretched forth to clutch at the prizes, Waster, crying, "Don't get kicked, my brothers," tickled the ribs of the horses with his spurs.

All the time they were moving towards the Chief's tepee. Now the stronger music of iron shoes against gravel came up to Waster's ears, and he knew they were on the beaten trail.

"Here, brave one, is Chief Yellow Bear's tepee," Duplisse said.

As he spoke, Cavendish ripped the flank of a horse with his toe spur, let the leading rein slip from his fingers, and as the startled brute plunged, his three mates broke away and stampeded.

The wave of humans rolled back from beneath the fierce hoofs of the charging beasts; the torches twisted bewilderingly; clamorous uproar lent delicious confu-

sion to the scene; the gods were most happily disposed towards Waster Cavendish.

"Off the trail, brothers," he yelled; "I will round up the horses." And that minute the hoofs of Montana Gold beat passionately at the path that led to the saving of lives.

Not a rifle called halt to the fleeing man; the breeds were busier with their feet than with their brains; like flushed prairie grouse they ran here and there chasing the terrified horses.

It was the swift runner, Big Moose, flying over the trail at the heels of Montana Gold, who suddenly sent back to his comrades an angry call that the one who rode was fleeing beyond the loosed horses. They had been tricked.

Yellow Bear's Indians unhobbled their ewe-necked, cow-hocked cayuses, and, rifle in hand, swinging to their bare backs, chased the one who had called to them with a forked tongue that he was of kinship.

Montana Gold had the long-reaching gallop of her thoroughbred sire. For a mile the trail lay over a level prairie, and her stride carried Cavendish into the wind until it was like a brush against his face.

As they dipped into the hollow of a creek bed, he eased the mare to a walk. Up the other bank he stayed the mettlesome beast until she clamped eagerly at the bit; then he let her swing along at a hand gallop. Presently his ear caught clickety-patter, clickety-patter, clickety-patter; the erratic bearing of untrained hoofs that carried unwise riders. Then he let the mare go forward at a strong gallop.

Through the few hours of night Cavendish rode the race of a long trail. Across patches of open prairie, where millions of violet eyes blinked sleepily at the huge something that passed, and at times crushed their slender stems beneath the young grass; through poplar bluffs, up and down the cut banks of creek valleys, with sometimes a muskeg, half dried and rich in a bristle of dead wild hay.

Three times Waster slipped from his saddle, and, hand in stirrup leather, ran a mile to ease the mare. When the light had come Cavendish rested in a jack pine clump, from which he could see a mile of the back trail. There he gave Montana Gold a little breakfast of oats he had brought in a bag tight bound to the horn of his saddle.

For the time they were as two humans. Waster talked to the mare; and from the tired head, low-drooping in restfulness, the beautiful big, full eyes, soft and gentle in their courage, looked at him in understanding, and said plainly enough," "Everything is all right—we can manage it."

Cavendish led the golden chestnut down to a stream of ice-cold water that stole from a bronze-green blur on the horizon, that was a spruce forest, and let the mare stand where the waters babbled over a gravel-studded crossing; and with his hand rubbed the fever of the night's gallop from her tendons; and with his neck cloth washed her nostrils, and her lips, and her eyes, and held it between her ears, and all the time he patted her as though it were a gentlewoman he ministered to.

"There, old girl, I bet a shilling your head aches. The yelp of the damn nichies is still in my ears. That'll cool your legs, my beauty. Gad! but they're like iron. Breeding will tell, old girl—man or beast—there, don't blush; you're a human, Montana; you know what I'm talking about. Now we must skip. By Jove, it's not playing the game to rest in a hollow; come on, Gold."

Then the loosened girth was cinched tight, each foot examined to see that no stone lurked in the frog, and on again the two, that were like comrades, raced on their mission.

Cavendish knew the trail well. He had passed Vermillion Creek—that was fifty miles from Fort Andrew; now he skirted Egg Lake, just an elongated pond, its waters strangely blue, dotted by myriad ducks.

At midday he gave the mare an hour in the young blue-joint grass that clothed the little valley through which wandered Sturgeon River, watching the trail from the bank. At three o'clock Waster came to a stack of hay in a muskeg which he remembered—it was John Whitford's, and his shack was just beyond. Whitford, being an English half-breed, was supposed to be loyal.

"I ought to jump the trail," Waster said; "a breed is a breed, and this duck may be a rebel." Then he looked at the mare—she stood low-drooped in the neck, and her feet wide apart. "You're tired, old girl, and it's rough going off the trail; I'll take a chance—this pinto man may have information—and grub."

He slipped his own revolver into his shirt letting the other rest in its place in his belt.

As he rode up to the turf-roofed, low-slouching log shack, a colony of train-dogs charged at him; and then a dozen breeds came forth, rifle in hand. Cavendish realised that he had popped his head into a dangling noose that the slightest mischance would draw tight about his throat.

"Every devilish one of that outfit is a rebel," Waster muttered. Then aloud, in answer to their greeting, he said: "Ho, boys; it's a hell of a long trail from here to the Beaver. Got any grub? I'm pretty damn hungry, me;" which was absolute half-breed patois, rich in deceit. Then in Cree he rattled on: "This shack he's John Whitford's, isn't it?"

The breeds crowded round and eyed Montana Gold from every point. Waster watched them narrowly. He saw Felix Monkman among the others. Some of them would be sure to recognise Montana Gold—she had raced at Fort Saskatchewan, and at Edmonton.

"Dat's pretty damn fine hoss, I t'ink me. Where you get broncho lak dat?" asked Monkman.

"Bought him from Buck Rolan', me."

"Who's Buck Rolan'—where he get dat hoss?"

"I don' know me; he say dat a Englishman is die, an' mak' him presen' dis hoss."

"Dat's Waster Cavendish's cayuse."

"He's my hoss now, I t'ink me."

"You want for sell him?"

"An' be set afoot wit' de redcoats poppin' der guns lak damn fools, an' swearin' for keel ever' fell what's hot white man!"

As he spoke Waster uncinched the saddle, threw it and the bridle in a careless heap on the sod, and hobbled Montana Gold's forelegs. He cursed softly to himself as he offered the indignity of the hobbles to the mare; indeed, her big brown eyes seemed to open wide in wonderment. But to have picketed her at the end of the line would have been unlike a breed's careless method.

Then he swaggered nonchalantly into the shack, adopting the awkward profanity of a half-breed in his discourse; sometimes he switched to Cree.

"By Goss! I'm so bloody hungry me, I could eat that sow-belly raw," and he nodded at a side of bacon hanging on the wall.

As Waster ate the food Whitford set out for him, he developed a plan for getting away. The rebels in the shack would all be mounted, and Monkman always had a running horse to carry him. Working from this data, Waster's vocabulary became of a lurid sportiveness.

"By Goss! dat's hell of a fas' hoss," he swore through a mouthful of bacon. "I never see me a broncho run lak dat mare. I tink' I don' sell dat yellow mare 'tall—jus' keep him for race."

"How you lak for try beat my ol' hoss?" Monkman asked. "I got ol' cayuse dat I drive all time in Red River cart. By Goss, I'll mak' match wit' you' yellow mare."

"All right," Waster answered. "I'll race your cayuse. How many skins you wan' bet—how far you wan' run?"

"Same 's alway race in de ol' time—de man dat win tak' both hoss," Monkman answered.

From the first Cavendish had intuitively felt that a huge breed, who was evidently the leader of the party, was suspicious of him. Whenever he raised his head from his food, from beneath the half-breed's massive forehead a pair of piercing black eyes returned his look.

The prospect of a race, an episode almost as prolific of pleasure to a half-breed as the letting of blood, acted as a relieving distraction upon all the rebels except the yellow-red giant who, like a wolf, seemed incapable of entertaining any thought but his vindictive suspicion of the stranger.

The distance and form of the race led to an interminable wrangle amongst the breeds. Waster affected a gentle indifference; saying, "Dat's new hoss for me, dat yellow mare; p'raps she's bloody fas' for half mile, p'raps she can run down buffalo

bull—I don't know me. I t'ink 'bout mile pretty fair for ever' fell."

Then the others jabbering in Cree, he would join in and agree first with one and then with the other. Once he said to himself, "If I can make that long sweep of a Mephistopheles think I'm a bit of a fool, I may not have to plug him with lead to get away. His fingers are itching now to lift my hair, I can see that."

Finally the race committee, which consisted of every one in the shack, decided that the two were to gallop half a mile out along the trail, turn a mark, and gallop back. It was a sweeter arrangement than Waster could have hoped for. Mentally he ran the race. He would let Monkman gain a length on the outward way, then, when the leader had swung around the mark, which was a dead poplar, Cavendish would bid adieu to these people who smelt like smoke-tanned noose-skins and proceed about his own business. He prolonged the wrangle to the end that Montana Gold should have a rest before the heavy assay of clearing out from fresh horses.

But when everything seemed satisfactorily assorted, the malicious one of the evil look declared that the run with a turn halfway was like stopping to eat grub in the middle of a buffalo hunt. He had a better plan.

"Yes, and you'll get shot over it," Waster muttered in his subdued anger.

"I will take Lengthy Howes," the leader said, "and together we will go to Springcreek, which is a mile. There we will start these two swift runners, and they will gallop back here to the shack. That is a good way, is it not, brothers?"

Waster smiled to himself when Monkman's hope was brought up out of the creek flat. He knew the horse well; a flea-bitten, half-bred roan, named Keewatin, meaning "the north wind." Waster had seen him win at Fort Saskatchewan the year before.

When they were ready, with an inward groan Cavendish ostentatiously placed his blanket and caribou-skin coat against the log wall of the shack; then he loosed his belt, and taking from it the big revolver carelessly threw it with his other goods, saying: "Dat's good lookin' hoss what M'sieu got; goin' to be a damn hot race, I t'ink me. I don' wan' for carry no dead weight."

He saw the black eyes that were always watching him clear a little at this evidence of his intention to return to the shack. But this voluntary sacrifice of Cavendish's brought no response in kind from the owner of the eyes; he carried his rifle swung across his knees as they jogged out toward the starting point of the race.

"Here is de start," the tall one said, wheeling his cayuse.

"All right," Waster answered; "we'll go for de li'le run back, an' if he's fair start you drop de hat, M'sieu Lefevre.

"I don' drop no hat me; I jus' call 'Marse,'—dat's bes' way."

"He's most determined to get shot," Waster muttered regretfully; "obstinate cuss!"

Then Monkman and Cavendish went back, and, as the latter wheeled Montana Gold behind Keewatin, he slipped his hand beneath his shirt. He could see the rebel leader's finger tickling the trigger of his rifle, which a little swing would bring into play.

"Go on!" Waster called to Monkman, and the two horses, familiar with the racing game, sprang forward like hounds slipped from the leash. With joyous eagerness the breed stole a length of start. Her nose lapped on the roan's quarter, the chestnut mare, her mouth wide open, was straining at the reins that her rider had knotted short.

Now they were within a stride of the starter, who sat grim and erect in his saddle, ready at the first suspicious movement to send a bullet through the heart of the man he distrusted. Ah! by the great Manitou, it *was* to be a race. His blood leapt hot to the beat of the mad hoofs that sounded a loved rhythm in his ears.

"Marse!" the swarthy chief yelled, a frenzy of delight blurring his eyes to all but the passionate reach of the eager animals.

"Sacre—hell!" the oath died away in a scream of fright and rage, as the chestnut mare swerved and crashed into Lefevre.

The big breed's startled cry had not ceased to vibrate when it was echoed to silence by the crack of Waster's long-necked colt's; and a hot fragment of some-

thing like molten iron ripped at the breed's thigh—even at the base of his skull he could feel the mad thing tearing as though a serpent fanged him in a dozen places.

Twice Waster's gun spat from its narrow mouth, its hard thin lips, a vicious command, and "Lengthy" Howes lay beside his chief, his thin fingers clutching at the short grass in animal rage.

Then the chestnut, plunging from the collision, and all but thrown, was wheeled, and her slim, pointed ears pencilled the southern sky, which was the way of Fort Carford. Low to her neck, flat on the wither, leaned Waster; and there was need. Gather your loins and race, gallant mare; make small the mark, brave rider. Lefevre seeks to rise; he cannot. Hate concentrates his mind; his Winchester—he reaches it. It is at his shoulder. Along the open trail he trains the sights; the hazard is cast, and the bullet, speeding in the groove of chance, flattens against the shoulder blade of the brave messenger.

"Ugh; almost a cropper!" Waster's voice drove the mare faster, as he pulled himself back to the saddle.

Monkman, racing with the method of the plains, which is to drive, drive, until the horse totters to a walk, raked his Mexican rowels up the pepper-and-salt flank of the roan, yelling with joy because he had stolen a start.

Ten yards and the imperious harsh bark of the pistol came to him; and again; then the voice of his chief—a cry of hate and pain.

The breed sawed the roan's head high in air, and swung him to a turn. With an oath he galloped back to where the two men lay. Curious dabs of red flecked their bodies; their own blood cast back by the leaves as the wounded men writhed.

Howes clutched at the air, then at his shirt collar; his legs twitched; he sat bolt upright, his eyes wide staring, not seeing, and then—he was dead.

Lefevre's gun, a sigh of smoke issuing from the muzzle, dropped from his hands.

"Trail de moneas—tak' dat odder gun!" In fragments he gave the orders.

Monkman was down; he had the dead man's gun; then on the back of the speedy roan he raced, his hatchet face of swarthy greasiness hung forward like a hawk's. It was a Hudson's Bay trade gun he carried, a muzzle loader, and his only ammunition was the one charge it held. On they raced; stretch her muscles as Montana might, the roan could not be shaken off.

Waster's breeches were glued to his hips. "I'm bleeding," he muttered. "Gad, I'll crack up. God help those women at the Fort."

Over his shoulder he could see the powerful roan galloping, galloping. "If I weaken I'm a loser; that hound is waiting for a pot shot," he muttered.

Soon he rode unsteadily; he rolled in the saddle; the blood-drain was telling. The mare, checked in her stride, changed her feet.

"If I could plug that hole I might make it; if I could wing that breed, and take it easier."

He *must*—Waster must wing the breed, or the breed would creep up, and up, and at the last get his pot shot.

Ahead, the tops of spruce showed, springing from the prairie as though the trees were buried; that meant a creek bed.

Waster rocked violently in his saddle, clutched the horn and let his body dangle to one side as though he would fall; and as the mare drove into the coulee, he drew the rein, slipped to the trail, and struck her over the quarter with his heavy hat. Startled she plunged forward through the little ford, and up the other bank.

Waster slipped into the undergrowth of dogwood, and, creeping back to the edge of the hill, lined his body behind a black poplar. He knew exactly what his pursuer would do. The breed would see that Cavendish was falling from the saddle; then the riderless mare, galloping in affright, would convince him that Waster was down. Monkman, with the caution of a Wood Cree would dismount and with the cunning of a wolverine creep to the brink of the hill for a shot at his victim.

As Waster listened there was a slipping sound as though leaves scurried over dry grass. Again. It was from *beside* the trail—his side. The wounded man could see nothing—just that sound as of palms rubbed together; and then silence, as the breed, creeping, searched the coulee for his mark.

Closer, closer came the whisper of the crushed grass and the troubled leaves, until it seemed as though Waster could stretch out his hand and grasp the cautious stalker who sought his life.

And then as a little cloud of dust suddenly spirals up from a roadway, the head and shoulders of the murderous breed silently topped the grey-leafed wolf-willow ten feet from the black poplar.

Monkman turned his head sharply at a sibilant whistle from Waster's lips, to look down an unsympathetic lane of steel, at the bottom of which lurked death.

"Hands up! That's right—walk toward me! There; turn the butt of that gun this way—so; pass it now! *Marse!* steady, just in front—so!"

Out on the prairie, Waster spoke again. "I didn't kill you because I needed you. Peel that shirt from your back and tie up this shoulder good and tight. Plug the wound with this—wet it;" and Waster tossed the breed his wedge of tobacco. "If you make a break I'll kill you."

The breed was too much afraid to do anything but obey, and that with pleasing alacrity; the granting of his life was a fair price for the little services he might render Waster.

Still covering Monkman with his gun, Waster made the breed lead the roan, who had been tied to a tree, over the coulee and along the trail until they came to Montana Gold, who was quietly clipping the young grass, waiting for her master.

"Now, I'm going to confiscate your cayuse and gun, nichie," Waster said, "and you ought to be damn glad to get off with your life. Now, *marse!* hit the back trail."

Cavendish climbed wearily to Montana's back, and leading the roan, once more took up the trail to Fort Carford.

It was midnight when the sentry challenged him. And when a regiment swung out of the fort gates in an hour, Waster, hearing the drums, said: "I've made good. Someone tell Major Woodcote to burn the paper I gave him, and not blab."

Consule Planco*

BY FRANK PARKER DAY.

I LISTENED, while the grave professor told
Of pleasures, when for him the world was gold;
How he and graver dons about our halls
Had ruffled it with lads 'neath London's walls.
'Consule Planco,' what a life was there!
E'er came to them, alas, corroding Care,
Then had they lived like boys 'mid pleasures rare,
Then matchless spring-times, purer blues in skies,
And sweeter sweethearts, lovelier melting eyes.

Love and I wandered forth in youthful dream,
Among the purple hills, by noisy stream;
Dear modest flowers were at our feet,
Blue violets and mayflowers sweet;
God had sent Spring into our world of snow,
Nature to *us* was matchless high and low.
If ever clearer song from near or far,
More silver in the streams of Tantramar,
Or softer, balmier air or bluer skies,
Maidens with riper lips and lovelier eyes,
'Consule Planco!' has been, I surmise,
A sweeter time than that of Paradise.

*"Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventa Consule Planco."—Horace Odes (III, 14, 27-28). "I would not have brooked this when warm with youth in the Consulship of Plancus." Consule Planco has hence become a phrase used by Thackeray and others to denote the time which a man loves most to dwell upon in later life—"the time when he was a youth."

Journalism and Public Life in Canada

By J. S. WILLISON, Editor of Toronto News

THERE is no permanence in the work of the journalist. His work is not literature and does not pass into literature. He speaks as the needs or the exigencies of the hour demand, and his word dies and is forgotten. I think it was Hall Caine who said that the grandest chorus in the English language is that which declares that "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." So a great book goes marching on through all the centuries. For it death has no sting, and over it the grave can have no victory. It is not so with the editorial, and yet if the work is well done it must do something to shape the thinking and set the standards of our time, and in the long processes of the years the results may be far greater than we can know.

There is this to be said for the craft to which I belong, that it offers us neither great wealth nor great distinction, and that the root-motive which lures us into journalism is the public spirit which was born into us and which will not be denied expression. The worst of us are more than partisans, and the best of us are very human in the day of battle. Pope described the life of a writer as "a warfare upon earth," and that is particularly true of the life of the political journalist. The game of politics is a great game; it is played with men as the standing figures on the board, and it is full of joy to the journalist who loves his work, his country and his kind. Whatever may be our faults and our follies, our errors and our prejudices, still we do the State some service and forever sound the advance in the long and painful march towards human betterment. As Lord Houghton said of the Men of Old:

> "Blending their souls' sublimest needs
> With tasks of every day
> They went about their gravest deeds,
> As noble boys at play."

It is a common charge against the Canadian press that it is slanderous, vindictive, and malevolent. Less than a year has passed since the Province of Ontario was released from a political campaign in which the fundamental issue of public morals was the dominant consideration. A religious journal, exercising its undoubted right of criticism, has deplored the "heat and virulence" which characterised the secular press during that contest. I am not sure that I would look to the religious press, or even to the pulpit, for moderation of statement or balanced judgment in the field of politics. In this particular contest many clergymen appeared, and it is not clear that their utterances were distinguished for charity and steadiness, in comparison with the political journals. At the great Liberal convention which met in Toronto a year ago, there were clerical speeches, and they were not remarkable for serene temper and exceptional freedom from the heat and virulence of political partisanship. I recall the famous utterance of the Rev. Dr. Burchard in the memorable Presidential contest between Blaine and Cleveland. I recall the glowing rhetoric and the bursting vehemence of the Rev. Dr. Douglas in his swinging attack upon Sir John Thompson when that statesman was Prime Minister of Canada. I recall that the one was a noble Christian teacher and the other as fine a type of civil patriot as this country has produced. There are sentences in the political utterances of Principal Grant which bite and sting as do few of the statements which can be culled from the editorial pages of political journals.

"Public opinion," said George William Curtis in an address on the Public Duty of Educated Men, "can do what it has a mind to in this country. If it be debased and demoralised it is the most odious of tyrants. It is Nero and Caligula multiplied by millions. Can there then be a more stringent public duty for every man —and the greater the intelligence the greater the duty—than to take care, by all the influence he can command, that the country, the majority, public opinion, shall have a mind to do only what is just and

pure and humane." He insists that if a country under free government accepts the contemptible rule of the mob, and even longs for a splendid and vigorous despotism—"then remember it is not a government mastered by ignorance, it is a government betrayed by intelligence; it is not the victory of the slums, it is the surrender of the schools; it is not that bad men are brave, but that good men are infidels and cowards." It was said by Robert Lowe that "monarchies exist by loyalty, aristocracies by honour, popular assemblies by political virtue." The seat of political virtue is in the constituencies, and its organ is the public journal. It is not mere glorification of the press to say that no other agency has equal power to maintain a sensitive and independent public opinion in the country, to bring before the people the solid merits of public issues, and to hold rings, factions, caucuses and corporations in subjection to an instructed electorate and a representative parliament. And judged even by British standards, the Canadian press is not generally careless of its duties, is seldom a willing apologist for political evils, and seldom engages in that calculated exploitation of scandal and crime which distinguishes a very few of the public journals of the United States. Nor do I believe that corporations, so-called, have any large control over the press of Canada, however influential they may have become in legislatures and parliaments.

To my mind the chief fault of the Canadian press and the chief fault of the Canadian people is, the excessive political partisanship which tends to corruption in elections, to abuses in administration, and to the general degradation of the public morals. I have told more than once that story which appears in Russell's "Collections and Recollections" of the young daughter of a Whig statesman who had heard Tories denounced from her infancy, and once said to her mother:—"Are Tories born wicked, or do they grow wicked afterwards?" and the mother answered with judicial temper and with adequate severity:—"They are born wicked and grow worse." I recall also a story which the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell used to tell of a shoemaker in Peterboro'. He was a Conservative who under no circumstances would be re-constructed, and for many years he would not admit *The Globe* into his shop. But as time passed he was found reading *The Globe* occasionally, and when questioned he said that now and then he found a statement in *The Mail* which he could hardly accept, and at such times he turned to *The Globe*, and if he found the statement there also, then he knew it was a lie. These are after all not bad illustrations of the political temper of the great mass of the Canadian people.

I have no quarrel with the party system; but I have only contempt for the theory of hereditary partisanship, and the remarkable notion that loyalty to a party leader is as sacred an obligation as loyalty to king and country. The proposition baldly stated amounts to this—that the young men of the country as they come into the franchise shall adopt the political opinions of their fathers, and no matter what crimes are committed or sanctioned by the party to which they adhere, no matter how weak its leadership, or how inefficient its administration, no matter how shifty and tortuous its course upon public questions, no matter what new problems or new conditions may arise in the country, they shall be forever loyal to the old party and forever faithful to its leaders, through all the changes and vicissitudes of time and fortune. The acceptance of such an obligation means that there can be no independent opinion in the country, no visitation of wrath for political offences, no progress in public morals, no growth of political virtue in the people, no check upon mercenaries and corruptionists who may seize control of parties, and dictate the methods and policies of Governments. "Corruption," said the London *Spectator*, "arrests the employment of the best men in leading positions, for the best men will not stand it; and the whole energy of the corrupt is devoted to preventing their promotion, or if they are promoted, to rendering their positions untenable." Corruption, *The Spectator* declares, makes energetic administration impossible, is fatal to the very idea of duty, to the habit of performing duty, and to all efficient conduct of public affairs. And the very bulwark of corrupt and inefficient administration is slavish

partisanship and the criminal conception of loyalty which binds great masses of the people to party leaders and party shibboleths, and sets the stigma of treason upon men who may dare to express their own opinions and exercise their own franchise as their conscience and judgment may dictate. As a result of these unsatisfactory political conditions we have feeble attempts at the organisation of third parties, a steady withdrawal of the best men from public affairs, and a constant increase in legislative checks and safeguards, which, necessary as these may be, and valuable as they often are, seldom accomplish what is expected. The truth is that we shall find no adequate or effective remedy except in a free, energetic, and independent public opinion, and an uncompromising insistence upon decent administration and rigid integrity in every department of the public service. Charity becomes men in their private relations, but the very life and character of the nation require that men who undertake the business of government shall serve with honour and integrity and count the loss of office of small account in comparison with faithful performance of duty and simple fidelity to principles and convictions.

You may tell me that there was unspeakable corruption in British elections a hundred years ago. So there was. But how does that justify electoral corruption in Canada a hundred years later? You may tell me that there is still bribery in various forms in the old country, and even the vulgar purchase of votes in isolated instances. So there is. But the ballot box is sacred and the bulk of the expenditures are for purposes of education rather than for purposes of bribery. You may tell me that the party system is rigorously maintained in the mother country. So it is. But no one defends electoral corruption on the floor of parliament; no British journal teaches the doctrine of comparative political honesty and justifies one piece of party rascality with another from the records of the opposition; no minister who abuses a public trust, or infringes upon the code of public honour finds defenders in the press, in the Parliament or in the Cabinet. They know there, as we know here, when a trust has been betrayed, evil methods employed, the national honour tarnished, and no consideration of party loyalty or effort of party discipline abates the public censure, or turns aside the public judgment. So when a great new issue arises in British politics, cabinets are dissolved, political clubs divided, great journals shaken from their old alliances, and vast bodies of voters in the constituencies forsake cherished leaders and dare to exercise an independent franchise. That is what should happen in a free country, and only where that can happen have free institutions their full force and effect.

It is vain to think that we can all agree upon free trade or protection, public ownership or corporate management, prohibition or regulation of the liquor traffic, but surely we can agree that bribery, and ballot-stuffing, and personation, and the use of bogus ballot boxes, and the gerrymandering of constituencies and the distribution of public money and public works as the private property of party are villainously wrong, and that the practices which we would not tolerate on a field of sport are not legitimate in the politics and government of the country. But if we say that we have always voted Liberal, or Conservative, and that we always will vote with the party, and so make loyalty to party a part of our religion, we are powerless to check the meaner element in politics, and, whether we like it or not, we are the docile allies of the party corruptionists. If we would check corruption we must punish the Government which practises corruption, or profits by corruption, and, believe me, the protest which stops short of voting has no terrors for the practical politician. This is a young country in the mid-stream of a great development, and with increase of wealth and abounding material prosperity will come a troop of public cares and dangers. It is the high privilege of the press to keep its public spirit free and strong, and to maintain the freedom of the citizen to possess his own soul and exercise his franchise as his conscience dictates, and the honour of his country demands.

Mr. John Morley, speaking at a special convocation of the University of Toronto a few months ago, declared that he had known only four men who had the sincere

love of truth. As rare as the love of truth in public affairs is the exercise of simple courage. During all of the twenty years that I have been more or less intimate with political leaders, it has been freely admitted that the salaries of the Superior Court judges of the country were inadequate. But, until a few months ago, no Government dared to give the increase which justice demanded, out of an unworthy fear that the action would prove unpopular with certain elements of the population. The back benches over-awe the treasury benches and the representatives of a prejudiced and uninformed minority in the constituencies exercise an undue ascendency in Parliament. "I will take care," said Sir Robert Peel, "not again to burn my fingers by organising a party. There is too much truth in the saying, 'The head of a party must be directed by its tail.' As heads see and tails are blind, I think heads are the best judges as to the course to be taken." It is my conviction that many public men mistake the character of the people, and appeal to passion and prejudice when simple courage and frank dealing would make for the truer interest of the party and infinitely for the truer interest of the country. Cleveland was never a favourite with the politicians. But he is the only Democrat who has been elected to the office of President of the United States since the Civil War. Roosevelt was distrusted by the managers of the Republican party, and held in suspicion by great corporate and financial interests. But the politicians who plotted to prevent his nomination were swept aside by the masses of the party, and he was re-elected by such a majority as no other candidate for the presidency had ever received. It has been said of Cavour, that he had all the prudence and all the imprudence of the true statesman. Only the public man with the rash courage which dare venture upon a great and noble imprudence is equal to the government of a free people in times of emergency and crisis. There are, perhaps, seasons of great popular unrest and of social and economic disturbance when sound and courageous counsel counts for nothing with the people, and visionaries and enthusiasts mould a democracy as they will. But these moods are fitful, the remedies of the empirics aggravate the disorder, evolution succeeds to revolution, and the nation takes again its orderly course, repairs the ravages of its season of delirium, and loyally and wisely accepts the guidance of sane, responsible, and courageous statesmanship.

Thirty or forty years ago the faith that the liquor traffic could be abolished summarily by prohibitory legislation was firmly rooted in many minds. Still the conviction is cherished and the principle urged upon reluctant legislators. We are slow to accept the unerring teaching of history that law can be no stronger than the public opinion by which it is supported, and that sound and enduring reform comes only through the long and laborious processes of the years. It is significant that all over this continent the cause of legal prohibition recedes steadily but surely, that state after state repeals prohibitory enactments, and that the policy of compromise gains over the principle of compulsion. In the United States this may be due in some measure to the great admixture of foreign elements in the population, and in Canada to the hostile attitude of the French Province towards sumptuary enactments. But it is due also to a generation of practical experience with prohibitory legislation, and to a growing, if reluctant conviction, that the law of compulsion can operate only with the general consent of the community, and is enforceable only against offences which are clearly immoral and criminal. No right thinking person will estimate lightly the heroic and patient work of the temperance agitators, objects of coarse jest and fashionable ridicule in other days, who have waged an unceasing warfare upon the liquor traffic, and fought into disrepute the drinking customs of an earlier generation, any more than he will refuse to hold in reverence the pioneer circuit riders who carried their message along the blazed trails and through the unbroken forests of this continent in its primeval time, and whose names are remembered only at the firesides of their descendants, or written upon crumbling grave-stones in country churchyards. From those old heroes has come much of the moral fibre of our civilisation. They were mighty in accumulating the reserve of moral power which braces and

steadies these nations in days of stress and storm. But nothing alters the unchangeable fact that the law of progress lies through evolution, and not through revolution, and that excessive restrictions upon personal freedom and the social habits of the people bring reaction and disaster. So, to my mind, we are still unready for absolute legal prohibition, and yet surely ready for a great advance in restrictive legislation. But how few statesmen of Canada who hold these views deal frankly with the people, and reason out the great facts of history to legitimate conclusions. "Lay low," said Raggylug, "is the beginning of all wisdom." The whole course of our political dealing with the liquor traffic is marked by deceit, evasion and cowardice. Mr. John Morley has said that "no reformer is fit for his task who suffers himself to be frightened off by the excesses of an extreme wing," and however fine and admirable may be the zeal of the extremer spirits, the truth of his observation is unassailable, and it applies to the management of the liquor traffic as to other fields for progressive and constructive legislation.

We had even less of courage and of candour in political dealing with the great question which engaged the attention of the Federal Parliament during its last session. We created two new provinces in the West, and in defiance of the plain letter of the constitution, limited their control over the vital question of education. This was done, we were told, in obedience to a constitutional compact and in order to serve great national interests, and to guarantee peace and good-will between the various races and creeds in Canada. The truth is that sectarian schools were imposed upon the West at the demand of a dominant church, which throughout all its wonderful history has been the resolute foe of popular education, and the aggressive pretender to sovereignty in state affairs. It has been said that "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations," and it is not conceivable that in a free country any settlement can endure which recognises ecclesiastical privilege and establishes denominational ascendency. Thus by entrenching clerical privilege in the very letter of the constitution, we are breeding mischief for the future, and perpetuating a quarrel which has distressed and divided the country for two generations.

Mr. Gladstone has said that ideals in politics are never realised, but true as that may be, we must still cherish the ideals and struggle for their ultimate ascendency. No other people in the world faces greater problems than does this young Canadian nation, and when all is said, the ground is solid beneath our feet, and the foundations of the national structure firm and strong. Evils in our politics there are, and forces there may be which make for discouragement and unrest. But nothing material has been lost, and much that is fine and true abides. There is still virtue and honour in our Parliaments, the judiciary is pure and vigilant, the press has spirit and courage, the people have a robust common-sense and a reserve of moral power which ensure to us the perpetuation of British traditions and all the slow but certain gains of free constitutional government. It is our royal privilege to rear new nations in the West, to establish social ease and political freedom for millions of the race, to govern in the liberal temper and with the strong, steady hand of the old mother of parliaments at Westminster, and to learn industrial efficiency from the great Republic to the south. Who in the world's history have had greater possessions, greater privileges, and greater responsibilities? And according to the measure of these possessions, these privileges and these responsibilities are our obligations to keep the sources of political power untainted, and to make the legislative bodies of the country the strong, responsive organs of a free and independent people.

A Glance Over Twenty-five Volumes

By THE EDITOR

THE first five volumes of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, edited by J. Gordon Mowat, Esq., cover the period from March, 1893, to October, 1895. Mr. Mowat had been editor of the *Lake Magazine*, which had a precarious existence during 1892. Despairing of making it a success, he secured assistance for the establishment of a more national and pretentious publication to be known as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The first number was issued in March, 1893, and its opening article dealt with the Manitoba Public School Law, and was written by the late D'Alton McCarthy, M.P. The second article, Anti-National Features of the National Policy, was from the pen of the late Principal Grant. Among the other contributors were Professor Clark, Hector W. Charlesworth, William Wilfrid Campbell, (Prof.) J. H. Cameron, and S. T. Wood (Uncle Thomas)—all of whom are still writing. This excellent number was followed by others equally good, and the publication has since maintained in a considerable degree the character desired by its founder—it has dealt mainly with topics of national and imperial importance.

Among the other articles in these first five volumes, the following are noticeable: The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, by J. Castell Hopkins; The Battle of Stony Creek, by E. B. Biggar; The Behring Sea Question, by Z. A. Lash; British Trade and Imperial Reciprocity, by A. McNeill, M.P.; Nova Scotia Coal Mines, by the Hon. J. W. Longley; Down the Yukon and Up the Mackenzie, by William Ogilvie; Humour in the School Room, by James L. Hughes; Let us Smelt our own Steel, by William Hamilton Merritt; Referendum and Plebiscite, by Hon. G. W. Ross; The American Indian, by (the late) Prof. John Campbell; Evolution of Self-Government in the Colonies, by (the late) Hon. David Mills; Lampman, by Arthur Stringer; Among the Eskimos, by J. W. Tyrrell; Canadian Homes, by Hon. James Young; Reminiscences of Parkam, by (Sir) James LeMoine; The Art Spirit, by (the late) O. A. Howland, M.P.P.; Canadian Copyright, by Prof. Goldwin Smith; and Surveyor-General Holland, by (the late) Dr. Scadding.

From the first, fiction and poetry by Canadian writers was a feature of the MAGAZINE. Among the better-known of the contributors to the earlier numbers were W. T. James, Charles Gordon Rogers E. Pauline Johnson, (the late) James A. Tucker, (the late) Professor Chapman, Jessie Kerr Lawson, Arthur J. Stringer, Ella S. Atkinson, Frederick George Scott, (the late) Theodore H. Rand, Agnes Maule Machar, Bliss Carman, Bernard McEvoy, John McCrae, Mrs. Harrison, Clifford Smith, Jean Blewett and J. Cawdor Bell (Prof. Campbell). The poetry was much better than the fiction.

The ten volumes from October, 1895, to October, 1905, have been issued under the supervision of the present editor. The two most notable developments are in the quality of the illustrations and the character of the fiction. The former is due to better technical knowledge on the part of Canadian engravers and illustrators; the latter is to be credited to the greater skill in story-writing now being exhibited by those who devote their talents to the production of fiction. Another reason for both improvements lies in the generous support accorded by the Canadian public in recent years to this national publication, and the consequent ability of the publishers to pay higher prices. Practically all the material used in the last ten years has been paid for though not always at as high a rate as the publishers have desired. Still even small payments were an improvement over the conditions which obtained in Canada previous to the founding of this publication.

In volumes six, seven and eight may be found a series of illlustrated articles on the universities of Canada—McGill, Toronto, Queen's, Victoria, Trinity, Laval, Manitoba and Nova Scotia. In volumes eight

and nine is a series of historical articles on the Premiers of the different Provinces from Confederation. In volumes ten and eleven are a series of twelve illustrated articles on "The Makers of the Dominion" by Dr. (afterwards Sir) J. G. Bourinot. Similar series have been, more or less, a constant feature of the MAGAZINE ever since.

In February, 1896, Ian Maclaren's story "Kate Carnegie" was begun. This writer was then at the height of his popularity and the enterprise displayed in securing the Canadian rights of his material marked a new epoch in the career of monthly publications in this country, and had a notable effect upon the circulation of the MAGAZINE. This was followed in January, 1897, by a series of articles, entitled "My Contemporaries in Fiction," by David Christie Murray, the British novelist.

In July, 1897, *Massey's Magazine* which had been published for a year and a half, amalgamated with this publication. *Massey's* was a splendid ten-cent publication, but the competition of the cheap United States publications proved too powerful for it.

The series of Canadian Celebrities was begun in the following year, Mr. E. S. Clouston being the first, and (Sir) Thomas G. Shaughnessy the second. The next in order were Dr. Drummond, B. E. Walker, William McLennan, (the late) Sir William Dawson, Joseph Martin, D. McNicoll, Robert Barr, J. Stuart Thomson, Hon. (now Sir) F. W. Borden, Senator Cox, James Bain, Arthur Stringer, Provost Macklem and the Roberts Family. The list now comprises over sixty prominent names.

For one year from December, 1900, the issues were sprinkled with military articles, commencing with an illustrated account of the departure of the First Contingent.

In 1902, "The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, was the serial story. Its later success in book form showed the keenness of the search for good material for the MAGAZINE.

In 1903, appeared the most successful series of illustrated articles ever published in this periodical—"The War of 1812," by James Hannay, the well-known historian. This was followed in 1904 by an equally valuable though less popular series: "The Fight for North America," by A. G. Bradley.

There have been times when the MAGAZINE was accused of favouring one side or the other in politics, and there have been subscribers who ceased to be such because of fancied political bias on the part of the editor or management. Some of these persons afterwards admitted their mistakes and again allowed their names to be entered in the lists. On the whole, however, the people have been generous, sympathetic and constant in their treatment. There was only one aim in the beginning —and there was never any other. That aim was to produce a national monthly equal to any similar publication in the world. It is not yet accomplished, but today there is no magazine in the Empire, including London, which excels it in excellence of printing, general illustration and the educational value of its contents. That it has been brought up to this standard is as great a compliment to Canadian writers, engravers and printers as to those immediately responsible for its production.

During the twelve and a half years, the MAGAZINE has mirrored Canadian thought with an earnest effort to miss no discussion that was important, no great event or pageant which would make history, and no important movement affecting the social, economic and political life of the people. In addition, it has aimed to publish those writings which showed the keenest thought, the highest fancy, the greatest scholarship, and the most profound inspiration. That which was deemed purely ephemeral was avoided, in favour of that which would be permanently beneficial.

To combine entertainment with information, and yet produce a publication which is popular is quite a difficult task. To do it in Canada under the peculiar conditions which obtain here, was well nigh impossible. Nevertheless, the twenty-five volumes—one hundred and fifty-two numbers, fifteen thousand pages—are completed, and the end is not yet.

HON. A. E. FORGET
Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan
Photo by Query Bros.

HON. G. H. V. BULYEA
Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta
Photo by Birnie

The New Provinces

By F. W. HUNT

SEPTEMBER 1st was the birthday of two new Provinces in the Canadian West. Seldom are governments ushered into existence under more favourable auspices than were the new governments of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Each of the new Provinces has an area of more than 250,000 square miles. Each possesses untold riches of forest and mine. Each has millions of acres of agricultural land of unsurpassed fertility and a climate healthful to live in and well adapted for the growth of all sorts of cereal crops. Each, within the next few years, will have passing through its most productive regions two new trans-continental railways.

Settlement in the new Provinces is, roughly speaking, confined to the southern and central portions. Here the raising of grain and live stock are the chief industries and never has there been a more bountiful harvest than the one reaped this present autumn. In the northern part of Alberta is the Peace River, draining a vast country, of great agricultural possibilities, which, in the near future, will be opened up by the new lines of railway. Here also, in the northern portions, are indications of immense deposits of mineral and petroleum. Aye, one has but to travel over the long reaches of rich prairie, to penetrate the deep woodlands, to examine into the many resources and advantages of these new Provinces, to reach the conclusion that they are indeed born rich.

The writer was present at the inaugural celebration at Edmonton, the provisional capital of the Province of Alberta. The day was warm and clear—typical autumn weather of Canada's middle west. Standing on the high embankment above the Saskatchewan River I looked upon the mammoth parade as it wound its way down the broad grade to the Exhibition Park on the flat. Behind me was a young city decked out in birthday splendour, with magnificent arches spanning the principal streets. Had I stood on the same spot twenty-five years ago, and predicted such a scene to the few pioneer residents of that

THE SWEARING-IN OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BULYEA, EDMONTON
Photo by Toronto "Globe"

day, I should have been called a dreamer. Had I said that here, a thousand miles beyond the borders of civilisation, in twenty-five short years would be a city dazzling and beautiful with its electric illuminations by night, teeming with thousands of busy people; that here on the river flat where the Redman camped while he exchanged his beaver-pelts for trinkets at the Hudson's Bay Company's store, would be a gathering of men and women, 20,000 strong, that 2,000 bright school children could be mustered at the schools and marched through the streets in parade, that there would be automobiles and elegant, footmen-attended carriages—had I drawn such a picture I should have been counted insane. Yet these were features—a few of the features—which marked the inaugural celebration at Edmonton on September 1st.

The first event of the inaugural occasion took place on the evening of the previous day, in the form of a grand concert given by the city, free to the public. Earl Grey and party had arrived a few hours before and were the guests of honour. In passing, this concert and likewise the inaugural ball on the evening following are, for several reasons, worthy of note. First, the singing as well as the music furnished by the orchestra was all by local talent, and yet was equal to what one might expect to hear at any similar function in the large centres of the east. Second, there was the distinctly urban and elite atmosphere which pervaded both functions, both in the matter of dress and manners. There was the expansive shirt front and the claw-hammer coat; there were beautiful ladies with fashionable dresses; there were grace and refinement; there were courtly manners. And third, was the significant fact that in the gay throngs might be pointed out ladies in all the glory of fashionable dress, and possessing every outward sign of grace and refinement, who, years before when there were neither railways nor hope of railways, pioneered here in log shacks with their husbands or fathers; and there were gentlemen still comparatively young, gay and debonair, in full evening dress, who, in the earlier period, had trudged over the long trails, shoulder

THE SWEARING-IN OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR FORGET, REGINA
Photo by Toronto "Globe"

to wheel with their Red River carts.

At nine thirty on the morning of September 1st, the events of the day began with a grand procession formed at the Immigration Hall, to march to the Exhibition Park. Limited space forbids a detailed description of the procession. There were the "old-timers" following the Red River cart. There were the school children, some—the smaller ones—conveyed on beautifully decorated floats, the remainder marching four abreast, in perfect order, all cheering and waving flags. There were veterans of South African campaigns. There were bands and societies and trades unions. On the brow of the hill the entire procession passed in review before the Governor-General and party.

A BIT OF THE PROCESSION AT REGINA
Photo by Toronto "Globe"

By eleven o'clock the procession, followed by immense crowds, had reached the grounds, the Governor-General with his escort arrived and there was the military review of the three squadrons of Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Soon after, the Mayor of Edmonton escorted the Governor-General and party of distinguished guests to the platform and the inaugural ceremonies began. First there was the address presented to the Governor-General and His Excellency's fitting reply. Then came the swearing-in of the Lieutenant-Governor of the new Province. At exact noon the Clerk of the Privy Council Mr. J. J. McGee, announced the appointment of George Hedley Vickers Bulyea to the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. Inspector Knight read the Commission making the appointment. Mr. Bulyea came to the front of the platform, and the Clerk of the Privy Council administered the oath of office, the guns on the hill, meanwhile, booming forth the royal salute. The newly made Lieutenant-Governor was then presented with an address by the Mayor of Edmonton, to which he responded with an appropriate speech. After this followed addresses by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Wm. Paterson, Minister of Customs, and Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. Then amidst congratulations and much cheering, the Vice-Regal party withdrew, and the crowd slowly scattered. The inaugural ceremonies were over and Alberta was a Province, with the nucleus of a government.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER AS HE APPEARED ON HIS WESTERN TOUR

AN OLD-TIMERS' CART IN THE PROCESSION
Photo by Toronto "Globe"

Early on the following day, Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea called upon Alexander C. Rutherford, M.L.A., of Strathcona, to form the first executive council for the new Province of Alberta. Mr. Rutherford was immediately sworn in and, as Prime Minister, at once set about framing a government.

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A somewhat similar ceremony occurred at Regina on September 4th, when the Province of Saskatchewan was formally constituted as one of the members of the Dominion of Canada, entitled to all the privileges which the Imperial Act of 1867, and the Canadian Act of 1905 had formally set forth as her right and heritage. Arches made of wheat and oats in sheaf and trimmed with evergreen spanned the roadway through which the Vice-regal procession passed to the formal ceremony in the Exhibition grounds. "World's Granary," "North-West Forever," "God Save the King," and "Saskatchewan" were the four mottoes which embodied the sentiment of the population. The songs were "The Land of the Maple," "The Maple Leaf," and the national anthem. After singing the usual chorus of the "Maple Leaf," it was repeated with the words:

Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan,
Saskatchewan forever;
God save the West and Heaven bless
Saskatchewan forever.

The 90th Battalion of Winnipeg, a troop of mounted Indians, a prairie schooner, and other features made the procession worthy of the occasion. Lord Grey's address to the children, and his reply to the civic address were also noteworthy, and the King's representative did not fail to speak a word for His Majesty, and for the glory of his government. He also read a special telegram from King Edward himself. The Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. A. E. Forget, was sworn in after Commissioner Perry had read the commission of office. He afterwards called Walter Scott, Esq., M.P., to Government House and requested him to form a cabinet, which he has since done.

The other Provinces of the Dominion warmly welcome Alberta and Saskatchewan, and wish them all the prosperity, all the influence, all the greatness to which their natural wealth, their magnificent climate, and their intelligence and manhood may win for them in this great Confederacy of States.

The Literature of Nova Scotia

An Outline

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

I

LIKE "home" and "gentleman," "literature" is a word not to be used lightly, or applied without nice discrimination. Unconscious of their impiety, traders dare to call their advertising pamphlets, machine politicians their screaming campaign hand-bills, and dry-as-dust professors their stupefying lists of books and articles all by this high and sacred name. Since the world began it has been granted to some few scores, or hundreds perhaps, out of all her uncounted myriads to write words that live, that may justly be called—literature. For one who hits the mark, you shall have ten thousand missing it. They are not, however, to be greatly pitied. They engage in a high calling, they know something of the divine glow of creation, and follow, no matter how lamely or afar off, still they follow the Gleam. But if we will not understand too much by the term, we may apply it to the mass of writings of all kinds, produced in and about a little sea-board province of a new country, in a new world, wherein, as yet, no great poet, no famous romancer has arisen. To forestall the sniffing critic, however, I prefer to call these rough notes a sketch of literary activity in Nova Scotia.

II

Elsewhere I have called the Mayflower Province the brain of Canada, a boast not hard to justify. From its foundation in the mid eighteenth century, Halifax has been a city acquainted with culture and literary taste. When New France was in its last agonies under its unspeakable Vaudreuils and Bigots, or drained, but for the clergy, of its educated class, after the Cession, when the rest of the present Dominion was wilderness or virgin forest, Halifax had its books and book-sellers, its book-binders and even book auctions, its own newspapers, and even its own magazines. That Nova Scotia led in the intellectual development of this country is too clear to be disputed for an instant.

It is now generally admitted by American historians that the cruel expulsion of the Loyalists from the United States deprived the new country of her educated and cultured classes. Confirmatory is the interesting fact that it is precisely in the period of Loyalist immigration into Nova Scotia that our first magazine flourished. In 1783, Governor Parr wrote that there were 25,000 Loyalists in the Province. Of themselves, they were able to found a city, Shelburne, of 10,000 inhabitants. In July, 1789, the year of the Rights of Man, there appeared in Halifax the first number of *The Nova Scotia Magazine and Comprehensive Review of Literature, Politics and News*. This was a monthly magazine of eighty pages, and double columns, well printed on good paper, if with rather small type. The printer was a Loyalist, young John Howe from Boston, who was to beget a famous son. That was the age of classical education, and the title is decorated with two learned mottos, the first, "*Orientia tempora notis Instruit exemplis*," declaring the purpose of the editor, and the second, "*Scribentem juvat ipse favor, minuitque laborem*," hinting delicately at consideration and support. The magazine is necessarily a "compilation," as the editorial preface declares it, but there can be no doubt of the tastes of its constituency. Literature comes first in the sub-title, and in fact. The very first article is historical, retrospective, and appeals to local patriotism, even then evidently strong. It is a reprint of the life of Sir William Alexander, favourite of James I, and original grantee of Nova Scotia, taken from the *Biographia*

Britannica.* The preface is certain that "Everything that is connected with the history of this Province must be interesting to the people who inhabit it." One feature is a long list of new books classified according to subject, and taken with due acknowledgment from *The Analytical Review*. There are extracts from Du Paty, and Mr. Gibbon's new history of Rome. Collins's *Ode on Highland Superstitions* is printed in full. Much space is given to the debates in the British House of Commons. There are echoes of notable happenings in France and England; the appeal of the Duke of Orleans to representatives in his respective bailiwicks finds a place beside the protest of Warren Hastings. Ten pages are devoted to foreign, and perhaps a column and a half to local news. The list of subscribers appears in the first number; it contains names of families that have been prominent in the city from that day to this, Almons and Albros, and so on through the alphabet. In a note to the second volume, the editor hopes that the magazine "may long continue an evidence of the literary taste of the Province, and a record of its prosperity and happiness." The "evidence" is undeniable; but his pious wish for length of days was not granted. The *Nova Scotia Magazine* came to an end in 1791, when the Loyalist population ebbed.

The *Nova Scotia Magazine* was succeeded by *Novater*, a small literary paper, that lived for two years, memorable in the history of the world, 1809-1810, when Napoleon's star was at its zenith, and Halifax was prospering, as she always does in the big wars.

Next in order came *The Acadian Magazine, or Literary Mirror, Consisting of Original and Selected Matter on Literary and other Subjects*. This was a large, double-columned monthly, apparently modelled on *Blackwood*, and boldly venturing on illustrations. "Embellishments" appear, to lighten the letter-press, a view of the Province Building, a view of Windsor from the west, and excellent engraved portraits of Canning and the Duke of York. Since the first magazine, local patriotism has grown apace. This is no longer a compilation like its predecessor, but a magazine in the modern sense. A corps of contributors from all parts of the Province and beyond it send articles, sketches, letters, poems, signed with pseudonyms and initials. One mathematical genius offers a method (with diagram) of squaring the circle, and a lively discussion follows, Pictou and Musquodoboit joining merrily in the fray. Between 1789 and 1826, when the *Acadian* began its all too brief career, a new generation had grown up, proud of their Province and the things that were theirs by right of birth. In the first volume, there is a series of articles called "Characteristics of Nova Scotia," with Scott's proud line for motto:

"This is my own, my native land."

The mental attitude may be further inferred from a single sentence, "We . . . without assumed ostentation or empty arrogance must declare that Nova Scotia possesses many legitimate sources of pride." The writer mentions with approval two poems which seem to begin a nativist literary movement. The first is "The Rising Village," written by Oliver Goldsmith, grand-nephew of his great namesake. It tells how a local Edwin jilted Angelina, and sketches the growth of a backwoods settlement. The second, "Melville Island," was the first attempt of young Joseph Howe to express his love for the natural beauty of his Province, in this case for the incomparable North-West Arm, on whose shores he was born. The *Acadian* was avowedly "literary," its title says so twice over, and soon dropped the local news, because it was all anticipated by the regular journals. It publishes such things as a translation of one of Michelangelo's madrigals, evidently to gratify the taste of such readers as founded the old Halifax library and bought first editions of *Imaginary Conversations* to put in it.

To the *Acadian* succeeded *The Halifax Monthly Magazine* (1830–1832), a most

*On January 19, 1779, a Halifax merchant advertised for sale the Biographia Britannica, 7 vols., fol., together with Collier's Body of Divinity, Milton's Paradise Lost, elegantly bound, Laws of the Province of Nova Scotia, Littleton's Latin and English Dictionary, Collier's Moral Essays, Mrs. Glass's Cookery, Clerk's Sermons, 10 vols.; Rousseau's Works, French, 8 vols.; Pascal's Letters on the Jesuits, 3 vols.; Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Terence, Florus Justin, and sundry other books too numerous to enumerate.

interesting and lively periodical, invaluable as an index to the literary preferences of by-gone Haligonians. The appeal is exclusively to the educated and the refined. Choice bits from Praed, Scott, Macaulay, D'Israeli are reprinted. Notice is taken of the great lights going out—"Lacon," Colton, Bentham, Cuvier, Goethe. The editor has an eye for local talent, and reviews Cooney's "History of New Brunswick," and criticises at length the annual exhibition of the painting club. Great questions are discussed such as a railway to connect the colonies. All this in 1830, when Toronto was just emerging from the status of "Muddy York."

It is impossible to notice here each of these enterprises as it deserves. To the *Halifax Monthly* succeeded *The Pearl*, a large weekly devoted to "polite literature, science and religion." The editor was the father of Sir John Thompson. After *The Pearl* came *The Provincial*, a large monthly magazine, and after *The Provincial*, *The Maritime Monthly*, which brings the story down to 1873. For a century, you may say then, Nova Scotia has had her own magazines, a new one for almost every decade. It is nothing against them that they were short-lived. They are all in a tale. They show an ever growing local patriotism, and an ever broadening culture. They tell of an atmosphere in which letters would flourish.

III

The first book printed in Nova Scotia was a volume of provincial laws compiled by John Duport, Esq., J.P., and printed by Robert Fletcher in 1766;* but "Statutes at Large" belong to Elia's catalogue of books that are no books. The first book which may be rightly classed as "literature" is Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," printed by Joseph Howe in two volumes, with illustrations, in 1829. Its significance is not slight. As far back as 1789, the editor of our first magazine desired a "connected history" of the Province, and referred to a "hand which is amply capable of doing justice to such an undertaking," and was, in fact, about to write it down. This must have been the Rev. Andrew Brown, the learned pastor of historic St. Matthew's, afterwards Professor in Edinburgh University. He collected the materials, but the manuscript, after its strange escape from destruction, lies still unpublished in the British Museum. In 1825, a brief history of some 200 pages was printed in Halifax without the author's name. Some good authorities, Mr. George Johnson, for instance, consider it Haliburton's *ballon d'essai*. In any case, Nova Scotia is the first Province to have a history of its own. Haliburton was chiefly interested in the romantic story of the early days, Lord Stirling, the La Tours, the Acadians. After the expulsion, history ends for him; and he jots down mere notes for annals. The second volume is devoted to the "statistical" account of the Province. This work had its part in inspiring "Evangeline," the poem that has made Acadia classic ground. Since then the study of local history has flourished greatly. Beamish Murdoch digested the MS. and printed materials for our history into three portly, indispensable volumes of annals. Campbell and Hannay have each drawn their connected histories from it. Howe, when he came to power, had a Record Commission appointed to gather up our muniments, and set an ideal man at the work, Thomas Beamish Akins, an enthusiast in his subject, and a charming gentleman of the old school. He collected, arranged, classified, indexed our multifarious records into some 600 volumes, and skimmed the cream of them into his "Nova Scotia Archives" of 1869. This Parkman used, with grateful acknowledgments, for his monumental history. The Nova Scotia Historical Society was founded in 1878, and has issued twelve volumes of its "Collections." Every county has its history, almost every one its printed history. Yarmouth has two. Patterson's history of Pictou, and the Calnek-Savary history of Annapolis are most valuable. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Anglicans have each their voluminous and painful chronicler. The colleges, King's, Acàdia, Dalhousie, have their historians. "Old King's" has two in print. Nor has biography, the history

*Bushel published previously the annual statutes of the province, after 1758, but the precise dates are unknown.

of individuals, been neglected. Hill wrote the life of Sir Brenton Haliburton, Patterson, the life of MacGregor* the "Seceder" minister, one of the fathers of the church, whose name is still a household word in the field of his apostolic labours. Patterson also wrote memoirs of our missionaries Johnson, Matheson, and the martyred Gordons, who spent themselves for the faith of Christ in the far-off islands of the sea. There are three lives of our hero, Howe, Fenety's interesting sketch, Grant's fine appreciation, and Judge Longley's fuller account in the "Makers of Canada" series. Richey's life of the pioneer of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the Rev. Wm. Black, "Bishop" Black, one of Wesley's trusted lieutenants, is full of interest. Allyne's autobiography "Journal" is a contribution to the literature of religious experience, and is used by Professor James in his Gifford Lectures. Even our venerable North British Society, now in its 131st year, has its enthusiastic chronicler in Mr. James S. Macdonald, whose "Annals" has just gone in a third illustrated edition.

Nova Scotia has a history, Nova Scotians write history, and some of them have made history.

Nor has the science of nature been neglected here. Nova Scotians, being a seafaring people, are great travellers. In the forties, Sir Edward Belcher, a Haligonian in the Royal Navy, published his narrative of H.M.S. *Sulphur's* voyage round the world in 1836-42. What is I suppose the most important book of Canadian travel, "From Ocean to Ocean," was written by Grant, then minister of historic St. Matthew's, before he made Queen's University his monument. Our Province is one great plum-pudding of ores and minerals and strange formations, and early drew down the scientific eye. Dawson's "Acadian Geology" is a classic in its way, and is only one of a score of similar writings. But long before his day, in 1836, Abraham Gesner, a Granville man, the discoverer of coal oil and of Albertite, had written an able geology of Nova Scotia, when the very science was in its infancy. The dons of our little colleges have their various learned works in botany, metaphysics, mathematics and so on, *biblia a-biblia*, unread except by students. MacGregor of Dalhousie, before his promotion to Edinburgh, had produced some fifty scientific papers and memoirs, so much can restless energy accomplish with an empty laboratory and a teeming head-piece. The scientific movement has drawn to a head in the Nova Scotia Institute of Science, which has its own library and its series of publications, and is now in its forty-third year. Much of our literary activity must be dismissed in a sentence, such as the volumes of religious controversy, of sermons, of agricultural lore, treatises on education, pamphlets without end on all subjects. Journalism is a subject by itself.

Of our minor, not to say minim poets, there is no dearth. Almost every generation of Haligonians has had its singers, or satirists, or occasional versers. From the first there were those who strung Popian rhymes in the newspapers. They are always faint echoes of the prevailing literary fashions, Pope, Scott, Moore, Byron, Mrs. Hemans. There is also the workman poet, a Scot of course, who tries to walk in the footsteps of Robert Burns. But their volumes tell the same tale as the magazines; intense local feeling. I could make you a rather stout anthology of poems on the provincial floral emblem, the mayflower, *epigæa repens*, now happily under the ægis of the law. Nova Scotian verse has generally two leading motives, edification, and the celebration of places. You might not think that anyone would poetise on Musquodoboit or Stewiacke, though you might admit the claim of the flowing Gaspereaux, but only if you had been so unhappy as never to have looked on those enchanted streams. New Brunswick will not let us claim Roberts or Carman (just like her New Brunswickedness!), but some of their best work draws its colour and life-breath from the landscapes of Nova Scotia. They are well fitted to set poets rhyming, being themselves poems. Roberts's "Ave," his finest poem in my judgment, is rich in this special and peculiar charm; and Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" is even fuller of Acadia's

*The grandfather of Dr. MacGregor, formerly Professor of Physics in Dalhousie College, now Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University.

gramarye. Rand's "At Minas Basin," and Herbin's "The Marshlands," are distinguished by sincere feeling, and often apt interpretation of a scenery to be found nowhere else in the world. Mrs. Lawson's "Frankincense and Myrrh," and Hamilton's "Feast of St. Anne," deserve mention. Another posthumous volume, "Thistledown," selections from the verse and prose of Alex. Rae Garvie, one of a remarkable family, shows most unusual cultivation, with his versions of Horace and Heine, and his tribute to the genius of Holman Hunt, when his name was hardly known in England. Nova Scotia has also contributed to the hymnology of the Christian Church. "We love the place, O God," is taken from a *Christian Year* by the Rev. W. Bullock, published in Halifax in 1854; and Dr. Robert Murray is the author of "From Ocean unto Ocean," with its reminiscence of the title of Grant's travels. The Rev. Silas Rand, the missionary to the Micmacs, and translator of the Bible into their language, issued a volume of Latin hymns, *Hymni Recentes Latini Translationes et Originales*.

IV

But Nova Scotia has more famous names than these. The first is Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796–1865). He was born in historic Annapolis Royal, the most beautiful town in Nova Scotia, or the world, and was educated at King's College, Windsor. Williams of Kars, Inglis of Lucknow, and he are the most famous sons of that venerable foundation. He died a D.C.L. of Oxford, and a member of the British House of Commons. His literary career began with the histories already mentioned; but his first hit was his "Recollections of Nova Scotia," which ran in Howe's newspaper from September, 1835, until February, 1836. The next year these scattered papers in a provincial journal were collected and published in London, as *The Clockmaker*, and Sam Slick, the smart Yankee, became a figure in literature and made his author famous.

The sketches of life in Nova Scotia were not the first of their kind. McCulloch, the first President of Dalhousie, had contributed "The Letters of Mephibosheth Stepsure" to the *Acadian Recorder*, in 1823, and had collected and issued them as a book; but the judge had a pungent humour, a command of dialect and a gift of telling a story the divine could not approach. He was a shrewd observer. A gentleman of Halifax told me that once, when travelling in the stage-coach with Haliburton, a fellow passenger, a buxom country woman, spoke of a temperance lecturer who was to give an address, "sugar off" she called it, at a given time and place. From his corner, Haliburton eyed her, took out his note-book, and jotted the expression down. His distinction is to be the first of the American humorists. He is a teller of stories that go well after dinner; he is fond of Rabelais' easy chair; but he entertains you well and keeps you laughing. Although he achieved the honour of being reprimanded by the Assembly for one sarcastic fling at the old women of the Legislative Council, he remained to the end a fine example of the crusted old tory, the colonial Englishman who reverted naturally and easily to the life of the old world. He was capable of believing that anarchy in the United States was due to their lack of a State Church. Mr. F. Blake Crofton has written a full and sympathetic appreciation of the man and his work.

The effigy of Howe, in bronze, stands today on the sunny side of the Province Building, where he planted the oak on the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, and made one of his greatest speeches. The inscription on the base styles him "Poet," conferring a patent of nobility which some might be disposed to question. Without dispute, however, he had the poet's temperament. Proof of this in plenty will be found in his "Poems and Essays," published in Montreal in 1874. There you have the best of Howe; you see his heart laid bare; you learn to know the great thoughts in whose society the man lived. The themes of his verse are the loveliness of his native Province, loyalty to it and the mother land, the primal sympathies of the home. Whatever the critic may say to the form, the feeling is always right and sincere. His prose is much stronger. Speeches do not read well, as a rule, but these are solid, and bear scrutiny. The Shake-

speare address is inspiring and ends with a fine tribute to Queen Victoria. That on "Eloquence" reveals the open secrets of his own success, simplicity, earnestness, character. The speech at the great family gathering of the Howes is a broad-minded, manly eirenicon. A British subject, he addresses an American audience at a time when their country was exasperated against his country. He speaks wisely, nobly, with great skill, without giving cause of offence, and yet without lowering his flag for a moment. He has such sentences as this:

"A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

Whoever wishes to know what manner of man Howe was will learn more from his own words, winged words like these, than from the best efforts of all his biographers.

James DeMille, of Loyalist blood on both sides of the house, was born in the old Loyalist city of Saint John; but his life-work was done in Nova Scotia. From 1861 until 1864, he was Professor of Classics at Acadia, and from 1864 he held the chair of Rhetoric and History at Dalhousie until the day of his death in 1880. He was then only forty-seven years of age, but he had written nearly a score of books, for he swayed a fluent pen. His first publication was "The Martyrs of the Catacombs" (1865), a Sunday-school book, followed, in 1867, by "Helena's Household," a longer and better tale on the same theme. His first success was, like Haliburton's, humorous. This was his "Dodge Club," which appeared first as a serial in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* in 1868. It was no doubt suggested by his own tour in Europe with his brother in 1850–51. Here he struck the vein of comic travels which Mark Twain worked in the "Innocents Abroad." Six of his novels were published by Harper's, of which "The American Baron" was translated into French by Louis Ulbach, and went through several editions in that form. Appletons published "An Open Question" and "The Lady of the Ice," which seems to have been dramatised. He wrote nine books for boys, the B.O.W.C. series, which are based in part on his school-boy experiences at Horton, and are the only part of his work owing anything to the Province of Nova Scotia. No one could think more meanly of his books than their author; he called them his "trash," his "pot-boilers." But criticism may go too far; some of DeMille's critics have certainly done so, through malice or ignorance. Only a gentleman, a scholar, a man of something very like genius could have written DeMille's novels. There is fun, brisk succession of incident, capital situations in the despised "pot-boilers." Even in the lurid "Cord and Crease," which enthralled me as a boy, the description of the Greek play, of Langhetti's music, and the scene of the lovers in the church, show what he was capable of. Among his books presented by the family to Dalhousie College library, are hymnologies of the Greek Church, and a beautiful set of Euripides, books in modern Greek, Sanskrit, Persian, French, German, Italian classics with his pencilled marginalia, an indication of the range of his scholarship, and the learned foundation for some of his easy-going chapters. Since his death, his best book, "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," has been published by Harper's. This is a fascinating tale of an Antarctic Topsyturvydom where lovers fly on tame pterodactyls, and unselfishness is the chief aim of the civilised cannibal inhabitants. His serious work was an elaborate "Rhetoric," on which he spent much labour; and a long poem, "Behind the Veil," published since his death. He was a tall, handsome, dark man, an excellent teacher, a good conversationalist, best in monologue, an amateur musician, an adept at caricatures and comic verses; in short, a most remarkable personality.

V

The literary impulse which was so strong in the Province more than a century ago is by no means spent. Halifax is still a literary centre. In the old garrison city by the sea you shall have a retired colonel collating translations of the *Dies Irae*, an attorney-general "appearing" in the most

important reviews and magazines, writing an entire book on love, and preparing an extensive history of Canadian politics, and an Archbishop contributing learned papers to our Royal Society, and combatting the tendencies of the age in a novel and a poem *de longue haleine*. The output in prose is remarkable; verse has fallen to the rear. *Place aux dames!* Miss Marshall Saundens's prize-winning tale, "Beautiful Joe," has sold over 300,000 copies, and she has written twelve others. Miss Alice Jones, the daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor, has produced in rapid succession three successful novels. Miss Amelia Fytche has written a novel of Parisian life, "Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls." Mrs. Carleton Jones has written short stories for the American magazines. Mrs. Fraser, Miss Frame and Miss McLeod are all known as writers of sketches and short stories. Prose fiction is the favourite *genre*. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, a Haligonian and alumnus of Dalhousie, began his career in the city of his birth, and has written some twenty stories. A. W. Eaton, a Bluenose, living now in New York, has written his "Tales of a Garrison Town." He has also more serious work, a history of the Church of England in Nova Scotia, and a pleasing book of verse, "Acadian Legends and Lyrics." The Rev. James Falconer has published a scholarly treatise on the history of the primitive church, "From Apostle to Priest." Dr. E. Ritchie contributes to *Mind* and *The International Journal of Ethics*. Outside the capital, too, Nova Scotians are busy with the pen. R. R. McLeod has an interesting "nature book," "In the Acadian Land," while his voluminous "Markland," a sort of encyclopedia of Nova Scotia, is the latest manifestation of the strong local feeling, which is the stamp of Nova Scotian literary work.

The record from first to last makes a brave showing. The trouble is not to find works and authors, but to avoid omitting important names. The saying of the Preacher about the making of many books is as true of Nova Scotia to-day, as it was of the world he knew centuries ago.

You

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WHEN in the rowan tree
The coloured light fades slowly,
And the quiet dusk,
All livid, breathes of you,
Then, Heart's Content,
I feel your hair enfolding me,
And tender comes the night,
Bringing me—you.

And when across the sea
The rose-dawn opens slowly,
And the gold breaks, and the blue,
All glad of you,
Then, Heart's Reward,
Red, red, is your mouth for me,
And life to me means love,
And love means—you.

Current Events Abroad.

DIPLOMACY registered one more triumph when the seemingly irreconcilable terms of the two contending powers at Portsmouth were at length accommodated. The end came unexpectedly and sensationally. The whole world had arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that the war would have to go on. The question of the indemnity seemed an insurmountable obstacle. The Russians were implacably resolved not to pay it; the Japanese seemed determined that it should be paid or the war would continue. Then something happened. There was natural amazement when it was announced that the Japanese plenipotentiaries had given way and that Russia had carried her point in resisting the payment of an indemnity.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Who, it is rumoured, has secretly agreed to pay the Mikado nearly a hundred million of dollars annually for five years.

At the moment of writing, a rumour is in circulation that the cause of Japan's sudden retreat was that a secret treaty had been concluded between the Mikado and the Czar, by which the latter agreed to pay, practically as a personal debt, $500,000,000 in five years. By leaving this financial consideration out of the formal treaty between the nations it was hoped, so the story went, that the mulcted nation would be saved the disgrace that the payment of a formal indemnity seemed to involve. What truth there is in this story cannot at the moment be ascertained, although it must be regarded as highly improbable. If it is true, it means that the Czar, in the ways that only a despot can, will endeavour out of the revenues of the country and out of his own enormous income, manage to put away a $100,000,000 a year for five years. It will surely be no easy task when the condition of the country is considered. The financial position of the colossal Empire was not easy even before the war. With the war debt added, with the navy almost obliterated, and tremendous losses of ordinance to be made good, it will be thought that the Czar will have his hands full in meeting his creditor. It could only be done by stopping every possible expenditure on what for the moment may be regarded as useless things, namely, for the re-creation of a navy and for the rehabilitation of the army. What would happen if Russia made no attempt to replace her sunken battleships for some years and allowed her army to remain a little

WHAT JAPAN HAS GAINED

The boundary of Japan's sphere of influence in Asia is roughly indicated by the arc shown on this map. It is a great gain, even if rumour is wrong with regard to the secret indemnity.

down at heel and below strength? Nothing in the world. She is so circumstanced that there is not the least fear of aggression from her neighbours. It is true that there are some cherished objects that in such a case would be apt to slip out of her grasp. For a time she would cease to loom so large over the Balkans, and her voice would not be so compelling in the Yildiz Palace. She would not be regarded with such apprehension by her European neighbours. These are vanities, however, of which the moujik, cultivating his fickle acres in Saratov or Kasan, or any other of the Provinces of Russia, would be blissfully ignorant.

Whether this secret treaty is a fact or not, it can be said that Japan has emerged from the fearful struggle triumphant beyond the most hopeful dreams of her admirers. It seemed a conflict between Jack and the Giant. In romance Jack overcomes the giant by the exercise of his superior arts and this fancy of the story-teller has, in the case of Japan and Russia, been effectuated in real life. Japan entered the field as one of the little-considered nations and has leapt at once into the position of one of the four or five great powers of the world. When Lord Lansdowne concluded a treaty of alliance with Japan a few years ago, it had to be announced almost apologetically. The treaty has now been renewed, and Sir Charles Dilke declared in Parliament a week or two ago, that the renewal of the treaty would be warmly supported by the Liberal Party. The treaty is said to be much more pronounced in its mutual engagements than the former one. In the latter both powers engaged to come to the assistance of the other in case either were attacked by more than one power. It is now said that the allies engage to come to each other's assistance even if attacked by but one power. This is probably an extremely wild guess. The announcement that such a treaty had been concluded would create a sensation in every capital in Europe and would cause a twinge even at Washington.

Would it be a message of peace? It would if other powers did not proceed to form alliances to meet it, which it is to

be feared they would do. It is impossible to consider the Anglo-Japanese treaty without remembering the understanding between France and Britain. All three have Asiatic possessions on the seaboard. Britain has India, France Indo-China, and Japan has now her foot on the Asiatic continent and has become the greatest of Asiatic powers. Does it look as if any other power will be allowed to disturb the *status quo* there? Not at all likely, and German dreams of realising her colonial ambitions at the expense of China have vanished into air. A significant announcement was made the other day that Wei-Hai-Wei would be abandoned as a British naval station. Nothing is more likely. It was occupied as an offset to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and Germany countered by making a seizure of a pied-a-terre at Kiao-chou. How long will it be before China asks what the Kaiser's soldiers are doing there? At all events we may be sure there will be no further additions to that territory.

Yet to the colonial ambitions of the Kaiser can be traced a great deal of the unrest of the past few years. It is perhaps a quite natural ambition. The Emperor perceives that some five millions of his countrymen have left the Fatherland within the past fifty years, and have gone to build up other States. The reflection is obvious that it would be an immense stroke of policy if this surplus population, instead of being lost, could be turned into a German colony. This idea haunts the Imperial mind and he has examined every part of the earth that promised such a refugium for the emigrating German. He has turned his attention to Brazil, where German colonies have established themselves in the Provinces of Rio Grand do Sul and San Paulo. But the Monroe doctrine is in the way. It was believed that the first object in creating a strong German fleet was in order to be able to tell Washington at some opportune time that Germany did not recognise the Monroe doctrine. Our American neighbours scented the hostility in the air and proceeded to build a formidable fleet of their own. He then turned his eyes to China and Kiao-chou was acquired, with hopes that it would grow, although China as a home for the white coloniser is hopelessly impossible. The only outlook there was for a Chinese India. The Transvaal undoubtedly attracted the Emperor's longing. That land of gold, where the old Low-German tongue was the language of the colonist—that seemed an ideal spot. One of the

STORY.

THE SAME OLD PISCATORIAL STORY

FISHERMAN LINEVITCH—It was the biggest fishsky you ever sawvish. I had him on my linesky, but Peace interfered and he got awayakof. O, but he was a beautski.—*Montreal Star.*

emanations and symbols of this longing was the Kruger telegram. He has also had his eye on Palestine. But nothing has resulted from it all except a few odds and ends in Africa which are not white men's countries and which have always cost a good deal more than they are worth.

Is it surprising, therefore, that when he observed France and Britain arranging for the appropriation of the last bit of the African littoral of the Mediterranean that he should feel a little irritated? His irritation has so far not accomplished much. It is true that the future of Morocco will be settled by a European conference, at which Germany will be represented. Unfortunately the Sultan's misgovernment has been putting the game into the hands of France. A man named Bouzain, a native of Algeria, was seized by the Sultan and unjustly imprisoned. He claimed to be a French citizen, and this claim was upheld by the French Government. His release was demanded and refused, whereupon an ultimatum was served on the Sultan that not only must Bouzain be released, but that an indemnity must be paid and an apology offered. The Sultan resisted these conditions so long that a French squadron was about to depart for Tangier. Whether the Moroccan ruler endeavoured to get the backing of his powerful friend at Berlin has not appeared. At all events, France has prevailed and the Sultan has learned the lesson that his recent distinguished visitor is no protection for him when he contravenes the interests of his lively neighbours across the Algerian border.

The Emperor has been telling an audience at Hamburg that his chief care as a ruler is to preserve peace for his country. It must be said in all fairness that so far he has done this. He, the master of the greatest fighting machine the world has seen since the time of Napoleon, has never during seventeen years on the throne had occasion to draw the sword. Despite this record it is curious to observe that his neighbours do not give him credit for a peaceful disposition. No such feeling prevails with regard to his uncle and fellow sovereign, Edward VII. They are both powerful monarchs. It may be held that while the one is almost autocrat, the other is bounded and restrained by constitutional safeguards. The fact is, however, that the ruler of the United Kingdom has gained such a personal ascendency among his people that the nation would follow wherever he leads. He chooses to lead in the ways of peace, and has come to be recognised as a great influence in bringing about harmonious international relations. His influence is not exerted, however, for pusillanimity, "from coward fear of being great." On the contrary, the foreign relations of Britain were never more satisfactory nor her word of greater force and effect.

The appointment of Lord Minto to succeed Lord Curzon in the Governor-Generalship of India, certainly indicates that the former has a "pull," or is a most fortunate person. His best friend would scarcely say that he is in the class of the Lawrences, or the Wellesleys, Hastings or Dalhousie. Have we fallen upon an era which is barren of great public servants? One is inclined to think so when the personnel of the present British Ministry is scanned and that of the group which is likely to succeed them. Lord Kitchener the Empire knows to have many of the qualities of a great administrator and forceful man. The petulant way in which Lord Curzon laid down his great office has, on the other hand, caused people to wonder whether they have been worshipping a very small idol. There is an attempt to make his home-coming an incident of significance in the public affairs of the Mother Country. His lordship will sit in the House of Peers and we very much doubt whether any flames will be discovered on the bosom of the Thames as a result of his return to the ranks of the fighting politicians. The popularity of the personal newspaper in England seems to be responsible for that worst of national vices—namely, the tendency to regard our geese as swans.

John A. Ewan.

CANADA'S FINEST PRODUCT

Photographic Studies by N. B. Henry Clinton

WOMAN'S SPHERE

"Up to the hills where our tired hearts rest,
Loosen, and halt, and regather their dreams;
Up to the hills, where the winds restore us,
Clearing our eyes to the beauty before us,
Earth with the glory of life on her breast,
Earth with the gleam of her cities and streams." —*Archibald Lampman*

THE COUNTRY FAIR

CANADIANS take a just pride in the exhibitions held at such cities as Ottawa, Winnipeg and Toronto; but none of these are as truly representative of the ambition and progress of the people as the small exhibitions of two days' duration known as the "fall fair." One cannot but notice at these yearly "shows" how the field of woman's work has widened. Quilts and crazywork pin-cushions at one time stood for the sum of her skill; now, in all regions, an increased interest in the artistic, without a neglect of the useful, is abundantly in evidence. The spirit of mutual help is growing among the women of Canada in the industries that affect the home welfare. The encouragement given to the homespun-work in such affairs as the "Made-in-Canada" exhibitions held by the Daughters of the Empire, is just what is needed to make us realise how varied are the activities of our own Dominion. The relief from the worst forms of drudgery brought to farm life by the introduction of machinery has affected the work of the farmer's wife as well, and the rural exhibitions show an improvement in the quality of woman's work, testifying to greater leisure and something of that variety which is often sadly needed in country life.

THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

ALTHOUGH popularly regarded as an American, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, as a writer in the *Grand Magazine* reminds us, is English by birth. She was born in Lancashire and lived in that county for sixteen years. "That Lass o' Lowries," a story of industrial life in Lancashire, shows how deeply her youthful mind had been impressed by the hard life of the factory girls. "Little Lord

LADY PARKER
WIFE OF SIR GILBERT PARKER
Photo by Elliott & Fry

Fauntleroy" and Mrs. Burnett's Christmas play, "The Little Unfairy Princess," show a deep insight into child nature, and a power of interpreting it with the utmost grace and simplicity. It is proof of her versatile talent that a writer of such charming stories for children should have produced those sombre and striking novels, "A Lady of Quality" and "Through One Administration." Mrs. Burnett is once more settled in England, at an old-fashioned manor-house in the village of Rolvenden, Kent.

A UNIVERSITY FOR WOMEN

YEARS ago there was much talk about whether women should be allowed to enter the universities. The upholders of co-education wrote so ardently in its favour that one would have thought the gates of the millennium would swing wide open when women were allowed to attend classes at the university. The opponents of the movement were quite as extravagant, and would have it that homes would be neglected, husbands would be buttonless and dinnerless and children would go unclad and uncomforted, while women with a degree forsook the home for the platform. In the meantime, women went to the universities in classes of increasing numbers, and neither the millennium nor the deluge came upon us. But, while we have in Toronto and Montreal residences for women, there is not the free college life that should exist. Nor will we experience such a state of affairs until there is a Canadian University for Women, where it is possible to have such real college intercourse as is known by the students of Girton, Smith or Bryn Mawr. We have many good girls' schools, but the discipline necessary in such institutions is not that of college life. In fact, college is merely a courtesy title for such places, and academy or seminary would be nearer the truth. We need a university for women, and there is hardly a doubt that university professors and men students would welcome the institution. But it is an airy structure at present, planned by that obliging architect who has designed so many Castles in Spain.

A SEA SONG

The cliffs and far, dim uplands
  Were touched with rose of dawn
When o'er the gleaming waters
  My lad's frail barque was gone.

The cruel light of noontide
  Smote fierce the languid wave,
When lifting hands despairing
  He found no grasp to save.

O purple fall the shadows,
  And silver gleams the sea!
But never o'er the shining path
  Sails back my lad to me.

THE CANADIAN NURSE

IT is unquestioned that the Canadian nurse is preferred in the United States to her sister-worker of American birth. Physicians in all the great cities on the "other side" readily admit their preference for Canadians. When asked his reasons for invariably telephoning "send a Canadian," a New York Doctor replied, "They have steady nerves and are more obedient." Now, we must really believe what the alien tells us, and if we study the conditions of the Canadian girl's life we shall find a reason for steadiness and obedience. In the first place, the Canadian life is much simpler, and the Canadian small girl does not get the "spoiling" which the average American mother considers the only proper policy. Hence, she grows up less nervous than the early-matured American, and she does not expect from her boy friends the constant supply of American Beauty roses and Huyler's candy by which the girl of the republic measures masculine devotion. The foolish confusion of liberty and license has not yet affected Canada to any great degree. Hence, to be obedient, to take orders cheerfully and practically, is not considered a disgrace, but a simple duty, and the girl who leaves Halifax, Montreal or Hamilton to become a nurse has made up her mind to do whatever her profession requires. We frequently hear of what Canadians are doing abroad. Not the least among those who have honoured their native land by good service are the "girls in uniform."

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

AQUATICS

THERE has been a delightfully active season in Canadian aquatics. From the Vancouver Yacht Club in the West, where they claim to have the largest fleet of pleasure craft in Canada, along the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to Halifax, on the East, where the Prince of Wales cup has been a feature for forty-five years—there has been the greatest possible activity. The Canadian young man is not content to wear starched shirts and patent-leather shoes at a summer resort. He desires to show his muscle, his knowledge of boats and sails and winds, his interest in those features of aquatics which develop strength, nerve, and the power of quick decision. He abhors namby-pamby men and women who subsist on chocolates and lawn croquet. The Viking blood is still strong within him, tempered by a climate which produced the Red Hunter whose muscles were steel wires of the finest quality, and whose abilities as a canoeist have never been equalled.

On June 30th and July 1st Vancouver had a yachting regatta of international importance. On September 4th there was a series of races there for the Buscombe Cup. There have also been competi ions for the Graveley Cup and minor considerations.

In July the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal, lost the Seawanhaka Cup won by them at Oyster Bay, U.S.A., in 1897, and held through a series of annual contests. The defender, the *Alexandra*, was beaten by the *Manchester*, brought over by the Manchester (Mass.) Yacht Club.

In August there was a series of races off Charlotte, N.Y., for the Canada Cup, won last year at Toronto by the *Irondequoit*, of Rochester. Charlotte is the Lake Ontario port of Rochester. These races were most exciting. Of the first four each boat won two, and the fifth was therefore necessary. The *Temeraire*, the Canadian challenger, proved herself superior in heavy weather, but the *Iroquois* won on the three light-wind days. It is the general impression also that the United States boat was better handled. Whatever the reason the Fife boat was fairly beaten and the cup stays beyond the border for another year.

The yachting contest at Halifax on August 26th was not a challenge race. Thirteen yachts started, five from the United States, three from Halifax, three from Sydney, and one each from Yarmouth and Charlottetown. These were divided into four classes. The two ninety-footers made the best time, covering the thirty miles in about three and a half hours. The *Elmina* (schooner) of New Haven was the first boat in, winning the race and her class. The *Gloria* (cutter) of Sydney won in Class

REAR COMMODORE NICHOLLS
Owner of the "Temeraire"

"TEMERAIRE"

B, the *Cossack* (sloop) of Boston in Class C, and the *Princess* (cutter) of Halifax in Class D. The Canadians expected to win with the *Gloria* whose handicap was 25 minutes and 5.4 seconds. Her captain crossed the line a second or two before the gun and lost five minutes in recrossing. She was beaten by two and a half minutes more than her time allowance.

"TEMERAIRE"

In rowing there have been several regattas of importance, and Canadian crews have also participated in international competitions. A professional race took place on Toronto Bay on August 23rd, between Eddie Durnan, of Toronto, a nephew of Edward Hanlan, and Thomas Sullivan of New Zealand and England. The Canadian won by fifteen lengths, and is now entitled to call himself the single scull champion of America. The race was not of first rank but was fairly important.

CRICKET

Last month I made some remarks upon cricket as it is played in England and pleaded for more attention to this sport in this country. It is pleasant to be able to record that on August 28th and 29th, a Canadian team won from a United States team in an international contest, for the first time since 1897. Of the thirty-two matches played since 1853, the United States have won twenty-one, Canada nine, and two were drawn. The players for Canada this year with their scores were:

CANADA

H. F. Lounsbrough	0
F. C. Evans	67
F. W. Terry	23
E. G. Hull	12
L. S. V. York	2
Dr. J. J. Cameron	16
F. S. Beddow	37
S. W. Mossman	20
D. W Saunders	22
W. Whitaker, not out	15
T. W. Dyson	1
Extras	30
Total	245

Fall of the wickets:—1 for 0, 2 for 69, 3 for 113, 4 for 117, 5 for 117, 6 for 165, 7 for 180, 8 for 225, 9 for 237, 10 for 245.

The Canadians won by an innings and twenty-nine

"TEMERAIRE"

START FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP AT HALIFAX
Photo by C. Houseman

runs. This victory will be useful only in so far as it puts greater zest into the Canadian players and gives them more desire to go on to greater skill.

A PRINCE'S VISIT

Canada has been favoured recently with a visit from the British naval squadron under command of Rear-Admiral His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg. The visit was the occasion of some notable festivities at Quebec, in which His Excellency the Governor-General and Sir Wilfrid Laurier took a prominent part. The people of that city took the opportunity to unveil a monument which they have erected in memory of the Quebec soldiers who fell in the South African war. Some three hundred marines and bluejackets took part in the ceremony. Prince Louis and some of his men also visited Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal, where they were well received as worthy representatives of that great arm of the Empire's defence to which Canada is unable to contribute just yet, but which she admires most thoroughly.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG AND PREMIER WHITNEY AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO

About New Books.

CANADIAN PUBLISHING

IT is somewhat remarkable that the history of Canadian publishing is limited to about the same period as the history of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The interest in Canadian literature seemed to be powerful for the first time in the early nineties. Previous to that, the interest was not sufficient to sustain many ventures of a publishing nature. The *Canadian Monthly* had ceased to be; the *Week* was struggling for breath; the Canadian books were few and accounted of little importance. Between 1860 and 1890, the Hunter, Rose Co., Toronto, issued perhaps a dozen volumes; Durie of Ottawa did a little less, and John Lovell and Dawson Brothers of Montreal, perhaps as much. Most of the books printed in this country, aside from those issued by these publishers, were printed at the expense of the authors.

EDWARD S. CASWELL
Manager Publishing Department Methodist Book and Publishing House

The growth of Canadian sentiment after 1890 was more rapid, and it became possible for Canadians to issue new publications of a high character and to find some appreciation and support. Since 1893, the book publishing has been centered in Toronto. The Copp, Clark Co. have issued the works of Parker, Roberts, McLennan, Bliss Carman and a few others. Wm. Briggs (Methodist Book Room) has issued a more miscellaneous lot which includes about thirty historical works, a dozen biographies, and thirty-five volumes of poetry. He has introduced Fraser, Hickman, Stringer, Miss Laut, Mrs. Sheard and a number of others. He has also issued a number of religious and temperance works. Later Mr. Morang came into the field and he has shown similar enterprise in the production of native books. He has issued Willison's "Laurier," biographies of Principal Grant and Sir John Beverley Robinson and "The Makers of Canada." The Westminster Co. have issued the works of Ralph Connor, but have not done a general publishing business. McLeod & Allen were publishers for Knox Magee. Mr. Musson has issued one or two volumes. In Montreal and Quebec there has been little publishing in the English language, though Mr. Doughty's books have been set up in the latter city.

The publishing of Canadian books is thus to be credited in an especial manner to three men—William Copp, William Briggs of the Methodist Book Room, and George N. Morang. These gentlemen deserve a deal of credit for the patriotic support which they have given to native writers. At times, no doubt, they were roundly abused for not being more venturesome and more liberal. They were

working ir a new field, and perhaps were often pessimistic as to the outcome—especially when some of the prominent people in the country tried to throw cold water on the attempt to build up a native literature. The dark days are nearly past, however; Canadian books are improving in quality and increasing in number, and the people are just as willing to buy a good Canadian book as a first-class volume by a British or foreign writer.

OUR WOMEN WRITERS

THE terms "authoress" and "poetess" are rapidly passing away, as the woman writer is becoming a matter of fact, not a fancy. Two generations ago, an atmosphere of ink and ugliness surrounded the popular conception of the woman who found expression in any form but speech; now the woman who does journalistic work or who has written a book is regarded without consternation in the most conventional circles. However, it is still the custom to group the women writers of a country as if there were some peculiar qualities in the productions of feminine authors and in this article it is the intention to review briefly the recent work of Canadian women writers.

In fiction, unquestionably the most popular form of modern literature, Mrs. Everard Cotes (Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan) has done work of a high order, her only Canadian novel, "The Imperialist," being the best depiction of Ontario life that has been written. From her early journalistic sketches by "Garth Grafton," to her latest work, Mrs. Cotes has shown a growth and development that mark the conscientious worker as distinguished from the scribbler with purely commercial aims. "A Social Departure" was Mrs. Cotes' first book, and its light and humorous touch won immediate popularity. More than a dozen books have followed, chiefly clever studies of Anglo-Indian life, for this Canadian woman resides in far-off Simla. "His Honour and a Lady" and "The Pool in the Desert" are probably her best known works, the latter being a collection of short stories. "The Imperialist," published last year, showed so intimate and sympathetic an acquaintance with the everyday life of British Canada that we shall hope for further Canadian fiction from this gifted "daughter of Brantford."

WILLIAM COPP
Manager of the General Book Publishing Department of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited

GEORGE N. MORANG
Founder and Head of Morang & Co., Limited

Miss Lily Dougall, of Montreal, who has resided in England in recent years, has written several remarkable novels tinged strongly with a mysticism that renders her work unique. "The Mermaid" is a strikingly original story, although "What Necessity Knows" has probably appealed to a wider class of readers than any other of Miss Dougall's books. Her literary style hardly makes an appeal to the undiscriminating public. Miss Agnes Laut is an Ontario woman by birth, but her present residence is Wassaic, N.Y. She lived for some years in the North-West and the result of this residence is seen in "Lords of the North," a novel which deals entertainingly with the rivalry between the great trading companies in the early days. "Heralds of Empire" and "Pathfinders of the West" are also historical in plot, and the latter is especially daring in its claim of Radisson as the real discoverer of that great region. Miss Laut spares no pains in her research, and is known as a writer of authoritative magazine articles on historical subjects.

Mrs. Sheard, of Toronto, has written three works of fiction which have been favourably received, her favourite setting being the historical. Her latest novel, "By the Queen's Grace," is an Elizabethan romance. Mrs. Sheard is also a writer of graceful and finished verse, which appears frequently in both Canadian and United States publications. Miss Jean McIlwraith, of Hamilton, who now resides in New York, has written three novels, the second being "The Span o' Life," which was produced in collaboration with Mr. William McLennan. Miss Joanna Wood, of Queenston, is the author of several novels, of which the best known is "The Untempered Wind," a powerful but repulsive depiction of an unlovely rural community. Miss Wood has also written a number of clever short stories, and is now engaged in literary work in New York.

Miss Alice Jones, of Halifax, has written three novels, "The Night Hawk," "Bubbles We Buy" and "Gabriel Praed's Castle." The last is an interesting account of the villainy of a French "dealer in antiques," and the study of artistic life is vivid and realistic. Mrs. Pasque, "Helen Milecete," is another Halifax woman. Her work is of the "Smart Set" type, thoroughly sparkling and diverting, if not deep. "The Career of Mrs. Osborne" and "A Detached Pirate" are her most popular productions. Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, of Woodstock, now a resident of Michigan, created something of a sensation last year with "He That Eateth Bread With Me," a divorce novel which took, as might be expected from a Canadian writer, the strictly conservative view of the question. Miss Blanche Macdonell, of Montreal, has written several novels of which the best known is "Diane of Ville Marie." Mrs. Harrison's "The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is admirable in its freshness and vitality, although most readers prefer such verse as Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus") gives us in "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis."

Miss Marshall Saunders, of Milton, Nova Scotia, has written more than a dozen novels of which the most widely read are "Beautiful Joe" and "Rose à Charlitte." Her work is decidedly Canadian, and is deservedly popular. Her "animal stories" are in a sympathetic vein, which does not become hysterical as is the fashion with much modern fiction of the same class.

In historical work, Canadian women have done little serious work. Miss Weaver and Miss McIlwraith have written short histories; Lady Edgar's work takes the form of brief historical articles; the Misses Lizars have devoted themselves to the "Canada Company," and Miss FitzGibbon has contributed largely to the literature regarding the War of 1812. Doubtless as the women of our country have more leisure, their attention will be more attracted to subjects of historic value. Miss Janet Carnochan has made a special study of the Niagara records.

Kingston is a city of decidedly academic tendencies, and in its literary circle no member has won greater distinction than Miss Agnes Maule Machar, who is known as a novelist and poet, and whose taste in music and art is also highly cultivated. Although Miss Machar's fic-

tion is represented by more than ten volumes, her verse is undoubtedly her stronger work, the volume "Lays of the 'True North'" containing many poems of lofty sentiment expressed in finished artistic form. Her patriotic verse is of much higher literary order than most of such material, the prize poem of 1887, awarded by "The Week" on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first jubilee, having a fervour and fire worthy of the event. Miss Machar, although no jingoist, has an enthusiastic belief in her country which she is not ashamed to express. In this blasé age, her idealism and faith, as expressed in her chosen name "Fidelis," are refreshing and strengthening. Her home amid the beauties of the most majestic river on the continent has naturally inspired some of her most picturesque verse in description of the St. Lawrence as it is starred with the Thousand Islands. In prose work, "Stories of New France," written in collaboration with Mr. T. G. Marquis, and "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," are her best work. Not the least pleasing feature in Miss Machar's literary career is the encouragement which she has generously extended to young Canadian writers.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald has written several volumes of verse, "House of the Trees," "Tangled in Stars," and "The Radiant Road." Her poetry is more artistic than that of any other Canadian woman, such exquisite lyrics as "The White Gifts," "The Wind of Death," and "My Orders," being the expression of genuine poetic feeling. The last-named has almost a Norse-like quality of courage and defiance, and deserves quotation:

> "My orders are to fight.
> Then if I bleed and fail,
> Or strongly win, what matters it?
> God only doth prevail.
>
> The servant craveth naught
> Except to serve with might.
> I was not told to win or lose,
> My orders are to fight."

Miss Wetherald's poetry is frequently seen in the columns of the United States magazines, and occasionally she writes

MRS. EVERARD COTES

a bit of humorous verse that is far above the average. "Omar for Housewives" is the best of this class.

Miss Pauline Johnson's "The White Wampum" contains several poems that may be permanent in Canadian literature, but her recent work is below that of ten years ago. "Canadian Born" is bluster unworthy the author of such melodious lines as "The Song My Paddle Sings," which is Muskoka set to music. The magic of our Northern woodlands, the wild charm of the rivers that ripple and dance and whirl into rapids are reflected in the lines of this writer whose Indian blood lends a picturesque freedom to her moods. Jean Blewett's "Heart Songs" have a gentle, winsome quality that has won many admirers. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's "Between the Lights" is more than mediocre verse and her work is increasingly vigorous and artistic. Mrs. Lefevre's "The Lion's Gate," Miss McCollum's "Flower Legends" and Mrs. Jackson's "Summer Songs in Idleness" are recent publications that indicate increasing expression in poetic form on the part of Canadian writers. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald has contributed largely to "Northland Lyrics," upholding the tra-

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL
Whose poetry is shortly to be published in one large volume

ditions of a poetic household, although her work is not equal to that of her brothers, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts and Mr. Theodore Roberts. Miss Martha Martin's "Poem Miniatures," published in 1899, is rather slight in theme and style.

It would be hardly becoming to leave the subject of the poetry by Canadian women without a reference to the work of Isabel Valancy Crawford, who was born in Ireland and whose grave in Peterborough cemetery was recently marked by a fitting memorial. Her life was pitiful even unto tragedy, but her poetry was the true expression of a nature all too ambitious and tender for a happy life. Those who consider her writings the highest poetry written by a woman in Canada will be pleased to know that a new edition of her poems will soon be issued.

In considering the writings of "our own people," one is likely either to extol unduly native productions or to treat without honour those whose names are familiar within our borders. But, while we have no Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Meynell, or Mrs. Wharton, we have women writers who are doing artistic and sincere work, and who ask nothing but a fair field for their achievements.

NOTES

William Briggs announces complete editions of the poems of William Wilfred Campbell and Isabella Valancy Crawford, two of the most brilliant of Canadian poets. Nature books will be represented by "Studies in Plant life," by Mrs. Traill, illustrated by Mrs. Chamberlain, ready in December; "Mountain Wild Flowers," by Julia W. Henshaw, with 100 full-page plates from original photographs, ready in December; and "Sa-Zada, the Canadian Animal Book," by W. A. Fraser, ready this month.

The Revell Co. announce a "first novel" from the pen of Dr. R. E. Knowles, Presbyterian minister at Galt.

Two new books, by Charles E. D. Roberts, are announced by Copp, Clark Co. "Red Fox" is another animal book which promises to be interesting; while "Cameron of Lochiel" is a translation from the French of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, whose portrait appears on page 485 of this issue. Professor Roberts has been spending his summer in New Brunswick.

"A Specimen Spinster," by Mrs. Frank Yeigh, will be issued by the Copp, Clark Co. at once. They will also issue shortly a volume of essays by Bliss Carman, under the title "The Poetry of Life," and a book of poems by the same author.

Norman Duncan's new book, "The Mother," has just been issued by the Revell Co. This is but a novelette, and every reader will wish that it had been a full-grown novel. The vulgar young widow, exalted by her absorbing motherlove, rising above her environment and her fears of the future, makes in her actions a strange series of pictures. Norman Duncan must have had a perfect mother or he had not been able to conjure up such scenes, such pathetic bits of life's drama. It touches the heartstrings of the reader and brings to the mind many thoughts likely to be overwhelmed by the constant conflict of modern complex conditions.

Idle Moments.

THE KAISER

IF that crafty, meddling Kaiser,
Thinks that he is getting wiser,
He will be up to his eyes, sir,
In a war.
Now, old England he can't guy, sir,
And he only has to try, sir,
When we'll give him the bye-bye, sir,
And a jar.

For you know if he gets fly, sir,
And gets acting rather sly, sir,
We shall slap him in the eye, sir—
Yes, we would.
His war horse must not be high, sir,
Or we surely shall draw nigh, sir,
Then, of course, we'd make him die, sir—
And we could.

So I think that it's far wiser
For the crafty, meddling Kaiser
To wet up, and not be dry, sir,
Else he fall.
For Old England, tooth and eye, sir,
Stands attention for the try, sir,
Ready there to do or die, sir,
At the call.

W. Garfield Rees

BILLY AND THE GHOST RIVER

BILLY is a broncho, conceited, self-centred, iron mouthed and iron willed, but strong as the west wind and fleet as the coyote. Gads fail to subdue and kind words to win him. Both have been tried and tried in vain. His case is hopeless. Bad he was born, bad he has lived, and in all Broncho probability, bad he will die. It is a good thing for Billy there is no hereafter for bucking bronchos. But Billy is no hypocrite. He never claims to be good. There is that much to his credit anyway. His former owner has a loose lower jaw, broken by a favourite trick of Billy's. The result is much the same as if a gun went off through the nipple, or a rifle through the breech. The operation is a simple one, and unexpected, hence successful. He makes a great show of bucking and at the psychological moment when his rider's head is bent forward to overcome the rebound from the buck, up goes Billy's head like a cannon ball, and crack goes the rider's jaw. It is simple, quick and effective, one application being enough. It is all done with a little twist of the neck. But that is merely personal history and does not touch the Ghost River story.

Billy, after many vicissitudes of fortune, became the property of a young chap from Toronto, who was setting up a ranch on the Bow River, not many miles from Calgary. Tiring of Bachelor life and finding a lady of the same mind the day was fixed for the twain to end the lonesomeness of it all. And this is where Billy shone.

Now the Ghost runs south into the Bow River about forty miles west of Calgary. It has steep banks, and a rushing current. The water being so clear looks about knee deep but it is in reality many times deeper. Well the Ghost is the Hellespont separating the home of this latter day Hero and her Leander. The rancher lived on the east, the ranchess on the west.

On the day set, the rancher in his best store clothes, shoes blackened, and with a

SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES ILLUSTRATED

"They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—*Life*.

SHELVED

CHORUS OF THE RESIGNED (crowding up to make room for Lord Curzon)—"Hullo! Here comes another of the Old Brigade! Why, Arthur 'll soon be the only one left."—*Punch.*

new Mexican saddle, came down to the edge of the Ghost on Billy's back. But there the broncho paused.

"Come Billy, we must get across," the horseman coaxed. But Billy didn't see it that way.

"If you won't go for coaxing, you will for the spurs," blurted the rider, and in went his heels, with a strength born of strong desire. The broncho reared, backed up, shook himself and then cantered quietly towards the water's edge. When about two lengths from the river, every muscle grew tense; he gave a bound or two, stiffened and then planted his forelegs, ducked his head and sent his hindfeet skyward. The trick was turned so neatly and withal so suddenly, that the rancher shot over the broncho's head, turned a somersault in the air and lit, feet first, chin deep, in the ice cold waters of the Ghost.

His first thoughts were not fit for print. His first audible remarks were, "Well, the brute has dropped me with face to the west anyway—and that's the way I'm going—there is nothing to be gained standing here—guess I may as well wade ashore."

Nothing daunts the west. At the hour agreed the knot was tied, with the bridegroom arrayed in his father-in-law's seconds, while his own firsts waved in the evening breezes. *C. B. Keenleyside.*

JUSTICE BEFORE LAW—A HUSTLER ON THE BENCH

IN his new book, "Canada as It Is," Mr. John Foster Fraser tells the following story of a Canadian (Toronto) police court:

"The only place I saw a hustle was in a police court. I had a seat on the bench one morning alongside Colonel Denison, the magistrate. He is a good type of the breezy, unconventional Canadian soldier. He called out the names of the prisoners himself, and administered the oath himself to save time. With some acquaintance of the slow formality of an English court, I was a little breathless at the slapdash manner in which he disposed of forty cases in exactly forty minutes. There was no red tape. The Colonel asked a question here and a question there, and 'You'll go to prison for sixty days; send William Flannigan,' he wound up. This was an assault case. A lawyer asked for a remand. 'Do you say the prisoner didn't commit the assault?' 'No, your honour, I don't say that, but—' 'Well, he can go to gaol for fourteen days. Send up James Sanford.'

"At the end of the forty minutes I presumed to congratulate the Colonel on his expedition. 'But,' I asked, 'you don't go as fast when you have a point of law raised?'

"'I never allow a point of law to be raised. This is a court of justice, not a court of law. Not so long ago a young attorney wanted to quote law against my sending his man down for six weeks. He wanted to quote Mathews, I think. 'Well,' said I, 'Mathews may be a great authority on law, but I guess he hasn't got as much authority as I have in this court. Your man goes down for six weeks!'"

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

A LARGE BLACK BASS

THERE have been some large black bass caught in Ontario during the past few years. The fish pictured here is a small-mouthed bass of exceptional proportions. It was caught in the River Trent, in August, by H. C. Barker, Esq., general manager of the Harry Webb Co., Toronto. It weighed six pounds, eleven ounces, and measured about 22 inches in length. A two-foot pocket rule is photographed alongside the fish in the picture shown here.

The black bass is, perhaps, the gamest fish found in the rivers of Ontario and in this respect is the equal of the trout.

Its greater weight gives it an advantage, though perhaps its ambition is no greater.

THE PINE GROSBEAKS

WHEN the snow is deep and the winter severe in Northern Canada, we are sometimes favoured by a visit from the Pine Grosbeaks, the wonderful red birds of the far north, who occasionally come as far south as Southern Ontario to spend the winter. As they are exceedingly tame it is not difficult to approach within a few feet of them, and on the occasion of their last visit I succeeded in capturing a number of them. The male bird was a rich carmine or old-rose shade of red, while the females were of a grayish colour tinged with yellow on the head and tail coverts. They took to captivity readily, and during the following spring and summer their food consisted largely of buckwheat, hempseed, mountain-ash berries, lettuce and dandelions, of which they were very fond.

With the returning sunshine of the springtime they began to sing, and though their song, in captivity at least, was not loud, it was singularly varied and sweet, as if they were practising the choicest notes of the cat bird, the rose-breasted grosbeak and the thrush.

When the moulting season came the red males lost their beautiful carmine

A SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS WEIGHING SIX POUNDS, ELEVEN OUNCES

THE PINE GROSBEAKS

shade, but took on, instead, a rich yellow, scarcely less beautiful than the original old-rose red. This is one of the mysterious effects of captivity on all birds of brilliant red plumage. On the return of the second spring I gave them their freedom, but they appeared in no wise eager to secure their release, and refused to part company until the whole number had been set free.

The study of the birds which make their temporary home here is most interesting.

Dominion of Canada

The Federal Government consists of the Sovereign and Two Houses. The Sovereign is represented by the Governor-General, Lord Grey. The House of Commons contains 214 elected members. The Senate consists of 81 appointed members. The President of the Privy Council or Premier is Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

There are nine Provinces, as follows:

	Capital	Lieutenant-Governor	Premier
Ontario	Toronto	Hon. W. Mortimer Clark	Hon. J. P. Whitney
Quebec	Quebec	Sir Louis A. Jetté	Hon. L. Gouin
Nova Scotia	Halifax	Hon. A. G. Jones	Hon. G. H. Murray
New Brunswick	Fredericton	Hon. J. B. Snowball	Hon. L. J. Tweedie
Manitoba	Winnipeg	Sir D. H. McMillan	Hon. R. P. Roblin
Saskatchewan	Regina	Hon. A. E. Forget	Hon. Walter Scott
Alberta	Edmonton	Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea	Hon. A. C. Rutherford
British Columbia	Victoria	Sir Henri Joly	Hon. R. McBride
Prince Edward Island	Charlottetown	Hon. D. W. McKinnon	Hon. Arthur Peters

According to the census of 1901, the land area is 858,000,000 acres; of which 7.38 per cent. was occupied. In other words there are 30,000,000 of acres under cultivation. This is occupied by a population of nearly six million people.

The revenue of the Federal Government in 1904 was $70,669,817. The net national debt is $260,867,719.

The value of the goods imported in 1904 was $250,000,000. The exports were $213,000,000. There was a slight falling off in exports this year.

The chartered banks have a paid-up capital of eighty millions, and assets of seven hundred millions.

There are 961 savings banks with deposits of forty-five millions.

Canada stands on the threshold of a great development. New settlers are pouring in from Great Britain and the United States. Capital is flowing in this direction more freely than ever. The wheat production of the West approaches the hundred million mark. The product of the fisheries, the forests and the mines are yearly increasing in value. The manufacturing concerns are doubling and trebling their output. Above all tower peace, security, and British justice.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.
A Department For Business Men.

PULP AND PAPER

CANADIANS have come to realise that it does not pay to export pulp logs, just as it is unprofitable to export sawlogs. When the pulp logs are manufactured into pulp, it may perhaps pay to export this partially manufactured product. When the pulp is made into paper, the highest price is secured and the greatest profit obtained.

The United States is trying to force Canada to continue to export the logs, by increasing the duty on the manufactured product. Rossed pulp which formerly went in free is now taxed 20 per cent.; and pulp exported from Quebec to that country is now taxed 25 cents per ton more than pulp going into the United States from other parts of Canada or from other countries. This latter provision has been adopted because the Province of Quebec gives a rebate of 25 cents per cord in stumpage dues on all timber manufactured within the Province. This is done under section 393 of the United States Tariff Act.

While the United States has a perfect right to impose any duties it wishes, these rulings are only another evidence of their unfriendliness. These acts are on a par with their general treatment of Canada in trade matters since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. We buy twice as much from them as they sell to us.

So far as the effect in this particular industry is concerned, it can result only in the enlargement of our paper manufacturing industry. Every turn of the United States screw has increased Canada's independence in commerce and industry. The United States will eventually have to come to Canada for its supply of pulp and paper, and the more restrictions they place upon present importations, hastens the day when they will require our supplies in considerable quantities. In the end they must pay dearly for their conduct.

RIDER HAGGARD'S SCHEME NOT A DESIRABLE ONE

RIDER HAGGARD'S gigantic colonisation scheme for Britishers is attracting some attention, but for the sake of Canada and the immigrants, it is to be hoped that it will not take the shape he outlines. The colony system of settling people is utterly indefensible, and has so proved itself in many cases in Canada. The Crofters, the Doukhobors, and many English settlements have made very slow progress compared with parts where the population was more mixed. English people especially need the opportunity to observe Canadian farming operations and methods, and also the stimulus gained by seeing the progress made each season by the Canadian-bred farmer. We are glad to note that the press reports state that Commissioner W. T. R. Preston refused to endorse Mr. Haggard's scheme, and also that he gave the eminently sage advice that prospective colonists should have one year of Canadian farm experience before engaging on their own account. The great colonisation work by Britishers in the past was not Government-aided, and we venture the statement without fear of contradiction, that the most successful British colonists paddled their own canoe from the start, and were not hived or herded by a government or segregated into settlements. A satisfied successful settler is the best immigration agent. Such do not grow vigorously, either in mind or farming experience, if confined to association with their fellows. It is time this nonsense of settling people in colonies was dropped. A nation cannot be built up that way.—*Farmers' Advocate*, London, Ontario.

BELGIUM'S RUBBER SLAVES

THE report of the Belgian Commission of inquiry into the abominations of Belgian trade on the Congo is still delayed.

When we consider how that Commission was appointed, how it took its evidence, how limited was its scope, and with what speed it hurried home, we cannot look for much enlightenment from its report when at last it appears, but the delay is ludicrous. In the meantime the Congo Reform Association is doing good work in bringing to light a characteristic instance of the oppression under which the natives suffer at the hands of the Congo Government. Native witnesses to a charge against a Belgian official on the Upper Congo are compelled to come right away down to Boma, a distance of over a thousand miles, and are detained there in great privation while for month after month the trial drags on. There is no doubt about the facts, which have been reported to Lord Lansdowne by Mr. Nightingale, our Acting Consul at Boma. The Belgian authorities plead that this has been the practice for the last ten years, as though antiquity justified crime. But Mr. Morel in answer to Lord Lansdowne justly points out that territorial or local tribunals have existed for eight years past through the Congo, and such trials as the present could be dealt with in them without privation to the natives, and without giving the culprit the chances of escape to Europe which he now enjoys to the full.—*London Chronicle.*

"RUINED" INDUSTRIES

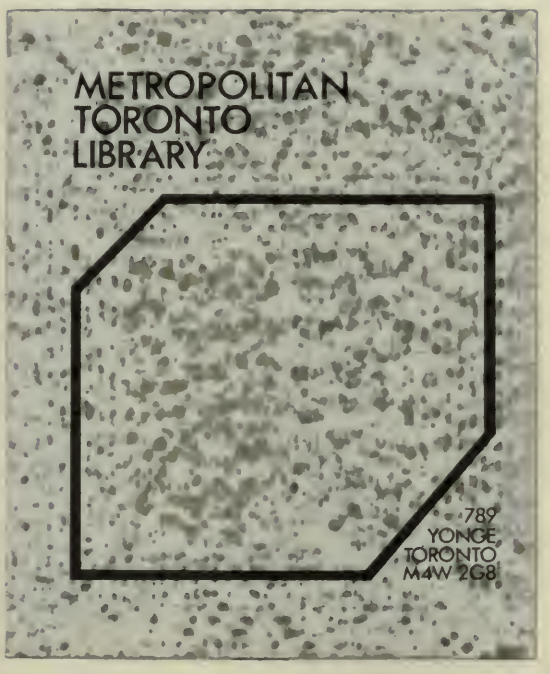
IN spite of Mr. Chamberlain, the iron and steel industry of this country continues to thrive. The "millions of tons" of steel which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, the Americans meant to dump down on these shores to the destruction of our native industry have not yet arrived; nor is there any sign of their coming. In fact, American and German exports of steel to this country show a tendency to decline. Meanwhile those engaged in these ruined British industries are earning respectable profits. In the past few days dividends have been announced by several companies engaged in the manufacture of steel; the lowest of them was 5 per cent. per annum; another was 10 per cent.; and a third 10 per cent. for the half year. The present outlook for the British iron trade is decidedly healthy. Alike in the home and foreign markets there is an expanding demand.—*London Chronicle.*

THE CATTLE EMBARGO

MR. BICKERDIKE, member for one of the divisions of Montreal, has been darkly hinting that the cattle embargo may have an unwelcome effect on the feelings of Canadians towards the mother country. We would be an egregious people if it did. One of the rights we most highly prize is the right of fixing our own commercial policy. Surely we will allow the Mother Country a similar right. The only exception that can be taken to the action of our British kinsmen is that they base it on grounds that they know to be fraudulent. They know that Canadian cattle are not excluded because there is danger from contagion from them, but because they compete with farmers raising a similar quality of cattle in Ireland and other parts of the United Kingdom. They have an unquestioned right to exclude them—and that is the only point.

AMERICAN RAILS

THE revival in this department is due to saner views on the outlook. The Equitable Life scandal was ridiculously magnified, and ought not to have exercised its baneful influence on the whole American market. The stocks now are chiefly in the hands of the big Wall Street houses, who may sell at any time on a rise, but it is to their interest to engineer a rising market. Canadian Pacifics and Trunks are the best purchases, for, although they move in sympathy with Yankees, the wonderful traffics and the unceasing development of Canada will in the long run place their railway stocks in the front rank of investments. Trunk Ordinary is particularly suitable for a lock-up purchase to show a large capital increase.—*Public Opinion.*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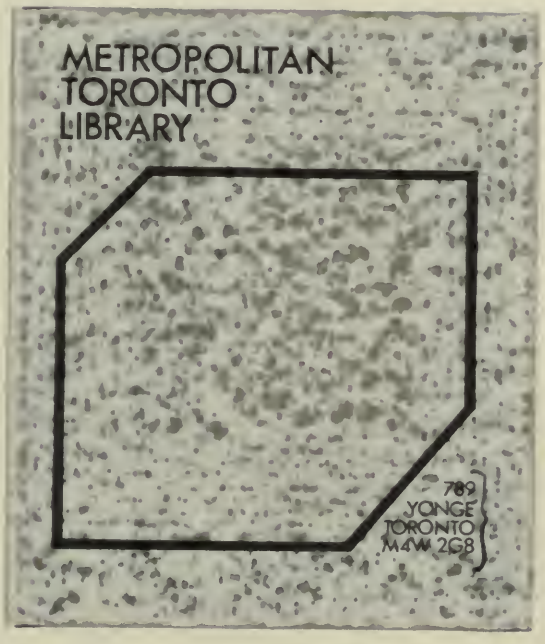

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